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AN

REV. FRANCIS HODGSON, B.D.

VOL. II.

Hodgson
Hodt [illegible]

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. FRANCIS HODGSON, B.D.

SCHOLAR, POET, AND DIVINE

With numerous Letters from Lord Byron and others

BY HIS SON, THE

REV. JAMES T. homas HODGSON, M.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1878

Sc.X.

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LONDON : PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

TILDEN LIBRARY
1895

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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. FRANCIS HODGSON, B.D.

CHAPTER XIV.

CRITIQUE ON THE 'HEBREW MELODIES'—LETTERS FROM MRS. LEIGH—SEPARATION OF LORD AND LADY BYRON — CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LATTER.

1815–16.

DURING the visit to London mentioned in the last chapter, Byron wrote the 'Hebrew Melodies,' and early in the next year there appeared a *critique* by Hodgson, the humorous satire of which is amusingly characteristic of the critic. Censure conveyed in such kindly terms, and leavened by judicious appreciation of all that was really praiseworthy, could not fail to be received in a similar spirit to that which prompted it.

The *critique* commences by drawing attention to the change which had taken place since the days of Pope in the reception accorded to the productions of noble authors. The public were prejudiced against Lord Byron for more reasons than one. They were jealous of the unique example which he afforded of a combination of rank and talent; a large and influential section were indignant at his want of respect for the Prince Regent, whose ministers were, moreover, chagrined by their inability to answer the arguments of those brilliant speeches in which he had so ruthlessly attacked them. The critic ought, therefore, as he valued his reputation for loyalty and discernment, to have discovered in these Songs of Sion a great deal of lurking evil against Church and State; but finding it impossible to comply with these requirements, he prefers to proceed at once to impartial comments upon the poetry.

The 'Hebrew Melodies' consist of twenty-four short poems, which were written at the request, as the author tells us, of his friend, the Hon. D. Kinnaird, for a selection of Hebrew airs, and have been published with the music, arranged by Messrs. Braham & Nathan.

Great allowances are to be made for the trammels which a capricious time throws upon a writer un-

> practised in this peculiar knack of versification: and there is a degree of unconstrained and graceful fluency requisite in words intended for music, a sort of free pencilling which is ill-suited to a deep and energetic expression of feeling—the characteristic charm of Lord Byron's poetry. Still, however, we ventured to expect—and in this expectation we have not been disappointed—that we should meet with much of that enchanting tenderness, that devotedness and chastity of feeling, and that high and deep pathos, which charmed us in the short poems at the end of 'Childe Harold,' in the common-places of the 'Bride of Abydos,' in the delightful song of Medora in the first canto of the 'Corsair,' and in the beautiful 'Farewell,' printed at the end of that poem.

Then follow some extracts, and the *critique* continues:—

> In every one of these songs (with the exception, perhaps, of two) we find the traces of genius: a reflection, an image, a description, or an expression, indicative of the hand of the *ἀνὴρ οὐχ ὁ τύχων.* Many of them, however, it must be confessed, exhibit faults of carelessness, and with a *very* few we would rather have dispensed. . . . The vision

of Belshazzar is much the worst in the collection. The opening lines,

The king was on his throne,
The satraps in the hall,

reminded us forcibly of the ballad of our infancy,

The king was in his parlour
Counting out his money, etc.

The eighth melody is worthy of its author. It is full of tenderness, and the thought at the conclusion is, we believe, quite new—

And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan—thine eyes are wet.

The following lines, too, are in the style of some of the best and most forcible passages in the 'Corsair' or 'Lara'—

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star! etc.

Let Lord Byron continue to write in this strain: it is natural to him, and it becomes him. Much, however, as we wish to excite him to longer and nobler efforts, we must have the pleasure of giving one or two more extracts from this book, which no inferior lyre could have sounded. It is scarcely descending from the higher ground of Poetry, to write such lines as the following—

> 'All is vanity,' saith the preacher.
> 'Fame, wisdom, love, and power were mine,' etc.

The verses beginning, 'When coldness wraps this suffering clay,' are replete with feeling and vigour. Vigour indeed, that *sine quâ non* of poetry, and which covers a multitude of minor offences, breathes in every line we have ever read of this author's production. The melody we have just mentioned, is highly characteristic of Lord B.'s muse. With his energy and peculiarity of thinking, it combines also some faults peculiarly his. It has all that tone of abstraction and obscurity which accompanies his development of very deep and very original 'imaginings;' not without some degree of carelessness for the labour he often occasions his unpractised readers; and a disregard of *finish*, which gives an apparent want of neatness to the most brilliant thoughts. But we beseech his Lordship not to imitate Mr. Scott's ungraceful and ungrammatical omission of the article, as he has done in the line

> An age shall fleet like earthly year.

And we cannot help objecting to the expression, 'a thing of eyes,' as applied to the soul, or, indeed, to anything but *an ornamental paper kite.* 'Thing' is a favourite word in the noble poet's vocabulary: we have again, in the last stanza of the same melody, 'a nameless and eternal thing,' and we are told that it shall fly 'away, away without a wing,' which brings us back again to the paper kite.

But the stanza descriptive of the mind after death is sterling bullion, 'Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,' etc. It is no disparagement to this magnificent picture to say that it reminds us of Locke's beautiful idea of angelic minds being endowed with capacities able to retain together and constantly set before them, as in one picture, 'in one broad glance,' all their past knowledge at once.

After more detailed criticism, the opinion is expressed, in conclusion,

That if the 'Hebrew Melodies' do not add much to their author's fame, they assuredly will not detract from it, for that there is a tone diffused throughout them which no other living poet can impart.

That the marriage of Lord Byron, which took place on the 2nd January, 1815, did at first justify an anticipation of permanent happiness is proved by several passages in the correspondence of that 'sweet sister' who knew and loved him so well; but that her fond and, perhaps, too sanguine hopes were not altogether divested of gloomy forebodings for the future is equally evident: and her anxious solicitations on the subject cannot fail to attract the sympathy and interest of those who peruse their heartfelt expression in the following letters.

Six Mile Bottom: December 15.

My dear Mr. Hodgson,—You could not have gratified me more than by giving me an opportunity of writing on my favourite subject to one so truly worthy of it as you are; indeed I have repeatedly wished of late that I could communicate with you, and should have ventured to do so by letter had I known your address. Most thankful do I feel that I have so much to say that will delight you. I have every reason to think that my beloved B. is very happy and comfortable. I hear constantly from him and *his Rib.* They are now at Seaham, and not inclined to return to Halnaby,[1] *because* all the world were preparing to visit them there, and at S. they are free from this torment, no trifling one in B.'s estimation, as you know. From my own observations on their epistles, and knowledge of B.'s disposition and ways, I really hope *most confidently* that all will turn out very happily. It appears to me that Lady B. *sets about* making him happy quite in the right way. It is true I judge at a distance, and we generally *hope* as we *wish*; but I assure you I don't conclude hastily on this subject, and will own to you, what I would not scarcely to any other person, that I HAD *many fears* and much anxiety founded upon many causes and circumstances of which I cannot *write*. Thank God! that they do not appear likely to be realised. In short, there seems to me to be but one drawback to *all our* felicity, and that, alas! is the disposal of dear Newstead, which I am afraid is irrevocably decreed. I received the fatal communication from Lady B. ten days ago, and will own to you that it was not only grief, but disappointment; for I had flattered myself such a sacrifice would not be made. From my representations she had said and urged all she could in favour of keeping it. Mr. Hobhouse the same, and I *believe* (but I can't exactly explain to you particularly *how* and *about it*) that he was deputed to make *inquiries* and *researches*, and I know that he wrote to B. suggesting the propriety and expediency of at least *delaying* the sale. This most excellent advice created so much disturbance in B.'s mind, that Lady B. wrote me word 'He had such a fit of vexation he could not appear at dinner, or leave his room.' Claughton has since that conceded the £5,000 in dispute, and I fear this would finally end all difficulties. B.'s spirits had improved at the prospect of a release from the embarrassments which interfered so much with his comfort, and I suppose *I ought* to be satisfied with this. But *for the life of me*, dear Mr. H., I cannot, never shall while I breathe, I'm thoroughly convinced, feel reconciled to the loss of that sacred, revered Abbey. The affliction it causes me is severely aggravated by the conviction that it might by a little *patience*, forbearance, and temporary prudence have been unnecessary, and that my darling brother will some day lament this step, and perhaps others besides him. I am determined to think it lost, though the thought makes me more melancholy than, perhaps, the loss of an inanimate object ought to do; and I have determined henceforward to hold my peace to others, for if it is really gone lamentations can do no good. At the same time, I cannot always check a sort of inward foreboding that it will *not* go. To be sure, this is perfectly irrational, but so it is, and I can only say that I don't encourage such superstitions. Anybody but you would be quite tired of my bewailings on this sad subject, but I'm sure you feel on it as much like me as anyone can who is not a Byron, and therefore I will not apologise. May the future bring peace and comfort to my dearest B.! that is always one of my first wishes; and I'm convinced it is my duty to *endeavour* to be resigned to the loss of this dear Abbey from our family, as well as all other griefs which are sent by *Him* who knows what is good for us. It is said that Lord P.'s[1] sanity is likely to be established, which I'm glad of for the sake of his poor wife; but I can't help wishing my brother's concerns out of her father's hands for very powerful reasons.

---

[1] Sir Ralph Milbanke's other place in Durham, where they passed the first month of their married life.

I do not know what are B.'s plans. Lady B. says nothing can be decided upon till their affairs are in some degree arranged. They have been anxious to procure a temporary habitation in my neighbourhood, which would be convenient to him and delightful to me, if his presence is required in Town upon this sad Newstead business. But I'm sorry to say I cannot hear of any likely to suit them; and our house is so *very* small, I could scarcely contrive to take them in. Lady B. is extremely kind to me, for which I am most grateful, and to my dearest B., for I am well aware how much I am indebted to his partiality and affection for her good opinion. I will not give up the hope of seeing them in their way to Town, whenever they do go, as for a few nights they would, perhaps, tolerate the innumerable inconveniences attending the best arrangement I could make for them. Before I quit the B. subject, I must ask you a question which has just occurred to me. Did you ever hear that *Landed Property*, the GIFT OF THE CROWN, could not be sold? I have, but can scarcely believe it, because I should think Mr. Claughton would be aware of such a thing in the case of *N*. A thousand thanks for your kind inquiries. My babes are all quite well; Medora more beautiful than ever. Col. L. is at present suffering from a very bad cough, which I'm sorry to add he has had a great deal too long. He desires his best compliments and regards to you.

---

[1] Lord Portsmouth, who had recently married a daughter of Lord Byron's agent and solicitor, Mr. Hanson.

Now, dear Mr. H., I have, I fear, almost tired you, at least I should fear it on *any other* subject. I wish you had told me a great deal more of *you* and *yours*; pray do this whenever your pen has not better employment, for I am truly interested in your happiness. Have you any pupils, or any *more*, for I think you had one when last I heard from you? I hope your *solitude* will cease to be *solitary* sooner than you imagine. Excuse this tedious long letter, and

Believe me,
Ever very truly yours,
A. L.

P.S.—Lady B. writes me word she never saw her father and mother so happy: that she believes the latter would go to the bottom of the sea herself to find fish for B.'s dinner, that he (B.) owns at last that he is very happy and comfortable at Seaham, though he had *pre-determined* to be very miserable. In some of her letters she mentions his health not being very good, though he seldom complains, but says both that and his spirits have been improved by some daily walks she had prevailed on him to take; and attributes much of his languor in ye morning and *feverish feels* at night to his *long fasts*, succeeded by *too* hearty meals for any weak and empty stomach to bear at one time, waking by night and sleeping by day. *I* flatter myself her influence will prevail over these bad habits. They had been playing the fool one evening, 'old and young.' B. dressed in Lady M.'s long-haired *wig* (snatched from her head for the purpose), his dressing-gown on, turned wrong-side out; Lady B. in his travelling-cap and long cloak, with whiskers and mustachios. What a long P.S.!

Six Mile Bottom: Saturday, March 18.

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—I would not have delayed answering your letter even *one* post, but with the hope of procuring you a more welcome reply than mine can possibly be. I flatter myself, however, that before this letter comes to an end you will pronounce me a more agreeable correspondent than you expected to find me, for I've nothing but *agreeables* to communicate, on a subject of the greatest interest to you as well as to me. B. and Lady B. arrived here last Sunday, on their way from the North to London, where they have taken a very good house of the Duke of Devonshire in Piccadilly. I hope they will stay some days longer with me, and shall regret their departure, whenever it takes place, as much as I now delight in their society. B. is looking particularly well, and of Lady B. I scarcely know how to write, for I have a sad trick of being struck dumb when I am most happy and pleased. The expectations I had formed could not be *exceeded*, but at least they are *fully* answered. I think I never saw or heard or read of a more perfect being in mortal mould than she appears to be, and scarcely dared flatter myself such a one would fall to the lot of my dear B. He seems quite sensible of her value, and as happy as the present alarming state of *public* and the tormenting uncertainties of his own private affairs will admit of. Poor Newstead is still unsold, and it seems doubtful whether Claughton can complete the purchase. Now, dear Mr. H., for the subject of your letter,[1] which distresses me only as it appears so distressing to you. I can assure you, with the utmost truth, that I do not even see the *shadow* of a foundation for your apprehensions. The night before your letter arrived, B. was talking of you in the most friendly and affectionate of terms, describing you in the highest possible of praise to Lady B., talking over our *séjour* at Hastings, and, among other things, I have treasured the following as most satisfactory to you. He said that in all the years he had been acquainted with you he never had had a moment's disagreement with you: 'I have quarrelled with Hobhouse, with everybody but

---

[1] Hodgson had expressed anxiety lest he should in some manner have offended Byron, who had not written to him for some months.

Hodgson,' were his own words. When I received your letter I showed it to him and Lady B. He first exclaimed, 'Oh dear! do tell him I am married and cannot write. I have not answered a single letter since that event;' and begged I would tell you that he *was not*, *could not* be angry. Indeed I would not deceive you on this point, and I can well enter into your fears, they are too like my own whenever he is unusually silent to me. Lady B. has done her best to procure you a few lines of consolation from himself, but you know him too well to expect much from persuasion or entreaty till the *lazy* fit is over. I have just asked him for a message, and am desired to tell you he does not write because he is 'lazy and has got a wife.' Many thanks for your kind inquiries. My bairns are well, and delighted at being able to scream 'Oh, Byron!' again, and approve much of their new aunt. I am not quite sure that Georgiana is not a little jealous of this formidable rival in B.'s affections. Adieu, dear Mr. H.! this is a long epistle, but you will forgive me, and

Believe me,

Most sincerely and truly yours,

AUGUSTA LEIGH.

Col. L. is in the North.

Six Mile Bottom: March 31.

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—Byron and Lady B. left me on Tuesday for London. I will forward your letter to him by this post. I am a little puzzled how to answer your queries about Mr. H., but I will tell you all I know, which is that by Mr. Hobhouse's advice, his *affairs* and Mr. Hanson's *accounts* are to be put into the hands of another professional man, whose name at this moment I forget. Mr. H. has not yet delivered up his accounts, consequently all remains in uncertainty. I think B. and Lady B. both suspect all has *not* been right, but, of course, judgment must be suspended till *proof* is obtained. There are circumstances strongly *against* Mr. H.

B. will probably write to you immediately. He talked of it while here after I received your last letter; which was the cause of *my* being silent. I was well aware *one* word from him would do more towards quieting your alarms than pages from me. I am sorry to say his nerves and spirits are very far from what I wish them, but don't speak of this to him on any account. I think the uncomfortable state of his affairs is the cause; at least, I can discern no other. He has every outward blessing this world can bestow. I trust that the Almighty will be graciously pleased to grant him those *inward* feelings of peace and calm which are now unfortunately wanting. This is a subject which I cannot dwell upon, but in which I feel and have felt all you express. I think Lady B. very judiciously abstains from pressing the consideration of it upon him at the present moment. In short, the more I see of her the more I love and esteem her, and feel how grateful I am and ought to be for the blessing of such a wife for my dear, darling B.

You may be perfectly easy about B.'s friendship towards you. I am positive there is not a shadow of a cause for fidget. This I could better explain were you here at this moment, but do at least believe that I would not deceive you on this subject—the last on which I could bear to be deceived (even from motives of kindness) myself. When you have leisure write to me, and do tell me all the good you can of yourself and your prospects, and be assured that they will ever be most interesting to

Yours very truly and sincerely,
A. L.

13 Piccadilly Terrace: Saturday evening, April 29.

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—I am desired by B. to write you a few lines of recommendation for your new pupil to convey to you. I cannot make out exactly what I am to say except that Mr. H. was desirous B. should write to recommend him to you, and that he is as usual *lazy*, and wishes me to tell you he would have written, but that Lady B. has been unwell, and her uncle died last week. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I think her better, and that B. is very well.

Now for the pupil. To the best of B.'s knowledge and belief he is excessively clever, but rather behind-hand from a long vacation of fourteen months. He is to be brought up to the Bar, and nobody can bring him there so soon as you, B. says.

Yours very sincerely,

AUGUSTA LEIGH.

I am allowed to add a P.S. to excuse myself for writing such a stupid letter, it being B.'s dictation. One word of common-sense. B. desires me to add Lady B. is ——, and that Lord Wentworth has left all to her mother, and then to Lady B. and children; but B. is, *he says*, a 'very miserable dog' for all that!

Six Mile Bottom: September 4, 1815.

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—I am quite ashamed when I think how *very* long your last kind letter has remained unanswered. I have no excuse to offer but its having reached me at a time of much hurry and confusion, which has been succeeded by many events of an afflicting nature, and compelled me often to neglect those correspondents to whom I feel most pleasure in writing. Having apologised as well as I am able, I must trust to your indulgence for my pardon, and proceed to congratulate you and Mrs. Hodgson upon an event which I see announced in the newspaper, and which from my heart I wish may be productive of all the happiness this world can bestow. Indeed, I cannot express with how much pleasure I read the paragraph, and thought of your first and dearest wish being realised.

My brother has just left me, having been here since last Wednesday, when he arrived very unexpectedly. I never saw him *so* well, and he is in the best spirits, and desired me to add his congratulations to mine upon your marriage. I was in hopes you might have seen him in London, as Col. L. informed me he had the pleasure of meeting you.

I will not now tire you with a longer letter, but must add that I always look forward with great pleasure to the hope of seeing you again, and renewing my acquaintance with Mrs. Hodgson.

In the meantime, believe me, with every good wish to you both,

Yours most sincerely,

AUGUSTA LEIGH.

P.S.—I forgot to say when on the B. subject, that he gave me the best accounts of Lady B.'s health.

The next letter was written three weeks after the final departure of Lady Byron from her husband, when the fatal separation, though not quite inevitable, was alarmingly imminent.

13 Piccadilly Terrace: Wednesday, February 7 (1816).

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—Can you by *any means* contrive to come up to Town? Were it only for *a day*, it might be of the most essential service to a friend I know you love and value. There is too much fear of a separation between him and his wife. No time is to be lost, but even if you are *too late* to prevent that happening *decidedly*, yet it would be the greatest comfort and relief to me to confide other circumstances to you, and consult you; and so if *possible* oblige me, if only for *twenty-four* hours. Say not *a word* of my *summons*; but attribute your coming, if you come, to business of your own or chance. Excuse brevity. I am so perfectly wretched I can only say

Ever yours
Most truly,
AUGUSTA LEIGH.

It is probable I may be obliged to go home next week. If my scheme appears wild, pray attribute it to the state of mind I am in. Alas! I see only *ruin* and *destruction* in *every* shape to one most dear to me.

Hodgson at once responded to this appeal by taking the first stage-coach to London, where the next letter was addressed to him at his lodgings near Piccadilly.

How very good of you, dear Mr. Hodgson! I intend showing the letter to B., as I *think* he will jump at seeing you just now, but I *must* see you first; and how? I am now going to Mr. Hanson's from B. I'm afraid of your meeting people here who *do no good*, and would counteract yours; but will you call about two or after that, and ask for *me* first? I shall be home, I hope, and *must* see you. If I'm out ask for *Capt. B.*

Yours sincerely,
A. L.

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—I've been unable to write to you till this moment. Mr. H. stayed till a late hour, and is now here again. B. dined with me, and after I left the room I sent your note in, thinking him in better spirits and more free from irritations. He has only just mentioned it to me: 'Oh, by the bye, I've had a note from H., Augusta, whom you must write to and say I'm so full of domestic calamities that I can't see anybody.' Still, I think he *will* see you if he hears you are here, or that even it would be better, if the worst came to the worst, to let the servant announce you and walk in. Can you call here about eleven to-morrow morning, when he will not be up or scarcely awake, and Capt. B., you, and I can hold a council on what is best to be done? The fact is, he is now *afraid* of everybody who would tell him the truth. It is a most dreadful situation, dear Mr. H.! The worst is that *if* you said 'you have done so and so,' &c., he would deny it; and I see he is afraid of *your despair*, as he terms it, when you hear of his situation, and, in short, of your telling him the truth. He can only bear to see those who flatter him and encourage him to all that is wrong. I've not mentioned having seen you, because I wish him to suppose your opinions unprejudiced. You *must* see him; and pray see me and George B. to-morrow morning, when we will consult upon the best means. You are the only comfort I've had this long time. I'm *quite* of your opinion on all that is to be feared.

Ever yours truly,

A. L.

Friday evening, 9 o'clock.

Dear Mr. H.,—About three you will be sure of finding me, if not sooner. I've sent in your letter; he said in return I was to do what I pleased about it. I *think* and *hope* he will find comfort in seeing you.

Yours truly,

A. L.

Piccadilly Terrace.

Dear Mr. H.,—B. will see you. I saw him open your note, and said I had given his message this morning, when I had seen you and talked generally on the subject of his present situation of which you had before heard. He replied, 'Oh, then, tell him I will see him *certainly*; my reason for *not* was the fear of distressing him.' You had better call towards three, and wait if he is not yet out of his room. Mr. Hanson has sent for me in consequence (probably) of your interview. I'm going to him about three with Capt. B., but have said nothing to B. of this.

Ever yours,

A. L.

Saturday.

Immediately after the interview, which took place on the day after the last note was written, Hodgson, feeling that nothing could be lost and that much might be gained by judicious remonstrance, resolved to hazard an appeal to Lady Byron's feelings; with what success will be seen from her Ladyship's reply. It is impossible to over-estimate the combined tact and zeal displayed by Hodgson in this most delicate and difficult matter.

Whether I am out-stepping the bounds of prudence in this address to your Ladyship I cannot feel assured; and yet there is so much at stake in a quarter so loved and valuable, that I cannot forbear running the risque, and making one effort more to plead a cause which your Ladyship's own heart must plead with a power so superior to all other voices. If, then, a word that is here said only adds to the pain of this unhappy conflict between affection and views of duty, without lending any weight of reason to the object it seeks, I would earnestly implore that it may be forgiven; and, above all, the interference itself, which nothing but its obvious motive and the present awful circumstances could in any way justify.

After a long and most confidential conversation with my friend (whom I have known thoroughly, I believe, for many trying years), I am convinced that the deep and rooted feeling of his heart is regret and sorrow for the occurrences which have so deeply wounded you; and the most unmixed admiration of your conduct in all its particulars, and the warmest affection. But may I be allowed to state to Lady Byron that Lord B., after his general acknowledgment of having frequently been very wrong, and, from various causes, in a painful state of irritation, yet declares himself ignorant of the specific things which have given the principal offence, and that he wishes to hear them; that he may, if extenuation or atonement be possible, endeavour to make some reply; or, at all events, may understand the fulness of those reasons which have now, and as unexpectedly as afflictingly, driven your Ladyship to the step you have taken.

It would be waste of words and idle presumption for me, however your Ladyship's goodness might be led to excuse it, to observe how very extreme, how decidedly irreconcilable such a case should be, before the last measure is resorted to. But it may not be quite so improper to urge, from my deep conviction of their truth and importance, the following reflections. I entreat your Ladyship's indulgence to them. What can be the consequence, to a man so peculiarly constituted, of such an event? If I may give vent to my fear, my thorough certainty, nothing short of absolute and utter destruction. I turn from the idea; but *no* being except your Ladyship can prevent this. *None*, I am thoroughly convinced, ever could have done so, notwithstanding the unhappy appearances to the contrary.

Whatever, then, may be against it, whatever restraining remembrances or anticipations, to a person who was not already qualified by sad experience to teach this very truth, I would say that there *is* a claim paramount to all others,—that of attempting to save the human beings nearest and dearest to us from the most comprehensive ruin that can be suffered by them, at the expense of any suffering to ourselves.

If I have not gone too far, I would add that so suddenly and at once to shut every avenue to returning comfort, must, when looked back upon, appear a strong measure; and, if it proceeds (pray pardon the suggestion) from the unfortunate notion of the very person to whom my friend now looks for consolation being unable to administer it, that notion I would combat with all the energy of conviction; and assert, that whatever unguarded and unjustifiable words, and even actions, may have inculcated this idea, it is the very rock on which the peace of both would, as unnecessarily as wretchedly, be sacrificed. But God Almighty forbid that there should be any sacrifice.

Be all that is right called out into action, all that is wrong suppressed (and by your only instrumentality, Lady Byron, as by yours only it can be) in my dear friend. May you both yet be what God intended you for: the support, the watchful correction, and improvement of each other! Of yourself, Lord B. from his heart declares that he would wish nothing altered—nothing but that sudden, surely sudden, determination which must *for ever* destroy one of you, and perhaps even both. God bless both!

I am, with deep regard,

Your Ladyship's faithful servant,

FRANCIS HODGSON.

Lady Byron's answer was as follows:—

Dear Sir,—I feel most sensibly the kindness of a remonstrance which equally proves your friendship for Lord Byron and consideration for me. I have declined all discussion of this subject with others, but my knowledge of your principles induces me to justify my own; and yet I would forbear to accuse as much as possible.

I married Lord B. determined to endure everything whilst there was *any* chance of my contributing to his welfare. I remained with him under trials of the severest nature. In leaving him, which, however, I can scarcely call a *voluntary* measure, I probably saved him from the bitterest remorse. I may give you a general idea of what I have experienced by saying that he married me with the deepest determination of Revenge, avowed on the day of my marriage, and executed ever since with systematic and increasing cruelty, which no affection could change. . . . . My security depended on the total abandonment of every moral and religious principle, against which (though I trust they were never obtruded) his hatred and endeavours were uniformly directed. . . . . The circumstances, which are of too convincing a nature, shall not be generally known whilst Lord

B. allows me to spare him. It is not unkindness that can always change affection.

With you I may consider this subject in a less worldly point of view. Is the present injury to his reputation to be put in competition with the danger of unchecked success to this wicked pride? and may not his actual sufferings (in which, be assured, that affection for me has very little share) expiate a future account? I know him too well to dread the fatal event which he so often mysteriously threatens. I have acquired my knowledge of him bitterly indeed, and it was long before I learned to mistrust the apparent candour by which he deceives all but himself. He *does* know –too well—what he affects to inquire.

You reason with me as I have reasoned with myself, and I therefore derive from your letter an additional and melancholy confidence in the rectitude of this determination, which has been deliberated on the grounds that you would approve. It was not suggested, and has not been enforced, by others; though it is sanctioned by my parents.

You will continue Lord Byron's friend, and the time may yet come when he will receive from that friendship such benefits as he now rejects. I will even indulge the consolatory thought that the remembrance of me, when time has softened the irritation created by my presence, may contribute to the same end. May I hope that you will still retain any value for the regard with which

I am,
Your most obliged and faithful servant,
A. I. BYRON.

Kirkby: Feb. 15, 1806.

I must add that Lord Byron had been fully, earnestly, and affectionately warned of the unhappy consequences of his conduct.

It is most unfortunate that the second letter which Hodgson wrote on this most distressing occasion is lost, but some clue to its contents may be gathered from Lady Byron's reply:—

February 24, 1816.

Dear Sir,—I have received your second letter. First let me thank you for the charity with which you consider my motives; and now of the principal subject.

I eagerly adopted the belief of insanity as a consolation; and though such malady has been found insufficient to prevent his responsibility with man, I will still trust that it may latently exist so as to acquit him towards God. This no human being can judge. It certainly does not destroy the powers of self-control, or impair the knowledge of moral good and evil.

Considering the case upon the supposition of derangement: you may have heard, what every medical adviser would confirm, that it is in the nature of such malady to reverse the affections, and to make those who would naturally be dearest, the greatest objects of aversion, the most exposed to acts of violence, and the least capable of alleviating the malady. Upon such grounds my absence from Lord B. was medically advised before I left Town. But the advisers had not then seen him, and since Mr. Le Manu has had opportunities of personal observation, it has been found that the supposed physical causes do not exist so as to render him not an accountable agent.

I believe the nature of Lord B.'s mind to be most benevolent. But there may have been circumstances (I would hope the *consequences*, not the *causes*, of mental disorder) which would render an original tenderness of conscience the motive of desperation—even of guilt—when self-esteem had been forfeited *too far*. No *external* motive can be so strong. Goodness of heart—when there are impetuous passions and no principles—is a frail security.

Every possible means have been employed to effect a private and amicable arrangement; and I would sacrifice such advantages in terms as, I believe, the Law would ensure to me, to avoid this dreadful necessity. Yet I must have some *security*, and Lord B. refuses to afford any. If you could persuade him to the agreement you would save me from what I most deprecate. I have now applied to Lord Holland for that end.

If you wish to answer—and I shall always be happy to hear from you—I must request you to enclose your letter to my father, Sir Ralph Noel, Mivart's Hotel, Lower Brook Street, London, as I am not sure where I may be at that time.

My considerations of duty are of a very complicated nature; but my duty as a mother seems to point out the same conduct as I pursue upon other principles that I have partly explained.

I must observe upon one passage of your letter, that I ~~*have*~~ *had* (*sic*) expectations of personal violence, though I was too miserable to have *feelings* of fear, and those expectations would now be still stronger.

In regard to any change which the future state of Lord B.'s mind might justify in my intentions, an amicable arrangement would not destroy the opening for reconciliation. Pray endeavour to promote the dispositions to such an arrangement; there is every reason to desire it.

Yours very truly,

A. I. BYRON.

The Rev. F. Hodgson.

CHAPTER XV.

LETTERS FROM MRS. LEIGH—COMMENTS ON THE SEPARATION.

1816–1818.

SOON after the separation had actually taken place, and Byron had left his native land for ever, his faithful friend and devoted sister resumed their correspondence on the same sad subject.

Six Mile Bottom : June 10.

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—Your kind letter found me here, and was most acceptable, for I began to marvel at your silence. But don't suppose this to be a reproach, for I know how numerous must be the claims and calls upon your time, and I feel how kind you are to devote any part of it to me. I don't know why I should intrude on you so soon again, except that you desire I will write, or that I can tell you of B.'s safe arrival at Geneva. I have not had any letter since that from Coblentz, dated 11th May, which I believe I mentioned in my last to you. But Mr. Hobhouse has heard twice since that, and always communicates to me when he does so of his health and safety. Of myself I can tell you little that will give you satisfaction, except that I am pretty well, only weak and nervous, and no wonder, for none can know *how much* I have suffered from this unhappy business.

I have written to Mr. Hobhouse to know what this new publication[1] means, and to hope it is nothing that can revive the dying embers. Would that I could talk to you! I think it might calm my mind; it is impossible by letter to give you any idea of the proceedings and confusion after you left Town. I suppose you have heard of Lady C. L.'s extraordinary production—'Glenarvon,' a novel. The hero and heroine you may guess; the former painted in the most atrocious colours. If you have not, pray read it. *You* foretold mischief in that quarter, and much has occurred, if only that I hear this *horrid* book is supposed and believed a true delineation of *his* character; and the letters true copies of originals, etc., etc., etc.! I can't think of her with *Christian charity*, so I won't dwell upon the subject, but *pray* read it. I had a letter from

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[1] The 'Farewell,' the 'Sketch,' and the 'Dream.'

Lady B. the other day. She is at Kirkby, and I fear her health is very indifferent. The bulletins of the poor child's health, by B.'s desire, pass through me, and I'm very sorry for it, and that I ever had any concern in this most wretched business. I can't, however, explain all my reasons at this distance, and must console myself by the consciousness of having done my duty, and, to the best of my judgment, all I could for the happiness of *both.* Have you by chance, dear Mr. H., some letters I wrote you in answer to some of yours, and *in favour* of Lady B. and her family? If you have, may I request you not yet to destroy them, and to tell me fairly when you next write if you ever heard me say one word that could detract from *her* merits, or make you think me partial to *his* side of the question? Whatever ideas these questions may suggest pray at present keep to yourself. I will, when I have an opportunity, say what you wish to her in your *own* words. Many thanks for your kind enquiries. My children, *five*, are all well. Col. L. is in Sussex, and, perhaps, may stay a short time. He is in dreadfully low spirits in consequence of difficulties of our own, and altogether you would wonder at my being *alive.* But strength is given to us in proportion to our trials. Whenever you have a moment to spare, pray let me hear. You shall of dearest B. when I do; and with best regards to Mrs. H.,

Believe me, ever truly yours,

A. L.

Chair Court, St. James's Palace: August 12, 1816.

Dear Mr. H.,—I have a frank, and *no time* to write. What a trial of temper, particularly to a Byronic one! I must say, however, how *very* glad I was to receive the intelligence of your piece of good fortune, which followed me here, and I wished to say so immediately, but my time is very little at my own disposal in this land of confusion. I cannot tell you *half* my joy at this (your living),[1] and I have lost no time in sending it to dear B., who is still near Geneva. Direct à Milord B., Poste Restante, à Genève en Suisse. I heard from him (date 29 July) well—at least he says nothing to the contrary—complains of the weather—has been visiting Madame de Staël, and so on. I've not a moment now to write comfortably, so will only beg you and Mrs. H. to accept my best congratulations, and good wishes and thanks for wishing to see me and mine in your new abode. I should be delighted to visit you *any*where. Your visit to the dear Abbey interested me. I hear poor Murray is in a very declining state.

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[1] Hodgson had lately been presented to the living of Bakewell.

Adieu, dear Mr. H. I came here a month ago for my Court duties, and shall perhaps remain in Town a week or two longer. Can I do anything for you or Mrs. H.? Pray command me if I can.

Ever very truly your obliged,

AUG. LEIGH.

Six Mile Bottom: Tuesday evening, October 29.

Dear Mr. H.,—I have *many* a time resolved and intended to write to you, since my last promise to do so again, but I have doubted how I ought to direct till the other day I heard from the Dowager Duchess of Rutland that you were settled at Bakewell. I took the opportunity of saying how much you had been pleased and benefited by the D. of R.'s kindness, which I thought was what you would wish me to do; and I had the *great* pleasure of hearing all the good (no not *all*) that *I* think of you repeated, and how much her grandson liked being with you, etc., etc., etc. My husband has just asked me to whom I am writing, and desires me to say that the *Duke* of R. has spoken very kindly and highly of you to him, and hopes to make your acquaintance very soon. And now, dear Mr. H., for *our old subject*, dear B. I wonder whether you have heard from him. My last intelligence was of him through Mr. Murray, who had a letter dated Martigny, 9th October, on his road to Milan. The last to me was on the 2nd October from Geneva, and sending me a short but most interesting journal of an excursion to the Bernese Alps. He speaks of his health as *very* good, but, alas! his spirits appear wofully the contrary. I believe, however, that he does not write in that strain to others. Sometimes I venture to indulge a hope that what I wish most earnestly for him may be working its way in his mind. Heaven grant it!

Mr. Davies,[1] perhaps you have heard, has come home. He was with B. at Geneva, and gives very good accounts of his health and spirits, though he confesses he *found* him gloomy. Mr. Hobhouse is still with him. He has not mixed much in society; *report* says from necessity, his friends from *choice*. You may have heard also that another Canto of 'Childe Harold' is about to appear. From the little I know of it I wish it may not contain allusions to his own domestic concerns, which had better have been omitted; and I fear he indulges in that bitter strain which must be so galling to the feelings of the friends of poor Lady B. I believe I have not written to you since I had the pleasure of seeing her and the dear little girl in London. She was looking a little better, but I am sorry to say her health is *very* indifferent still, and I cannot but feel great uneasiness about her. The little girl is a *very* fine child, but with more resemblance to mother than father; still there is a look. I never saw a more healthy little thing. It was a melancholy pleasure to see it, and a very great comfort to see dear Lady B., for I had suffered great uneasiness, of which I think I gave you hints, and this has been entirely removed.

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[1] Scrope Davies.

Wednesday.

I will finish my letter in hopes of a frank, and have to add that this day's post has brought me one from B. of the 15th Oct., telling me of his having passed the Simplon safely, and arrived at Milan. He appears delighted with the beauty of the scenery on his road, and was seeing all worth seeing at Milan. He writes cheerfully. Now adieu, dear Mr. H.

With best regards to Mrs. H.,

Believe me ever yours sincerely,

A. L.

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—I am so glad of an excuse to write to you, that I avail myself of that of our last letters having *crossed*, and there being many points in yours upon which mine would not satisfy you. To begin with dear B. The last tidings of him were from Milan, the 13th October, having just arrived there without disasters, or encounter of robbers on the Simplon. The style struck me as being more cheerful than former letters. I told you something, and indeed I daresay all I know, of the Canto, etc. I see they make their appearance on the 23rd. The story of their being sent to Lady B. I think I may safely say is untrue. She was, as well as me, on the eve of leaving Town when Murray received them, and *he* paid her the compliment of showing them. I think he had scarcely time to look them over. This may by some means have been twisted into the tale you have heard; but perhaps you had better keep my information to *yourself*. I am afraid to open my lips, though all I say to *you* I know is secure from misinterpretation. On the opinions expressed by Mr. M. I am *not surprised*. I have seen letters written *to him* which could not but give rise to such, or confirm them. If I may give you *mine*, it is that *in his own mind* there *were* and *are* recollections, fatal to his peace, and which would have prevented his being happy with any woman whose excellence equalled or approached that of Lady B., from the consciousness of being unworthy of it. Nothing could or can remedy this fatal cause but the consolations to be derived from religion, of which, alas! dear Mr. H., our beloved B. is, I fear, destitute. My anxious prayer for him, is for that first and *only certain good*, and I should be wretched indeed bereaved of *hope* on that subject. His friends (who for the most part are more or less deceived about him) argue thus: 'Oh! had he married a woman of the world, she would have let him have his way, and have had hers—and they would have done very well;' and this is worldly reasoning. *I* happen to know that dear Lady B. would have sacrificed all her own tastes and pursuits, everything but her *duty*, to make him happy; but all was in vain: it is indeed a heart-breaking thought! And worse than all, not all my affection or anxiety can be either of use or comfort to him. I shall pain you as much as I feel it myself, but it is a relief to talk of him to one who loves him and feels so rationally at the same time all there is to *hope* and *fear* for him. I'm sure it is very useless to try to express my feelings towards him—I *never* could. Pray read over the 17th, 18th, and 19th stanzas of 'Lara;' they are quite wonderfully *resemblant.* Sometimes it strikes me he must have *two* minds! Such a mixture of blindness and perception! I don't know whether you can understand me. Pray always say anything that you wish and think about him.

Nov. 14.

I am obliged to finish this letter, which was begun some days ago, rather in haste, for a frank and the post. I hope you will give me the pleasure of hearing from you when you can. B. desires me to direct to him 'à Genève, Poste Restante.' His banker there forwards his letters. I *quite dread* the Poems. So afraid of their renewing unpleasant recollections in the public mind, and containing bitterness towards her who has already suffered too much. Mind, whatever you hear pray tell me. B. has once or twice said he thought of returning to England in the spring; but I don't indulge much hope on the subject, nor do I know that it would be desirable. You have probably heard by this time all that is known about the dreadful fire at B. Castle:[1] I felt so sorry for it, as knowing the duke and duchess, and the latter being so attached to it. I should indeed delight in paying you and Mrs. H. a visit, but with *five* children to nurse and educate you will feel that I cannot make any long or distant absence from home. Our plans are, however, in great uncertainty, as our place is for sale, and if we could get a purchaser we must go *somewhere*. If ever I go *north*, it shall not be without at least a call at Bakewell. I hope Mrs. H.'s health will not suffer from the cold climate. I passed seven years of my life, from six years old to thirteen, about seven miles from Chesterfield, at a village called Eckington, and well remember the coal pits! My children are all well, thank God! Col. L. desires his best compliments.

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[1] Belvoir.

Ever very truly yours,
A. L.

Pray write to B. I have much more to say, but cannot say it now.

Six Mile Bottom: Tuesday evening, March 4, 1817.

Dear Mr. H.,—Thank you many thousand times for your very kind and most welcome letter, which followed me to Town, where I went on the 6th and remained till the 24th of February, on Court duty.

I am sure if I had followed my inclination it would not have remained even thus long unanswered, for indeed I feel all the friendship and kindness which prompts you to bestow any portion of your precious time upon me. As the only return, except my thanks, which I am able to make you is giving you all the information I receive about our dear B., I will begin by that subject of our mutual interest. *From* him I have not heard for nearly five weeks, and his letter was dated the 13th January. *Of* him I have heard a little later accounts. Mr. Murray showed me a letter to him dated the 24th of January, and I believe Mr. Moore has heard since that. I am daily hoping to do so, for any unusual silence puts me into a fidget. His last letters have been *uncomfortable*. In one of them, after giving me the history of a *new attachment*, he says, 'and tell Hodgson his prediction is fulfilled; you know he foretold I should fall in love with an Italian, and so I have.' I should prefer giving you a more agreeable message, dear Mr. H., but I don't like to withhold any of his words *to you*. As for the circumstance it alludes to, it is only *one* among a million of melancholy anticipations of mine, for the evils always arise fast and soon enough, it is not always easy to wait for their arrival; at least I don't find it so. He has not lately to me recurred to the intention of returning to England, but I hear it is circulated by his friends—or *soi-disant tels*—for which, however, I suspect motives, and still doubt on the subject. Upon the whole, my opinion is that greater evils are to be apprehended from his immediate return than his continued absence, but God knows! I may be wrong. You, who know how ardently I wish him *every good*, will enter into all my anxieties. He has lately given himself and others much needless worry on the subject of the poor dear little girl. Somebody wrote—I believe merely as a piece of gossiping news—that Lady B. intended to pass this winter abroad, which occasioned a letter addressed to me by B. to be despatched with all speed, insisting upon a promise that the child should never leave England. Of course I transmitted the message. The answer was, Lady B. had never had any intention of quitting England. This did not satisfy, and several others have followed. At last, thank Heaven, the business is transacted through Mr. Hanson, and Lady B. has declined answering through me; much to my satisfaction, as I cannot do any good in it.

It appears that the child is *a ward in Chancery*, which I must own I consider fortunate as things are at present. I did not know it till I went to Town, where I most unexpectedly met poor Lady B., who had come there on this business. You will be glad to hear that she looked much better and, I hope, is really stronger, and *gradually* improving in health, though still quite unequal to hurry and agitation of any kind. I told her of your request that I would inform you of her health, and she desired me to say she felt much gratified by the kind interest you express for her. The little girl was left at Kirkby, as she came but for a few days, but is quite well, and, I hear, a very fine child. It makes me wretched to think of her, and I'm sure of your sympathy in such a feeling. We can, indeed, only pray and trust Heaven for our dear B. If I hear soon from him you shall know what he says.

I am glad you were rather agreeably surprised in the Poems. I own *I* was so; but the different opinions, and impressions, and reflections of different people are enough to drive one mad. Your approbation of the lines on poor Major Howard (*our* very particular friend) delighted me very much. They were what I was most anxious should be approved. Of course *you* know to whom the

'Dream'[1] alludes, Mrs. C———. I am very much of your opinion on all the points of your observation. Have you seen the Reviews? The 'Quarterly' has given great offence to all those who *call* themselves Lady B.'s friends and party. It only appears to me that such discussions would be better omitted, and *that* the 'Edinburgh' has most wisely done. B. *never* mentions Newstead; I dare not ask for fear of hearing it is gone. I, too, have an atom of your 'indefinite hope,' but I never venture to express it except to you. It makes me unhappy to think of what you feel about dear B.'s silence; but I am sure, in spite of this, your friendship is valued as much as ever.

We are not likely to remove till May or June, so pray direct as usual whenever you have a moment to spare, and, *believe me* that I am *always most delighted* to receive a letter from you. My children are well; Georgey is really a very dear little girl. You will easily believe that my hands are quite full, with *five* to teach and nurse. But it is fortunate I have such an imperious demand upon my time and attention. I do not know what otherwise would have become of me with the source of wretchedness about poor dear B. Col. Leigh desires me most particularly to present his best regards to you, and Georgey desires her love.

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[1] Mrs. Leigh here must either mean Miss Chaworth, afterwards Mrs. Musters, or must have written the 'Dream' for the 'Sketch,' and have meant Mrs. Clermont, Lady Byron's confidential maid.

Ever yours most sincerely,

A. L.

26 Great Quebec Street, Montague Square:
April 21, 1818.

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—Your kind letter, which travelled a little in pursuit of me, began with the very sentence I have been thinking of writing you for an age at least! It appeared to me very long since I had heard of or from you, so I was *for ever* intending and wishing to write, but I had so little to say on what is *most* interesting to you, poor B.'s subject. He was nine long months silent to me, and *you* know that in spite of all one's reason one must feel such a silence very much. However, he has written at last, making many lame excuses for not doing so during that period. I could wish not to be selfish on this subject, and I have long been too sure that I can neither do or say anything for his comfort. Indeed, dear Mr. H., I don't know *who* can in his very unhappy state of feeling and perverted way of thinking. His letters to me being unreserved on such points, give me more pain than pleasure. He is still at Venice. I believe he meets Mr. Hanson at Geneva to *sign* and *seal* away poor dear Newstead. Alas! A Major Wildman has bought it for £90,000 or guineas, I forget which. Sixty thousand pound was secured by his marriage settlements, the interest of which he receives for life, and which ought to make him very comfortable. There was a mortgage, as I've heard, of £20,000 on the estate, and the remainder will pay off debts; so that, looking to his immediate comfort, we may consider the sale as a fortunate circumstance. But I am sure, dear Mr. H., you will enter into the feelings of *all* who regret that beloved Abbey for *its own sake.*

'Beppo' *is* his, at least; though he has never said so, one may infer it from a thousand things. The 4th Canto is forthcoming, and I rather dread it for fear of more bitterness on the old subject. Lady B. is at Kirkby Mallory, in Leicestershire, but writes me word she intends being at Seaham during the summer months. She was some time ago in very bad health, but I am happy to hear now better than for some time past. The little girl is always well, and represented as the finest and most intelligent child it is possible to meet with. I hear different reports as to her beauty; some people say there is a strong resemblance to her father. I am glad to find you are about to appear in the shape of the 'Friends.' Pray let me hear from you whenever you can spare a moment. I am always anxious to receive good accounts of your and Mrs. H.'s health and welldoing, and am sincerely grateful to you both for your kind thoughts of me. I have this house merely as a temporary habitation, and am hoping for a more fixed residence. You shall hear if I have any good to relate. My husband has been in the country some weeks on hunting excursions, but I am sure will join with me in all that is kind to you and yours, and Georgiana desires to do so. Adieu! my dear Mr. H. Pray excuse the hurry in which I end this, having been interrupted. I forgot or omitted to say, for *our comforts*, that Major Wildman has, I hear, soul enough to value the dear Abbey and its ruinous perfections: so much so that he would not remove a stone, and wishes to restore it as far as he can. hope this report is true. He was aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Anglesea at the Battle of Waterloo, and this is the extent of my *savoir* on this subject.

Pray give my best remembrances to Mrs. H., and believe me

Most truly yours,

A. L.

St. James's Palace: December 30, 1818.

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—I have very long been reproaching myself for my silence towards you, and your kind letter really fills me with remorse. I well recollect my promise of writing should I have good to relate, and, having been eight months established in apartments of my own here, contrary to my most sanguine expectations and hopes, it appears to me downright ingratitude to have omitted telling one who would have rejoiced so sincerely in my good fortune. I can only confess my fault and beg forgiveness. A hundred times at least have I resolved upon despatching an epistle to Bakewell, and always something or other has interfered with my resolve. But I won't trouble you with excuses, but proceed to thank you a thousand times for your kind indulgence and interest. It would give me the greatest pleasure, dear Mr. H., to make you a visit according to your kind invitation, and Col. L. will, I am sure, feel as grateful as I do. He is now at Belvoir Castle. If I could find myself there during some of your holidays I surely should be tempted to extend my trip to your vicarage. But, alas! at present I am so beset with bairns of one age or other, it is difficult to leave or take them about. However, let us hope, and *I* do, that you and Mrs. H. will never come south without remembering I am to be found *here*, and should be so happy to see you. Of our poor dear B. I have received two letters within this last year—the last dated September. This is all I can tell you *from* him: that he wrote (as usual to me) on the old subject very uncomfortably, and on his present pursuits, which are what one could but dread and expect of him. I hear he looks very well, but *fat*, *immensely* large, and his hair *long*. Mr. Hanson has lately returned from Venice, having been there to sign and seal away our dear lamented Abbey. He left him well on the 19th November, but with no intention of a return to England. I have not seen Mr. H., he wrote this to me; but no letter from B. So you see I must have patience as well as you. I have heard from a friend of B. that it is the intention of Mr. Kinnaird and Mr. Hobhouse to take the affairs out of Hanson's hands. If all that is said is true so much the better. I hear, too, that Fletcher is coming home, that B. writes in good spirits, but that he is sure to do to those correspondents. There are some poems forthcoming—God knows what—but I will write to you again soon. I am vexed at your hint from the Midland County; and, do you know, I never allow myself to believe such things except from you, or one as candid and well acquainted with both sides of the question. Is the initial of the name D. or M. or C.? I have three guesses. God bless you, dear Mr. H. With kindest remembrances and wishes for your welfare and happiness,

I remain,

Yours most truly,

A. L.

The preceding letters have been given consecutively, without more comment than was absolutely required for immediate illustration, in order that the narrative which they so graphically relate might not be interrupted, and that the fresh light which they throw upon the much vexed question of Lord and Lady Byron's separation might not for a moment be obscured by the clouds of unnecessary observation. But a collective consideration of their general import, no less than of the significance of certain particular sentences, will probably suggest to the minds of most readers reflections of a similar nature; while, on the one main subject of discussion, which for upwards of half a century has provoked so many differences of opinion, and given rise to such a multitude of surmises, all more or less preposterous—some positively grotesque in their monstrosity—on the doubt which has hitherto existed whether the cause of the separation was one great crime or a concurrence of conflicting circumstances, these letters afford plain and unanswerable evidence. The truth of Lord Byron's own oft-quoted statement that 'the causes were too simple to be easily found out' is amply attested by these letters; and the idea of some secret enormity, too horrible for Lady Byron to mention, must henceforth and for ever be abandoned by all unprejudiced persons.

What, then, were the incompatibilities, magnified by Lady Byron's persistent silence into one unutterable criminality, which destroyed the domestic happiness of these two highly-gifted beings? Among the chief causes of disagreement it appears that it will not be wrong (however material such a consideration may seem) to place the condition of the noble poet's health, both at the commencement, and, with short intervals, during the continuance, of his married life. The melancholy and dejection which were more plainly visible at this than at any other period of his existence, were, doubtless, to a very great degree, the result of his eccentric mode of living, his long fasts followed by excessive feasts, his 'sleeping by day and waking at nights,' to which his sister alludes with such tender solicitude. The state of nervous depression, which was the necessary result of these irregular habits, increased the natural irritability of his temperament to such an extent as to render him more than ever liable to those violent outbursts of passion which may fairly be termed hereditary, inasmuch as they appear to have been extraordinarily akin to those which were so painfully characteristic of the only parent whom he ever knew. This was remarkably true of the effect produced upon him by Kean's acting, his mother having been affected in a similar manner by Mrs. Siddons; of the passionate destruction of an old and favourite watch, by dashing it into the fire-place; of his throwing a jar of ink out of his window at Hastings—a circumstance well remembered by Hodgson, who was staying in a neighbouring house.[1]

Such frantic paroxysms of passion, occasioned by the most trivial circumstances, could be ascribed to physical derangement alone, even if we were not aware that his health was, about the time of their occurrence, in a most disordered state. Those who really knew him well, and understood the peculiarities of his marvellous organisation, were wont to treat these ebullitions with the ridicule which they deserved, and which was their surest preventive. Scrope Davies' sensible remark on such behaviour, that it was more like silliness than madness, was received by Byron with the candour and kindliness with which it was made.

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[1] This jar alighted upon a figure of a muse in the garden beneath the poet's window, and for some time afterwards traces of this poetical outburst were visible.

But Lady Byron had not so read her husband's character. Accustomed to draw her conclusions with mathematical accuracy from the premisses placed before her, she was incapable of making allowance for the slightest deviation from the precise code of morals which she had adopted as her infallible standard of propriety. Thus she mistook her husband's genuine candour for hypocrisy, and regarded the character which he so foolishly assumed as really belonging to him. She was quite young, only twenty-four, at the time of the separation, but she was, like her husband, an only child, and while he, partly through his love of mystery and the strange fondness for representing himself as far worse than he really was, had gained as unenviable a notoriety for his private character as his public reputation as a poet was brilliant, she had been accustomed from childhood to the homage of a circle of admiring friends, who looked up to her as a personification of unerring virtue and exemplary rectitude. Her interest in metaphysical speculations had also apparently been fostered by a natural propensity for investigating individual motives, and sifting the sources of human conduct. In these researches, moreover, she appears to have been guided by certain fixed rules, and to have adhered to the convictions thus engendered with invincible obstinacy. This was undeniably true on other occasions, and not only in one instance was her apparent caprice most unjustifiable. William Howitt has placed on record the story of a schoolmaster, whom she appointed at Kirkby Mallory and subsequently dismissed without notice, and without assigning the slightest reason for her sudden determination. Another story bears striking testimony to the fact of her inability to appreciate beauty beyond the ordinary channels of her own conceptions. A lady was talking to a gardener who was engaged in reducing a wild and straggling garden to order, and who had formerly been employed in Lady Byron's service. On seeing a beautiful flower in full bloom on a neglected pathway he observed, with a shrewd perception of character which was most remarkable, 'Lady Byron would have called that a weed.' On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that her ideas of moral excellence were so pure and lofty as to occasion her inexpressible horror at anything approaching to a violation of the most rigid decorum, and she must have shrunk with instinctive delicacy from many expressions which to her husband's enlarged experience were comparatively innocent.

Another source of disputation was the subject of religion, on which she appears to have been as intolerant as he was culpably compliant. He doubted everything; she would countenance nothing which was beyond the pale of her individual prejudices. He was still, perhaps unconsciously, influenced by that gloomy Calvinism which veiled the brightness of his boyhood; she was inclined to Socinianism. He considered his salvation hopeless; she *knew* that she was saved.

Nor must we lose sight of those pecuniary difficulties which, entirely in consequence of mismanagement, caused him at this trying time such unceasing annoyance, and involved the sale of that ancestral home to which he was so ardently attached. Nor, again, is it possible for an impartial observer to doubt that the spirit which prompted so mighty a genius to condescend to the scathing satire of the 'Sketch,' was not a spirit of unreasoning malevolence. By those who take an unbiassed view of all the circumstances of the case the conclusion cannot be reasonably avoided that Mrs. Clermont, the confidential attendant of both Lady Milbanke and her daughter, whether by means of insinuations and innuendoes or by a more direct retaliation for the undisguised dislike which Lord Byron manifested towards her, was largely instrumental in effecting that fatal breach, destined for ever to divide two noble natures which, after a few short years of mutual forbearance, might have been united in perfect harmony to the happiness and improvement of each other.

With regard to her parents, it is easy enough to understand, and impossible not to admire, Lady Byron's anxiety, doubtless perfectly sincere, to shield them from the imputation of having in any way interfered in the matter; but it is not so easy to believe that Byron, who was not at all naturally inclined to take strong dislikes to men or women, should have been deceived into the belief that they were interested in the separation, unless they were indeed in some way concerned in it. Certain it is that it was only by a sustained effort that he could accommodate himself to the prosaic mode of existence which they had adopted by preference, to their dislike for all that was poetical, to the unbending regularity of their habits, to the monotony of egotism in which his father-in-law daily indulged, to the solitary walks which his wife recommended, and the dull games of cards which, with the best intentions, were prescribed for the occupation of his evenings.

But when every due allowance has been made for the tedium of his visits to Seaham, and for the want of genial sympathy and cordial appreciation of his character in all its strength and weakness displayed constantly by his wife, it is still, of course, impossible to palliate the culpable folly which induced him to threaten her with acts of violence, and to give the reins to his wanton love of mischief, when he must have seen that his ill-chosen jests were entirely misunderstood. But, on the whole, it is difficult to understand by what chain of reasoning Lady Byron contrived to reconcile her sense of duty with the Apostolic injunction, 'Let not the wife depart from her husband.' No one was more ready than Byron himself to admit his excessive irritability, and the criminal extravagances into which his fondness for mystifying and startling others too often betrayed him.

Hodgson, in his letter to Lady Byron, was evidently authorised to express his friend's deep sorrow for 'the occurrences which had so deeply wounded her,' the most generous acknowledgment of his admiration of her goodness, and the warmest affection. It was only when her cold and immovable self-will had resolutely resisted all attempts at reconciliation, and she had sanctioned by her silence the most infamous calumnies, that the bitterness of his soul found a vent in satire against her whose memory, in his heart of hearts, he cherished with tender regret until the day of his death.

With every attribute of moral excellence, enhanced by education and restrained by the most absolute self-control, Lady Byron's otherwise perfect womanhood was marred and defaced by the want of that one 'sweet weakness,' the divine power of forgiveness. Her Christianity, otherwise complete, was rendered imperfect by the conspicuous absence of two most essential qualities: the one humility, the other charity. It is impossible to imagine that she ever entertained for her husband any feeling worthy of the sacred name of love, any sentiment deeper than regard and interest. She herself states that she married him with the settled determination to *endure everything*, and this is further corroborated by Mrs.

Leigh's remark that 'she (Lady Byron) seemed to *set about* making him happy in the right way.' But what grounds had she for trusting so confidently to her own powers, what right had she to stand before God's altar and solemnly declare that she would love, honour, and obey the man whom she had resolved merely to reform?

That Lady Byron did at first contemplate a reunion as within the bounds of eventual possibility is proved by the concluding sentence of those letters to Hodgson, which, though enigmatical enough in parts, have yet sufficient clearness to prove the vindictive spirit of wounded pride which prompted her to complete the massacre of her lord's moral nature by deliberately dissecting it, and which rendered all attempts at reconciliation wholly ineffectual. But of such a reunion, if early effected, what might not have been the results? Lady Byron might have been a happy wife and mother, the honoured companion of the greatest genius of his age and country; while he might have achieved a nobler fame as an orator, a statesman, and a philanthropist, even than that imperishable glory which his own and all succeeding generations have accorded to him as a poet. And what was the miserable alternative? To her a weary widowhood, during which she continually brooded over the subject of the separation until the wild conjectures of others mingled with the strange hallucinations of her own troubled fancy combined to produce a condition of mental delusion which her most intimate acquaintances regarded as a species of monomania; to him the despair of that better life for which his marriage had reawakened the desire, the severance of all home affections, perpetual exile, utter desolation of spirit, a premature and lonely death in a strange land.

From the part played in this terrible tragedy by his loving sister and by the truest and most loyal of friends it is manifest that if anything could have averted the impending disaster it would have been the judicious zeal of their united efforts in the cause of affection and of friendship.

CHAPTER XVI.

ORDINATION—CURACY—LIVING—POEMS—LETTERS FROM BYRON FROM RAVENNA—HIS OPINION OF HODGSON'S POETRY—LETTERS FROM MRS. LEIGH, MOORE, AND MONTGOMERY.

1815–1822.

IN the autumn of 1815 Hodgson was ordained to the curacy of Bradden in Northamptonshire, where he took pupils. In less than a year from his ordination, through the influence of his kinsman D'Ewes Coke of Brookhill in Derbyshire, he was presented to the living of Bakewell by the Duke of Rutland, who answered his letter of thanks as follows:—

Brighton: July 18, 1816.

Sir,—I can assure you that it was wholly unnecessary for you to take the trouble of making a formal acknowledgment of the trifling service which it has been in my power lately to render you; and indeed I have my reward in the conviction which I feel, that in being the cause of your promotion to the vicarage of Bakewell, I am doing an essential benefit to the interest of religion by placing so excellent an incumbent in a living where such a character is highly desirable.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient and humble servant,
RUTLAND.

Hodgson's ministry at Bakewell—the metropolis of the Peak, as it has been appropriately designated—lasted for upwards of twenty years, and is still remembered with fondness by several surviving parishioners. Many and lasting were the benefits which by his tact and energy he conferred upon the parish and its neighbourhood.

The first year and a half of the new incumbency was entirely absorbed in clerical duties; but poetical reveries soon returned, and fancy found a congenial sphere of labour in the romantic scenery of the Peak.

In the spring of 1818 a poem entitled the 'Friends' was published by John Murray and favourably noticed by the reviews.

Besides the delineation of a friendship pure and unalloyed by selfish ambitions, this poem contains many very beautiful descriptive passages. Some of the most remarkable features in the scenery of Derbyshire, of Devonshire, and of Wales are portrayed with picturesque simplicity, and the mutual interests of the friends are made the occasion for introducing comments upon literature and science.

Among those who pronounced favourable opinions on the 'Friends' were Byron and Gifford, the latter of whom liked it better than any other of Hodgson's compositions.

Later in this year (1818) appeared another poem, entitled 'Childe Harold's Monitor, or Lines occasioned by the last Canto of Childe Harold, including Hints to other Contemporaries.' This satire is declared by the 'Monthly' to display much spirit, sound sense, and judicious criticism. Its general drift and purpose are explained to be an endeavour to counteract the existing tendency to conceits and extravagances, and to induce a closer adherence to classic models.

In the notes particular attention is called to some of the more recent defects of style noticeable in Lord Byron's latest poems, while due honour is paid to several passages of especial power and beauty. The Monitor's jealous regard for the poetic fame of his friend led him to reprove unsparingly the imperfections of the period by which he fancied that even

Byron, whom he elsewhere denominates the first of living minstrels, had been infected.

> Although Harold (he writes) has ever been a chartered libertine of language, yet his former Spenserian vagaries and obsolete quaintnesses were occasional and venial indeed compared to his later and more systematic violation of the true tone of poetic diction, to his rambling metaphysical sentences of broken prose, borrowed from some of the most worthless of his contemporaries. . . . That magnificent and sublime poetical abstraction, the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' is throughout disfigured by these newly adopted affectations; 'Manfred' absolutely teems with them; and even the 'Lament of Tasso,' of the correct, the classical Tasso, breathes too much of this sort of rambling, familiar, prosaic versification; which if it is not an exhalation from the Limbo of Vanity, ought, assuredly, to be wafted thither from our purified atmosphere. . . . There are few things more mortifying to a sincere lover of poetry than the overclouding of a splendid passage by some sudden shade of vicious metre or defective language. That Harold's occasional images, even in his idlest moments, are as brilliant as ever, nobody can deny; but long indulgence and the unaccountable imita-

tion of inferior writers (like the bird who spoils his own natural melody by catching the discordant notes of his neighbours) have, assuredly, deteriorated his style to a most lamentable degree. Thus the far-famed description of Beauty pleading for Peace in the arms of War, in the first book of 'Lucretius,' is imitated by Harold in his fourth canto; and, in the midst of some very fine writing, we are frozen and burnt at once with the Italian conceit of an 'urn' showering out kisses, 'lava kisses,' upon the unfortunate homicide in question. Concerning 'Beppo' the less that is said the better.

As specimens of Harold's purer style, his Monitor quotes with cordial admiration the sublime verses on Rome and her vanished greatness, and the beautiful picture of the Apollo Belvedere in the fourth canto of the 'Pilgrimage,' the former being considered his *chef-d'œuvre.* When referring to his earlier poems, Hodgson thus notices the lines on Newstead quoted in a former chapter:—

Not this thy note in youth's aspiring day,
When holy Newstead claim'd thy filial lay;
And through her venerable turrets heard
A musical, a melancholy bird,

A nightingale of sadness breathed the strain,
For days of glory ne'er to dawn again.
Chap. viii. p. 198.

A fitting tribute is also paid to the grandeur of the descriptions of the ocean, about which there is declared to be a freshness, a life, a tumult, a majesty that could only be inspired by the deepest admiration of the sea and all its glories.

On the recklessness of speculation and the want of moral tone and purpose noticeable in so many contemporary writings, and tending to inspire a contempt for all obligations which must be unfavourable to morality and happiness, Hodgson comments with a severity which might with advantage be applied to more modern productions. The recollection, he writes, of everyone will suggest an ample quantity of plays, poems, and novels to justify this strain of satire; and again: 'If besides the foreign stock of irreligious energy, selfish sensibility, and adorned licentiousness imported into our literature in the most popular works alluded to above, disgracefully imitated by many of our own authors, we take into consideration the influence of scientific and philosophical writings (falsely so called) which have so frequently been debased into vehicles of immoral poison, it will be difficult to estimate the degree of mischief done to society by the extravagant and guilty compositions of that exotic genius which, in these later days, has been transfused into England. While every age and class, and particularly the young of both sexes, have been taught by the former publications to sympathise with the misfortunes of courageous scoundrels and interesting adulteresses; in the latter, the pert sciolist and the *soidisant* philosopher have imbibed little messes of scepticism, exactly cooked to the capacity of their digestion; and the exploded arguments of earlier infidels have been presented to the ignorant anew, under the unsuspected shape of lectures or of essays. The well-earned praise, so universally bestowed upon the popular writings here alluded to, is of itself a reason for plainly pointing out their great and pervading defect. If they might not have been written in the best days of heathen morality, it is only because they have derived an unacknowledged improvement from that Christianity, which, with an equal want of candour, wisdom, and piety, they studiously endeavour to exclude from their ample extent. Considered merely as pictures of life, drawn in the present century, and in the most favoured part of the world, they must, with all their merits, be pronounced imperfect pictures; for (thank God) our country is not that region of professed impiety which these entertaining and clever productions would seem to imply. Should any readers be startled at this charge against a favourite author, let them consider whether a studiously attempted exclusion of all religious motives, feelings, and principles from a vast variety of characters, does not justify what has here been hazarded on the subject. It is, however, with sincere satisfaction observed that in the last of these works there are indications of a maturer and happier reflection.'

Some subsequent lines on Pope elicit the following remarks from the 'Literary Journal' in its review of 'Childe Harold's Monitor':—'No passage in the little work before us has struck us as more strongly marked with that nervous poetry, and varied, correct, and bold and tuneful versification, which characterises this poem than the one in which the author attempts to rescue Pope from the incessant sneers with which the reputation of that great writer is at present assailed. Our poet, in this place, as in many others, works like a master. He has felt that, as the "sound should be an echo to the sense," so, as a more general rule, the thoughts, the versification, the feeling, the style, and the imagery should have an aggregate correspondence with the subject. He has felt that to vindicate in verse the verse of Pope it was proper that the critic should show even himself to be a poet worthy of the task upon his hands, and also that he should artfully win upon us, in behalf of his favourite, by bringing him and his manner to our recollection.'

Soon after the publication of these poems, Byron wrote two letters from Ravenna, which not only evince the continued cordiality of his friendship, but afford a pleasing proof of the kindliness with which he received adverse criticism from a friend, and of that quieter and more chastened spirit which appears to have influenced the last few years of his existence upon earth.

Ravenna: 10bre 22, 1820.

'My dear Hodgson,—My sister tells me that you desire to hear from me. I have not written to you since I left England, nearly five years ago. I have no excuse for this silence except laziness, which is none. Where I am my date will tell you; what I have been doing would but little interest you, as it regards another country and another people, and would be almost speaking another language, for my own is not quite so familiar to me as it used to be.

We have here the sepulchre of Dante and the forest of Dryden and Boccaccio, all in very poetical preservation. I ride and write, and have here some Italian friends and connections of both sexes, horses and dogs, and the usual means and appliances of life, which passes chequered as usual (and with all) with good and evil. Few English pass by this place, and none remain, which renders it a much more eligible residence for a man who would rather see them in England than out of it; they are best at home; for out of it they but raise the prices of the necessaries and vices of other countries, and carry little back to their own, except such things as you have lately seen and heard of in the Queen's trial.

Your friend Denman is making a figure. I am glad of it; he had all the auguries of a superior man about him before I left the country. Hobhouse is a Radical, and is doing great things in that somewhat violent line of politics. His intellect will bear him out; but, though I do not disapprove of his cause, I by no means envy him his company. Our friend Scrope is dished, diddled, and done up; *what* he is our mutual friends have written to me somewhat more coldly than I think our former connections with him warrant: but where he is I know not, for neither they nor he have informed me. Remember me to Harry

Drury. He wrote to me a year ago to subscribe to the Harrow New School erection; but my name has not now value enough to be placed among my old schoolfellows, and as to the trifle which can come from a solitary subscriber, that is not worth mentioning. Some zealous politicians wrote to me to come over to the Queen's trial; it was a business with which I should have been sorry to have had anything to do; in which they who voted her guilty cut but a dirty figure. . . . Such a coroner's inquest upon criminal conversation has nothing very alluring in it, and I was obliged to her for personal civilities (when in England), and would therefore rather avoid sitting in judgment upon her, either for guilt or innocence, as it is an ungracious office.

Murray sent me your 'Friends,' which I thought very good and classical. The scoundrels of scribblers are trying to run down *Pope*, but I hope in vain. It is my intention to take up the cudgels in that controversy, and to do my best to keep the Swan of Thames in his true place. This comes of Southey and Wordsworth and such renegado rascals with their systems. I hope you will not be silent; it is the common concern of all men of common sense, imagination, and a musical ear.

I have already written somewhat thereto and shall do more, and will not strike soft blows in a battle. You will have seen that the 'Quarterly' has had the sense and spirit to support Pope in an article upon Bowles; it is a good beginning. I do not know the author of that article, but I suspect *Israeli*,[1] an indefatigable and an able writer. What are you about—poetry? I direct to Bakewell, but I do not know for certain. To save you a double letter, I close this with the present sheet.

Yours ever,
B.

Ravenna: May 12, 1821.

Dear Hodgson,—At length your two poems have been sent. I have read them over (with the notes) with great pleasure. I receive your compliments kindly and your censures temperately, which I suppose is all that can be expected among poets. Your poem is, however, excellent, and if not popular only proves that there is a *fortune* in *fame* as in everything else in this world. Much, too, depends upon a publisher, and much upon luck; and the number of writers is such, that as the mind of a reader can only contain a certain quantum of poetry and poets' glories, he is sometimes saturated, and allows many good dishes to go away untouched (as happens at great dinners), and this not from fastidiousness but fulness.

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[1] Isaac D'Israeli, father of the present Premier.

You will have seen from my pamphlet on Bowles that our opinions are not very different. Indeed, my modesty would naturally *look* at least bashfully on being termed the 'first of living minstrels' (by a brother of the art) if both our estimates of 'living minstrels' in general did not leaven the praise to a sober compliment. It is something like the priority in a retreat. There is but one of your 'tests' which is not infallible: Translation. There are three or four *French* translations, and several German and Italian which I have seen. Moore wrote to me from Paris months ago that 'the French had caught the contagion of Byronism to the highest pitch,' and has written since to say that nothing was ever like their 'entusymusy' (you remember Braham) on the subject, even through the 'slaver of a prose translation:' these are his words. The Paris translation is also very inferior to the Geneva one, which is really fair, although in prose also. So you see that your test of 'translateable or not' is not so sound as could be wished. It is no pleasure, however, you may suppose, to be criticised through such a translation, or indeed through any. I give up 'Beppo,' though you know that it is no more than an imitation of Pulci and of a style common and esteemed in Italy. I have just published a drama, which is at least good English, I presume, for Gifford lays great stress on the purity of its diction.

I have been latterly employed a good deal more on politics than on anything else, for the Neapolitan treachery and desertion have spoilt all our hopes here, as well as our preparations. The whole country was ready. Of course I should not have sate still with my hands in my breeches' pockets. In fact they were full; that is to say, the hands. I cannot explain further now, for obvious reasons, as all letters of all people are opened. Some day or other we may have a talk over that and other matters. In the meantime there did not want a great deal of my having to finish like Lara.

Are you doing nothing? I have scribbled a good deal in the early part of last year, most of which scrawls will now be published, and part is, I believe, actually printed. Do you mean to sit still about Pope? If you do, it will be the first time. I have got such a headache from a cold and swelled face, that I must take a gallop into the forest and jumble it into torpor. My horses are waiting. So good-bye to you.

Yours ever,
BYRON.

Two hours after the Ave Maria, the Italian date of twilight.

Dear Hodgson,—I have taken my canter, and am better of my headache. I have also dined, and turned over your notes. In answer to your note of page 90 I must remark from *Aristotle* and *Rymer*, that the *hero* of tragedy and (I add *meo pericolo*) a tragic poem must *be guilty*, to excite '*terror and pity*,' the end of tragic poetry. But hear not *me*, but my betters. 'The pity which the poet is to labour for is *for* the criminal. The *terror* is likewise in the punishment of the said criminal, who, if he be represented too great an offender, will *not be pitied*; if altogether *innocent* his punishment will be unjust.'[1] In the Greek Tragedy innocence is unhappy often, and the offender escapes. I must also ask you is *Achilles* a *good* character? or is even Æneas anything but a successful runaway? It is for Turnus men feel and not for the Trojan. Who is the hero of 'Paradise Lost'? Why Satan,—and

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[1] *Dryden's Life, Johnson's Lives*, page 203, &c.

> Macbeth, and Richard, and Othello, Pierre, and Lothario, and Zanga? If you talk so I shall 'cut you up like a gourd,' as the Mamelukes say. But never mind, go on with it.

In a letter to Drury, Hodgson writes :—

> I have lately heard from Byron. He wrote in the best manner of old, a letter equally good-humoured and clever. How exquisitely amusing is part of his letter about poor Bowles! Yet in many parts of the real argument Bowles, I think, has decidedly the best.

In this celebrated letter of Byron on the 'Pope and Bowles Controversy,' an opinion is expressed on the merits of the school of poetry to which Hodgson belonged, which may not be considered inappropriate to the present chapter.

> The disciples of Pope were Johnson, Goldsmith, Rogers, Campbell, Crabbe, Gifford, etc., to whom may be added Heber, Bland, Hodgson, Merivale, and others, who have not had their full fame because the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, and because there is a fortune in fame as in all other things. . . . I will

conclude with two quotations, both intended for some of my old classical friends, who have still enough of Cambridge about them to think themselves honoured by having had John Dryden as a predecessor in their college, and to recollect that their earliest English poetical pleasures were drawn from 'the little nightingale of Twickenham.' The first is from the notes of the poem of the 'Friends.' 'It is only within the last twenty or thirty years that those notable discoveries in criticism have been made which have taught our recent versifiers to undervalue this energetic, melodious, and moral poet. The consequences of this want of due esteem for a writer whom the good sense of our predecessors had raised to his proper station have been numerous and degrading enough. This is not the place to enter into the subject, even as far as it affects our poetical numbers alone, and there is matter of more importance which requires present reflection.'[1]

These sentiments Byron himself endorses with his customary emphasis in a letter to Murray quoted by Moore:—

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[1] This note is on the following line:—

'And Dulness thrives, for Pope is now no more.'

I have read Hodgson's 'Friends.' He is right in defending Pope against the bastard pelicans of the poetical winter day, who add insult to their parricide by sucking the blood of the parent of English *real* poetry—poetry without fault—and then spurning the bosom which fed them!

Hodgson writes again in a similar strain in a note to another poem entitled 'Sæculo Mastix,' and published a year later than the 'Friends':—

The irreconcilable enmity of all dullards, past, present, and to come, against the brilliant wit of Pope is the true secret of the impotent attacks upon that unassailable reputation. 'The strong antipathy of good to bad' did not more distinctly separate his higher qualities from the mean-spirited and dishonourable than his rapid and bright imagination opposed him to the slow, the heavy, and the stupid. They howled at his light, as a dog howls at the moon; and (as suggested by Warburton) gave equal evidence to its lustre.

'Sæculo Mastix;' or, 'The Lash of the Age we Live in,' was a severe but temperate satire on the many and various vices which disgraced the first decade of the present century. Its object was the reformation of Religion, Literature, and Society by exposing in their true colours the most notorious defects of each; and its design includes many wise suggestions, some of which have long since been adopted. Among those which have received more recent recognition may be mentioned a proposal to convene a general convocation of the clergy for the settlement of more important subjects of current discussion, after the manner of the modern Church Congress. To such assemblies a very common objection is anticipated. 'Oh! you would open the door to all sorts of disputes.' To this objection Hodgson sensibly replies: 'Unfortunately the door is opened already; and it is to settle such disputes for ever, within the pale of the Establishment, that the measure seems advisable. Will it be denied that the present Articles of the Church of England are interpreted in a diametrically opposite sense by numbers of her own members? Is it not possible, by revision, most patient and most cautious, and by adaptation of these Elizabethan sentences to the present frame and character of the English language, to prevent the possibility of subscription by any Jesuitical interpreters; and to brand with everlasting infamy those who dare to preach against the doctrines of the Church into which they have solemnly entered?' 'Aye, but the Doctrines themselves.' 'Well, let them be examined by the most competent judges; let the history of the Reformation be thoroughly canvassed; and let the reference to the whole contexture and spirit of the New Testament be full and frequent. The result no real lover of the Church of England can anticipate with any other feelings than those of hope and humble exaltation. Meanwhile,

"Mussat Doctrina," Fidesque
Vera timet.'

The concluding sentence of the notes strikes the key-note of the poem in the expression of an earnest wish that, while innovation on the one hand may cease to be mistaken for amendment, on the other no obstinate adherence to every outward feature of old institutions may retard their restoration to their real design and character.

Soon after Byron's first letter to Hodgson from Ravenna, Mrs. Leigh writes from London:—

St. James's Palace: February 7, 1821.

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—I have received the book through Murray, a short time after the arrival of your kind letter. Whenever I have had anything to forward Mr. Murray has been my resource, and I suppose there can be no objection to my sending it through him, not saying from whom I received it, as I have often those sorts of commissions. I have sent to ask him if he knows of any early opportunity, and pray never suppose that apology is needful, for making me either of use or comfort, if that is possible. I do not know a word as to B.'s probabilities of remaining or not at Ravenna. He has not lately said anything to me of his intentions on those subjects, but I recommend you to direct your letter to him there *poste restante*, or I will enclose it in one of mine if you please. *Many* thanks, dear Mr. H., for your kindness in giving me such early information of the *pleasing* contents of your despatch from B. I wish he communicated more frequently with one who is so truly his friend, but I look upon his doing so now as a good symptom among some others which I have lately remarked. Whether it amounts to more than being in good humour I cannot determine; but I am (luckily for myself) of a *hoping* disposition, and I trust it is not presumptuous to do so in this instance.

I am so hurried for post, having been interrupted, that I can only say, truly yours,

A. L.

In 1816, soon after Hodgson's appointment to the vicarage of Bakewell, Byron had written to Moore (with whom Hodgson had already a slight acquaintance) in a vein of mingled cordiality and banter, which was not uncommon to him.

> I hear that Hodgson is your neighbour, having a living in Derbyshire. You will find him an excellent-hearted fellow, as well as one of the cleverest; a little, perhaps, too much japanned by preferment in the Church and the tuition of youth, as well as inoculated with the disease of domestic felicity, besides being over-run with fine feelings about woman and constancy (that small change of love, which people exact so rigidly, receive in such counterfeit coin, and repay in baser metal); but otherwise, a very worthy man, who has lately got a pretty wife, and (I suppose) a child by this time. Pray remember me to him, and say that I know not which to envy most—his neighbourhood, him, or you.

The result of this communication was a correspondence between Moore and Hodgson, carried on in a desultory manner for some years, of which some remaining letters may be found interesting. The first two refer to the publication of 'Lalla Rookh.'

Ashbourne: March 6, 1817.

My dear Sir,—I received your letter yesterday evening on my return from town, where I have been for these ten days past, giving myself up 'à tous les diables' of Paternoster Row. I corrected a proof sheet before I left town, so you may imagine the nervousness of my situation, as they say I must be out early in May. Do pray to your friends the Muses for my safe deliverance. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than the visit you propose, but every moment here will be occupied till our departure, which must be on Tuesday next. I am desired, however, by my friend, Mr. John Cooper (with whom we are housed at present), to say that it will make him most happy to see you here to a dinner and a bed on Monday next, and I most anxiously hope you will accept of his invitation, as it is the only chance I shall have of seeing you for Heaven knows how long. Pray come, and come early that we may have a walk and talk together. I have had four or five letters from Lord Byron within these two months past. He is now at Venice, and speaks much and warmly in his letters about you.

Hornsey: June 12, 1817.

My dear Sir,—Your letter has given me very great pleasure, both from the welcome things it contains about my book and the proof it affords that you are not angry with me for my seeming neglect of the first with which you favoured me. But I was really so hard run as I approached the goal (having gone to press with about a fourth of the book unwritten) that I had not a minute to give for love or money, and was obliged to trust to the good nature of my friends for forgiveness of the numberless omissions I was guilty of.

It indeed delights me to find that you are pleased with the Poems. Praise from you is fame, and I feel it accordingly. You will be glad too, I am sure, to hear that I sell well, which is, after all, the great test of success. No matter how good the blood is, if it doesn't circulate, it's all over with the patient. But I am revising now for a third edition!

Our friend Byron's 'Manfred' will be out in a few days. It is wilder than his wildest. 'Enter Seven Spirits.' A friend of mine supplied their names, 'Rum, Brandy, Hollands,' &c., &c. Glorious things in it though, as there needs must in whatever he writes. What do you think of the following *quiet* image for one of your sermons ?—

> The sea of Hell,
> . . . which beats upon a living shore,
> Heap'd with the damn'd like pebbles.

He does not seem now to think of coming home. Has he written to you ?

We are romancing about a trip to Derbyshire in the autumn. If we realise it, how happy shall I be to bring Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Hodgson acquainted !

Ever yours very sincerely,

THOMAS MOORE.

The following characteristic fragment was written after a visit to Stoke,[1] near Bakewell, where Mrs. Robert Arkwright (*née* Fanny Kemble) was then living. Hodgson had translated the 'Meeting of the Ships' into Latin verse :—

How admirably you have Romanised my 'Ships' ! I assure you it gives the verses a consequence in my eyes they never wore before. A thousand thanks to Mrs. Hodgson for the pretty air, which brought the pianoforte at Stoke (with *her* stealing out of the corner to play it) vividly before my eyes. I wish I had such neighbours to sing to. I have not sung to such an audience as I had at Stoke (even taking into account two or three duchesses, etc. that lent me their ears after I left you) ever since we parted.

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[1] A house most picturesquely situated among the Derbyshire hills.

Hodgson's copious powers of conversation and his genial, courteous manners made him a general favourite in society, and he was frequently an honoured guest at Chatsworth, with whose princely owner he maintained a cordial friendship for upwards of thirty years. Mrs. Arkwright amusingly describes his popularity in a letter to his wife written about this time.

My dear Mrs. Hodgson,—I send you the cake I promised and a brace of partridges, which I hope will prove better than the unfortunate moor game. We dined at Chatsworth yesterday, and I heard of nothing from all the party severally but Mr. Hodgson. The cutting of his hair had not deprived him of the power of his mind. They were all delighted with him, as I knew they would be; and the duke told me he regretted having lost a great deal of his conversation, but that the ladies had *torn* him from him, and he cannot hear unless one is close to him.[1] He said they one and all beset him, and never lost sight of him again for a moment. But when we meet I will tell you all. In great haste,

Believe me yours very truly,

F. ARKWRIGHT.

Among Hodgson's neighbours and correspondents at this period was James Montgomery, the Moravian poet of Sheffield, whose labours in the cause of freedom, and the grace and sweetness of whose lyrical compositions, deserved a more general recognition than they received from his contemporaries. His verses the 'Grave,' beginning with those touching lines, which are probably far better known than their author—

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground—

are perhaps more often quoted than any other of his productions. But in the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' the 'World before the Flood,' and many shorter pieces, there are many passages which, while they breathe a spirit of fervent piety, are not wanting in poetical fire, and are sufficient to rescue their writer from oblivion. When Hodgson became acquainted with him Montgomery was editing the 'Sheffield Iris,' a paper which strenuously advocated all measures conducive to the amelioration of the condition of the poorer classes, and he had twice been imprisoned for publications which in those days of restricted thought and narrow-minded prejudice were summarily adjudged to be libellous. Hodgson was not slow to perceive the rare merit of a poetical genius which had received such scanty appreciation from more common minds; and his well-timed sympathy was warmly welcomed by the sensitive and earnestly pious disposition of his brother-bard. An ode on the restoration of Greek independence, that soul-stirring cause in which Byron was so soon destined to lose his life, was sent by Hodgson as a contribution to the 'Iris,' and elicited the following letter from Montgomery:—

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[1] The late Duke of Devonshire was distressingly afflicted with deafness.

Sheffield: April 16, 1822.

Rev. and dear Sir,—I did not acknowledge the kindness of your former letter, enclosing the spirited ode to 'the glorious Greeks,' because I would not unnecessarily trouble you, and I hoped that some opportunity might fall in my way of personally expressing my sense of the obligation. At the concert—where I had the pleasure to meet you—this was upon my mind; and if my face could speak, I am sure your eye would have heard it say 'thank you,' though in the hurry of that strange evening, when, under considerable bodily indisposition, both intellect and senses were bewildered with the enchantment of Catalani's song, the words which I meant to utter before we parted never reached my tongue, and you were vanished before I discovered, as usual, that with the best intentions in the world I do everything either in the worst manner or not at all. Your second letter, accompanying another patriotic ode—for patriotic it is from a scholar, the country of whose heart is Greece; Greece in her glory, and Greece fallen, and above all Greece about to rise again with the spirit that animated her of old—your second letter, I say, accompanying that ode, and manifesting equal friendliness towards one whom you only know in his most advantageous disguise, that of an author, requires an explicit expression of gratitude, and this should have been offered by the return of your messenger, had I been at home when your favour arrived. I take, therefore, the earliest opportunity after my return from Liverpool, where I was last week, to say that I am deeply your debtor for the spontaneous and unmerited cordiality of your invitation to better acquaintance. Should any occasion lead me into your neighbourhood, I shall be happy to call and acknowledge personally the feelings which such kindness could not fail to awaken in one who is tremblingly sensitive to 'every touch of joy or woe,' but who is exceedingly —nervously—miserably, I may say—shy and fearful to meet countenances which he does not see every day—even those of old friends and near relatives. But I must not tell you all my folly and weakness at once; you will soon see me through and through, for I am as transparent and as frail too as a bubble, and if I am but touched unexpectedly I break. I know you will forgive me if I say, in the ode which I have sent, that I shrink from the sentiment so boldly and poetically expressed in the third stanza. The lines perhaps are the best in the whole piece, but yet I wish you to alter them for reasons which I need not explain—indeed which I cannot explain, except by saying that the unqualified presumption that all who die in a good and glorious cause are raised to 'eternal heaven' may be very much misunderstood. The doctrine would be literally orthodox on the side of the Turks; but I fear that it might be dangerous to affirm (though only under poetical license) the same on the part of Christians, who may certainly be heroes and martyrs in the cause of their country, but who are not *therefore*, without some higher preparation of heart, made heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ. The frankness with which I mention this will prove that if you honour me with your friendship and confidence, I shall not abuse it by meanness or insincerity. Will you then have the goodness to reconsider this stanza; and if you adopt fame or glory, etc. for heaven, I doubt not you may support the verse with equal dignity, and give no offence to timid consciences like mine; and I am neither afraid nor ashamed to confess that in things relating to eternity and the issues of human life in reference to an immortal state hereafter, my conscience *is* timid. Should you adopt this recommendation, I shall with pleasure adorn a column of the 'Iris' with your splendid lines. Meanwhile I am, with great respect and esteem,

Your obliged friend and servant,

J. MONTGOMERY.

Among other subjects of mutual interest a curious comparison was made by Montgomery between the mental calibre of the Athenian people in the days of Pericles, and that of the peasantry who inhabit the ancient district of the great county of York, still known as Hallamshire. Hodgson, whose knowledge of north countrymen was considerably increased by subsequent experience, had, at this time, a strong and very natural prejudice in favour of the Athenians—a prejudice met by Montgomery with arguments which do equal credit to his benevolence and his patriotism. Whether his opinions are justified by general observation must be left to the decision of the reader.

Reverend and dear Sir,—If the will were always to to be taken for the deed, I believe I should be set down for the best correspondent in the world, but if the will must be judged by the deed, assuredly I should pass for the worst; and yet in neither case would my friends do justice to themselves or me, for in the first they would have nothing to forgive, and in the second would forgive nothing. I cannot stay to explain the ambiguity of this introduction, for I must proceed at once to state the case of debtor and creditor, as it stands in my mind, between you and me, on the subject of a very kind and valuable letter, received from you in February last. I wished—for Fortunatus himself was not a heartier wisher than I am, only not having his cap

I cannot have my desire without a further effort—I wished to answer that letter immediately, and I thought that I could thus have answered effectually your very powerful objections against some hazardous assertions of mine on the comparative state of intelligence between the ancient people of Athens and the men of Hallamshire in the present day. But at the very time, I was suddenly called upon to prepare, at a few days' notice, an opening lecture for our Institution. This, of course, occupied my time intensely during the interval, and was no small performance, for it took upwards of two hours in the delivery, and yet comprehended only half the subject which I had meditated, and sketched out in the rough draft. No sooner was this task completed, than I was required by the Leeds Institution to furnish a paper which I had long promised. Accordingly I set to work, and produced an essay nearly as long as my Sheffield lecture. Your idle fellows work hardest when they are put to it, as cowards fight most fiercely when there is no escape. Idleness is my constitutional and, by long indulgence, my habitual infirmity also; so that I always toil like a galley-slave, or sleep like an Indian when there is neither battle nor chace to rouse him into activity. When I had achieved this second Herculean feat for a pigmy mind, I really was so tired that I determined to lie down and rest a while, let who would disturb me with claims or duties unfulfilled. Since then I have been continually, and sometimes overwhelmingly, exercised with other engagements, not directly literary, but such as have required study and personal exertion, till both thought and feeling, strength and courage, have seemed to fail, and I have been ready to renounce everything beyond the more ordinary drudgery of newspaper editing. This is an honest confession of the employment of my time since the receipt of your letter, except that I have omitted to inform you that the said letter has lain on my desk or been within reach of my hand all the while, and I have often as resolutely purposed to answer it forthwith, as I have impotently wished that I had answered it. This morning, having a few minutes thrown upon my hands, which I was grievously tempted to throw away after millions of their predecessors, in doing next to nothing—for nothing itself I cannot do with all my powers of indolence—your letter suddenly cried out from under the litter of papers that covered it, and demanded justice; its voice, which had often been raised in vain on like occasions, was not to be resisted, and I instantly complied; the more readily, I must acknowledge, because I had long ago abandoned the first idea of formally replying to your objections, and vindicating my sentiments. With the same freedom, therefore, as the former were offered by you, I will make such remarks as occur in noticing them here. I must, however, state, that a few days after the receipt of your favour, I sent a verbal acknowledgment of it by Dr. Knight, who incidentally told me that he expected to see you soon, and it was with the less uneasiness of conscience that I deferred a written reply till a more convenient opportunity. Dr. Knight perhaps forgot to deliver my message, and I never inquired after the fate of it. I only mention the circumstance to show that not from the remotest deficiency either of respect or gratitude have I remained so long, and perhaps so unpardonably, under the suspicion of both, unless you have exercised the charity of hoping the best when only the worst appeared. Better late than never, you may yet be kind enough to think.

You are aware, and I pretend not to conceal it, that in the argument which I held on the occasion alluded to I was taking the part of an advocate, whose duty it was to show to the utmost advantage the cause of his clients without the wilful violation of truth or justice. The merits and claims of the Hallamshire people I therefore advanced as boldly as I durst, while those of the ancients were only contingently introduced; and though they were acknowledged to be transcendent, their superiority was lowered as much as appeared to me consistent with fact, if not with the general favourable prejudice, which all who are acquainted with Greek and Roman history, but especially the learned, feel. In the latter class, of course, I include you; and, though you may deem it miserable logic, I am disposed to contend that you, with an intimate acquaintance and enthusiastic admiration of the *reliques* of classic literature, have a bias on that side of the question which disqualifies you from being a perfectly impartial judge, especially when I consider that you are comparatively a stranger to the *state of intelligence* among a population such as that in this neighbourhood. For more than thirty years I have had opportunities of observing the indications of this with no ordinary advantage, both under political and religious excitement. You will acknowledge that into whatever extravagances weak men may be deluded on either religion or politics, no two topics are calculated so suddenly and so greatly to awaken and exercise the faculties of persons not early or severely disciplined by a college education. The occupations of many of our artisans are favourable to thought, and the bodily exercise of these is not such as to enervate those who use it. Now, I have witnessed, formerly in political and latterly in religious assemblies, nearly similar effects of popular eloquence on the minds of all gradations of our artisans as you refer to in the case of the Athenians under Pericles. It is not so uncommon a thing as mere scholars imagine, for men in middling and humble life to enjoy and to understand intellectual displays far above their own power of imitating, particularly when they come in the captivating form of eloquence, with all its adventitious accompaniments at once speaking to the eye, and the ear, and the mind. Pure English is intelligible among all the peasantry from Berwick to Penzance, though not one in ten could speak a sentence in it. This is a fact almost entirely overlooked by authors and play-writers, who imagine that they must address the vulgar in the vulgar tongue. In like manner, the meaning of the finest argument may be perfectly comprehended by ordinary minds accustomed to thinking for themselves in however humble a way; and the most elegant diction will yield genuine delight to a popular audience of whom few, perhaps, could express themselves grammatically. Nay, persons of very mean capacity can frequently distinguish in common discourse between a good pronunciation, that is habitual to the speaker, and an affected one in a half-learned coxcomb; and they will instinctively prefer the former. There appears, therefore, nothing very extraordinary in an Athenian audience hanging with rapture on the tongue of a splendid and energetic orator, especially when we consider the corrupt and servile character of that 'fierce democratic' (notwithstanding their passion for glory), who of all the people of antiquity, except, perhaps, the later Romans, were the readiest dupes and sycophants to any who could pay the price of enslaving them. The bulk of the actual population were literally slaves, and the rest were virtually so, in the best days of Greece. The vulgar also were held in avowed contempt by the learned, which makes little in favour of popular intelligence.

My own firm opinion is that among the 'thinking part,' and it is now no small one, of the people in this country, especially among religious persons, there is more practical and influential knowledge than *could* be possessed by any heathen populace. This might require a great deal of illustration (not by argument so much as facts) to convince one who has not been long and intimately conversant with this numerous and increasing proportion of our countrymen. This I *have* been, and this, it is no disparagement to you as a minister in the Church to say, you *have not.* You know these people only by report and by books. Through such media they cannot be well known. I have never pretended to compare those who are or have been great in Hallamshire with the truly great and glorious names of antiquity. I have only ventured the opinion that the middling and lower classes here are, on the average, quite equal in intelligence to the corresponding ranks in Greece and Rome, and, so far as they can be put in competition, I believe history will bear me out. I am compelled to break off here.

Believe me truly and ever your obliged friend and servant,

J. MONTGOMERY.

P.S.—With respect to Greek Tragedy, I think that the best parts of Shakespeare would surely be as good a test, both of taste and moral feeling, in an audience, as those of Sophocles; and, from my recollection, the gallery critics of Sheffield were wont to applaud most what *was* best. No objection to the irregularity of Shakespeare's drama will invalidate this. Even you would not argue that because French audiences can bear cold declamation in an artificial tone for hours together, that they are therefore more virtuous and intelligent than Englishmen who can appreciate the exquisite nature and pathos of their own old writers, when brought home to them by the consummate acting of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons.

I don't expect that you will be at the trouble of answering this rhapsody; it will be quite enough if you read and forgive it.

CHAPTER XVII.

LETTERS FROM DENMAN, JOHN BIRD SUMNER, DRURY, DEAN IRELAND, HERMAN MERIVALE, AND THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE—A TOUR IN YORKSHIRE.

1820.

NOTWITHSTANDING the various duties incidental to the position of Vicar of Bakewell, and Surrogate of that portion of the diocese of Lichfield, Hodgson found time for the education of many private pupils, all of whom regarded him with feelings of sincere respect and affection. Nor were lighter obligations disregarded. A constant correspondence was kept up with numerous friends, old and new; the agreeable society of the neighbourhood was fully enjoyed; and every branch of ancient and modern literature was eagerly explored. Denman, in a letter to Merivale, about this period, writes that he has lately met Hodgson, 'the picture of health, and with a stock of learning (according to Bland) increased by his solitary life in the High Peak to a superhuman extent.'

All movements which had for their object the improvement of the intellectual, moral, or social condition of the poorer classes received cordial co-operation from Hodgson, and the various Church Societies always found in him an energetic supporter, his efforts being rendered more effectual by the ready sympathy of faithful friends. In answer to an appeal in the cause of education, Denman writes with that large-hearted liberality which ever distinguished him:—

My dear Hodgson,—My donation is £10, my subscription £2. I contribute from a strong desire to see the education of the people practically carried into effect, from no minute comparison of the different schemes suggested, but with a full conviction that any education is better than the ignorance which now prevails—the fruitful source of profligacy, crime, and suffering.

Yours ever,

T. DENMAN.

Early in the same year Merivale writes:—

Drury is in remarkably high health and good humour. Denman waiting to be let loose on the world of politics with the ardour and impatience of the war-horse in Job, tempered, however, with so excellent a judgment and discretion that I would stake fifty lives on the success of his first display in Parliament.

In a few months from the date of this letter all England rang with Denman's name, and universal homage was paid to that noble spirit of independence which characterised his speeches in the House of Lords on the occasion of the trial of Queen Caroline.

Of nearly the same date is a letter from John Bird Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, an old Etonian and Cambridge friend of Hodgson, which is highly characteristic of its writer's pious, gentle disposition.

Mapledurham, near Reading: July 19, 1820.

My dear Hodgson,—Your letter was a very agreeable surprise to me. Not that I had lost sight of you, for I heard with great pleasure of your translation from the uncertainties of a curacy to the pleasant town of Bakewell, and have often since attempted to strengthen my recollections of its taper spire and the retired valley in which it stands—am I not right? We passed through it many years ago, in the course of a tour to the Caves and the Lakes. Besides which, I heard of you more recently at Kenilworth, my native place, where a sister of my mother still lives, the only remaining link of those large and spreading branches of our family which formerly grew together there. I heard of you, too, in a very agreeable way, as preaching a sermon warm from the heart, and faithful to the Gospel: and allow me to hope that the Gospel has brought rest to your own soul, and that you are now preaching to others the same word of reconciliation. The title of your volume, as well as the account which I heard of your sermon, leads me to believe that you, who could never feel anything slightly, have now felt as it deserves the importance of that office which we are called to discharge, and of that salvation which we are empowered to make known. 'Sacred Leisure'[1] had struck me in the advertisement before I received your letter, and I have provided for its meeting me at Eton, where I am going, as in duty bound, to celebrate election on Saturday next. For you must be told, and will hear with pleasure, that before I had resided a year in the cloisters I came into possession of a very good and well-conditioned living by Few's death—Mapledurham, four miles from Reading; and here we reside eight months in the year in an excellent parsonage, and surrounded by a beautiful country, the Thames flowing at the bottom of my garden. So that my lot is in a fair ground, and I am amply repaid for the hateful trade[1] which I plied for fifteen years. Mrs. Sumner is in excellent health, and delighted with our present life and place of residence.

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[1] *Sacred Leisure*, a collection of poems on religious subjects, published by Hodgson in 1820, containing many beautiful thoughts expressed in language which proved the writer's faculty for graceful lyrical composition.

You desire me to mention old friends absent from Eton, but I scarcely remember any mutual friends remaining to us except Ekins, who is living, as he always did, in comfort and quiet between Salisbury and Chiddingford, and perhaps I might add Thackeray (Provost of King's). But if there is anyone of whom you want a more particular account, I shall be glad if it gives you a reason for writing again to me; when you may likewise tell me something about your own family, to whom I should wish to be known, but I fear without any immediate prospect of becoming so. However, though *you* are fixed far in the wilds remote from public view, *we* are within easy reach of anyone who comes towards London; and I shall be sincerely glad if you will at any time bend your route to Mapledurham. In the meanwhile believe me, my dear Hodgson,

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[1] That of an assistant-master at Eton.

Most sincerely yours,
J. B. SUMNER.

Dean Ireland also writes to acknowledge Hodgson's latest poetical publication.

Islip, near Oxford: Monday, July 10, 1820.

My dear Sir,—Your letter found me in this retreat, where I had been passing a few days in order to recruit myself for the expected labours of London. The labours are now suspended, and I shall cling to the retreat with more satisfaction, as six or seven continued months of a town life have given me a more than usual relish for the satisfactions afforded me even in this 'Ulubræ.' It is a homely little village, but there is a pretty garden and an excellent house for the rector. Besides this, Oxford is within sight, an object which revives all the charms of the time when Gifford and I were young men and full of ardent expectations, which a kind Providence has realised to both of us.

It is probable that some chapter business may call me for a short time to Westminster, when I shall certainly obtain a sight of the 'Sacred Leisure.' If I am left here undisturbed it shall travel to me from thence. But in truth the world is all too turbulent for such a subject, at present at least; hereafter I hope we shall return to the usual enjoyment of our literature, and there will be time once more for religion and morals to enter.

I direct this to you somewhat at random. There is, I believe, more than one Bakewell, but the post distance marked on your letter seems to point to Derbyshire. I always wish for your happiness, and beg you to believe me,

Very truly yours,
J. IRELAND.

Some letters from Harry Drury afford amusing insight into the conditions of foreign travel in the year 1820.

My dear Hodgson,—Adieu *pro tempore.* With a Roman friend I am off for Rome on the 24th of this month (August) for two months. As I travel in an English landaulet over the Alps; where, when

> Italiam læti socii clamore salutant,

the echo shall reverberate to the Peak in a letter from your Drury. Seriously, all my arrangements are made, my money and carriage arrangements particularly; and, as I was always of a roaming disposition, I intend to stretch so far across the Pomptina Palus as to visit the præceps Anio at Tivoli. Old John Heath supplies letters of credit to all the principal cities, and my companion is Williams's brother, of the Ionian corps, who has resided abroad sixteen years, and who was my former companion to Paris and the Low Countries. I can speak French fluently, and Italian is all but his native tongue. If you write to me at Genoa, *poste restante* (you *must* pay your postage, and the foreign post days in London are Fridays and Tuesdays), on or about the 3rd August, I shall be *sure* to receive your letter on my return, as also another, ten days afterwards, directed to me, *poste restante*, at Lyons. This will be kind-hearted and charitable, my Narva, and on my honour you shall hear from me while others are taking their siesta. Our delightful tour is thus arranged. We have a very nice warranted landaulet, with a seat *behind* that the view may not be incommoded. We *post* all the way to Rome and back; and, as seven weeks are allowed us, shall be impudent enough to take eight (!) We dine with Merivale at six next Monday, and get to Dover, travelling all night; from Calais to Dijon, through Cambray and Rheims, we shall go day and night without stopping, and cutting the often-seen Paris. From Dijon over the Jura to Geneva. We then take slowly the north of the Lake, for its views, Lausanne, Vevay, etc., till the roads join and conduct us through the Vallais over the Simplon. Envy me in the Simplon. Drury on an alp! Thence to the '*Te Lari maxime*,' the Lago Maggiore, on which we are to sail to the Isole Borromée, sending our carriage round to Arona, as one does from Whittlesea Mere to Yaxley Barracks. Milan, two days allowed. Cross the Po over the bridge of boats at Piacenza; Bologna, and so forth to Florence; thence the high road by Arezzo, Terni, &c., over the Apennines to Rome. We shall return by Siena to Leghorn. From thence I must either accompany my carriage through the Mediterranean in a felucca to Genoa, or be carried in *a sedan chair* the same distance. I am not quite clear that I shall not prefer the latter. From Genoa I shall go through the unhealthy rice grounds of Alexandria to Turin, thence by Mont Cenis to Lyons, Paris, &c.

Do you pray for those who travel by land or by water; and if the malaria, and its dreadful consequences in the Campagna, with which I am threatened, and against which the *vox universa* guards me, should carry me off,

Debitâ spargas lacrymâ favillam
Pinguis amici.

Adieu, but write for Heaven's sake to Genoa and Lyons, and eke to Paris a week after. I sincerely hope your new Poems sell well, for though I love Bertram Risinghame better than Cain, and Wilfrid better than Abel, yet that does not make me the less inclined to the sobriety and elegance of the Muse of my oldest friend.

H. D.

Genoa: August 22, 1820.

I have had a most delightful tour; and by no means the least pleasing part of my adventures was the receiving an epistle from you this morning at the Post Office. I am staying here some days after a long sojourn among the Apennines, over which I have been partly drawn in a wicker basket by oxen. I have written my tour *verbatim* to my wife, who will retain the letters; and, if you will flatter me so much, after my mother has perused it, you shall have it for a long winter evening. I am vain enough to think it will please you; at all events it will bring back several classical reflections, though, alas! I have not been at Rome. Heat, malaria, and revolution all conspired to render that impossible: but it was not till after the entreaties of friends and natives, who told me I was throwing myself into the jaws of destruction, that I reluctantly abandoned my plan of visiting the Immortal City, when within 150 miles of the Capitol! As I flatter myself you will read my tour, in which you are quizzed as an *Improvisatore*, I shall herein merely give you the contents of the chapters. Two hours and a half changed my country from England to France, and one week brought me to Geneva. The Palace of Compeigne and Rheims Cathedral, which reminded me of your friend Whittington, were new to me. Champagne and Burgundy I completely traversed. The former is a flat, sterile, hideous country; the latter is a country

> Molliter acclivi quà viret uva jugo.

It is indeed very beautiful, or, rather, appeared so before the grand features of nature commenced their development. After leaving Dijon and Poligny in Franche Compté, I entered on the Jura, which, much as it has been surpassed since, yet was *then* magnificent with its pine forests and deep ravines. I went sixty miles over the Jura, and from its last summit saw what is said to be the finest view in the world: all Switzerland before me like a map. The Lake of Geneva (on the banks of which I visited Voltaire at Ferney, Gibbon at Lausanne, and Byron at Chillon, where he has cut his name on the pillar), Mont Blanc, and the Alps of Savoy, covered with snow under an exhausting sun, etc.

Turin: August 25.

A burning sirocco, which had been sweeping the sands of Turin, confined me to my bed with languor and *ennui*, and prevented my finishing my letter to you from Genoa. I wish, indeed, to say as little now as possible, for you must peruse 'A Tour on the Continent,' on my return. A few days carried me entirely through the Pays de Vaud and the Vallais, where I coasted the Rhone, now magnificent from the melting of the snows, nearly to its source. From the Simplon I looked down, like Hannibal, on the plains of Italy. At Milan and Florence I have been highly entertained. I have sailed eighty miles on the Mediterranean in a felucca, and to-morrow shall pass Mont Cenis, in my way through Savoy to Lyons. I shall be at Paris in less than a fortnight, where I feel myself as much at home as at Exeter.

But I must go and see the Superga, so adieu. I really would write the whole sheet full, but I *wish* you to read me fully.

Your affectionate friend,
HENRY DRURY.

The Po flows under my window, just about as broad as the Thames at Richmond: would you were at the Po with me, or I at the Thames with you!

Rue Rivoli, Paris: September 5.

My dear Hodgson,—I only arrived from the Southern clime late last night, with a severe bilious attack upon me, caused by the Indian heats and perpetual day and night work in a carriage. I am now *staying out*,[1] with my window looking over the garden of the Tuileries. But what is Paris to me after

Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis;
Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros.

I have read your second letter: the first I answered from Piedmont. Before this you will have absolved me from all neglect, and honoured the motive why I do not detail my travels. O that you had been my companion! Our souls reciprocally Horatian, Virgilian, Ovidian, Claudianian, etc., sparks would have been mutually elicited. I have seen no news from England yet, but garbled bits of trial in the Italian paper. . . . . In a few days I shall again be in Old England, from which I have now been absent nearly seven weeks. I have kept up a correspondence daily with my family, and I hope it will have been the means of teaching my elder children geography in an easy manner. I was thunder-struck at Lyons—and in a short voyage I made down the Rhone to Vienne—with the stupendous remains of Roman magnificence. The aqueduct at Lyons, did nothing else remain to tell us of the people who planned and executed it, would give an idea of Messieurs the Romans which no reading can possibly convey. At Vienne there is a *perfect* temple of the age of Augustus. The very roof and entablature are now as they were 1800 years back. But hush! you must read my tour at Christmas. Although I shall dine to-day in the Palais Royal, yet not the dainties of kidneys fried in champagne, or ortolans garnished with cocks'-combs; not the vintages of Chambertin and Lafitte, will give me half so much pleasure as a beef-steak and a bottle of port at the Union Hotel, Dover. When I return to my own dear country you shall hear again from your ever sincere, etc.

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[1] An Eton boy who is out of school in consequence of illness, real or imaginary, is said to be 'staying out.'

Apropos of the practice of 'staying out' at school alluded to above, a letter written to his father by Merivale's eldest son, Herman,[1] then a boy at Harrow, fourteen years of age, proves that such periods need not always be unprofitable, and affords a remarkable instance of an early development of the powers of discriminating criticism. The subject and the writer of this essay must have been equally interesting to Hodgson, to whom Merivale immediately sent it.

May 7, 1820.

I have not lost anything by staying out, for there were three holidays last week, and almost every exercise otherwise excused, and I have made amends by reading hard all the time I have stayed out. I have just finished the fourth volume of Gibbon, and drawn up my remarks on it on paper, which I shall show you when I see you next. I never was more amused by any book in my life; and I must think that whatever is said of the duty of impartiality in an historian, a controversial spirit, such as appears in his chapters, is much more entertaining; for it exercises the mind in endeavouring to find replies to his assertions, and keeps one's attention alive, in a manner which a dry recital of facts cannot do. I have been able perfectly to satisfy myself in looking for answers to the charges he brings against Christianity, for, as I get further in the book, his intention continually appears more plain, although I could not perceive it at first. His notes are entertaining, and, as Uncle Harry[1] possesses the greater part of his books of reference, I can easily satisfy myself on that head. The thing that struck me as most unjust is, that he passes over the apostasy of his favourite Julian without offering a single word either in its support or its condemnation. Yet in other instances he is sufficiently severe against any disposition to turn with the tide of fortune. If I always find as much pleasure as now in the relation of historical facts, I do not think I shall ever be disposed to turn to fiction for amusement.

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[1] Herman Merivale, C.B., afterwards fellow of Balliol, 1827; Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, 1837; Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, 1848, for India, 1859. Brother to the present Dean of Ely.

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[1] Harry Drury's sister married Merivale. Their son was in his uncle's house at Harrow.

By far the most interesting fact to me, of the history, is that of the Arian controversy. For the review of the different sects and heresies written by a sceptic is necessarily impartial, although he employs the bitterness of his satire against all together. Before I read this I used to think that the Arian system had some affinity to the Unitarian of the present day; and indeed I do not trust thoroughly in Gibbon in his description of it. He speaks of it as the belief that the Son was a part of the Triune Deity, but that the Son and the Holy Ghost were reckoned as subservient to the Father. As I do not thoroughly trust in this explanation of what I never thoroughly understood, the creed of the Arian sect, I think I shall look into Mosheim's 'Ecclesiastical History' for it. I should like to be directed to a good and impartial history of the various heresies that vary from the Catholic belief; it would be one of my most pleasing studies to me. Gibbon touches but lightly on the Manichees and philosophical sects. The extravagances of their belief appear to have chiefly consisted in speculative creeds, and originated in the uniting the Platonic system with the Christian faith.

Gibbon is exceedingly severe on the animosity between the supporters of the *ὁμοούσιον* of the Nicene Creed and orthodox party, and the partisans of the Semi-Arian *ὁμοιούσιον*; and this difference of a letter does certainly appear at first very ridiculous. But surely there can be nothing more different than the ideas of consubstantiality and similarity, which are the import of the two words, though I wish they could have invented names which would seem to imply greater difference at first. The name of *ὁμοιούσιον* probably originated in the compliance of a part of the Arian sect, and their wish to smooth the difficulties which separated them from the Catholics; although the upshot was very different. In one place he asserts that the Arians in adversity did not probably display as much fortitude as the Homoousians, when the latter were in subjection to their adversaries, because the Arians, who degraded the Son of God, had not the same zeal and expectation of favour from Him as the Catholics, who raised Him to equal dignity with the Father. But as this rests on mere probability, none of the writings of Arians having been suffered to exist, I should be disposed to reject the inference, particularly on recollecting that the Dominicans of the fifteenth century, who rejected the Immaculate

Conception of the Virgin Mary, showed at least as much zeal in their own cause as the Franciscans, who asserted it. In your next letter, if you have leisure, I wish you would write to me your thoughts on the subject of the divisions of the Church under Constantine, or direct me to some book which you think might assist me in the investigation.

I have only one more thing to say on this subject; that Gibbon appears particularly cautious on the subject of miracles, which many zealous Protestant writers appear to have impugned without any imputation of scepticism. I mean the miracles performed by the professors of Christianity. Of course, as to myself, I have very little doubt that the power of performing miracles was granted to several of its first professors, after the age of the apostles, in order that the infant Church might be propagated quicker, and I attribute its increase in great measure to this power; but I certainly do not suppose that a power so dangerous was any longer to be granted, when corruptions had begun to creep into the system of the believers. Gibbon passes them over pretty fairly in silence, until he comes to an age in which he can with safety attack them; merely saying that it is dangerous either fully to receive or fully to reject the accounts.

The artful manner in which the history of some of the chief fathers of Christianity in the age of Constantine and his successors is treated, is truly wonderful. He begins by praising them as bulwarks of the Catholic faith, etc., continues to praise them, but, as he descends into minutiæ, carefully bringing forward their most reprovable acts, while all the time he appears either to defend them, or to impute them to the frailties of human nature. When he finds nothing particular to find fault with, he generally characterises them, though in a very covert manner, as artful, ambitious, and turbulent men, disposed, in their writings, to give up always the truth and impartiality of history to the interests of the Catholic Church.

I do not know whether you like to have the long letters I write to you filled with this sort of observations on what I read, but I was encouraged to write this letter, as when I first learnt Italian you desired me to do the same, and were pleased with the long letters I used to write on that subject. However, I shall not stay out any longer, and consequently shall not read so much as I hitherto have, particularly as the fine weather seems to be beginning again, and I shall be out a great deal; but I shall not give up reading altogether, and shall be much obliged to you if you will direct me, as I said before, to some book concerning those sects. Tell me if I can be of any service to you in finding out tracts respecting Devonshire antiquities. I have sent you all I could find in the 'Archæologia;' anywhere else I will look, if you will tell me of any books Uncle Harry has where I could find them. As I wrote to you last Thursday I have not much else to say; but I think it will be better for you as well as myself, if instead of sending you the exuberance of my fancy twice a week in the shape of doubled half-sheet, I should wait till they collect sufficiently to fill a whole one. The affairs of the war will go on rather slower, but it will not be the worse for that.

I remain your affectionate son,

J. H. M.

During a visit to Chatsworth in the autumn of the following year Hodgson was introduced to Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, best known to fame as 'Lady Elizabeth Foster,' who wrote to him soon after her departure on the subject of a conversation on ancient and modern poetry.

Wortley Hall: October 27, 1821.

Sir,—I feel extremely obliged to you for the note which I received from you on Thursday evening previous to my leaving Chatsworth. It would be fortunate for Silius Italicus if he was to be in such hands as yours. My own inquiries went chiefly to information on the subject, and to know if there was any Italian translation, that was reckoned good, but the opinion which you expressed about the merit of his Poem rather weakened my zeal. I beg of you, Sir, to be assured of the pleasure it gave me to have made your acquaintance at Chatsworth, and to believe me much yours,

E. DEVONSHIRE.

Nearly of the same date is an account by Hodgson of a tour in Yorkshire, in search of a sea-side resort. No easy matter some fifty years ago.

On Monday the 24th we set forth in our carriage for Sheffield, uncertain to what part of the Yorkshire coast to direct our way. Dr. Knight, however, decided us, by recommending the waters as well as the bathing of Scarborough; and we proceeded by Rotherham, Doncaster, and Ferrybridge to York. The country about Rotherham is some of the richest both for pastures and cornfields in England; and it has very beautiful views especially from Winnow-Hill on the Doncaster side.

The stout old Saxon ruin of Conisborough Castle, celebrated in 'Ivanhoe,' rises boldly enough out of its surrounding wood, on the road side. Doncaster, you know, is one of the neatest towns in England; for clean-swept pavement, bright brass-knockers, houses looking all newly painted, and windows without a speck, down a long broad street, it is perfection. We advanced, early morning of Tuesday, for Ferrybridge, which you well recollect, and walked up the river side opposite Brotherton. By Tadcaster we proceeded the same day to York, and I certainly was agreeably surprised to find my first impressions of the Minster increased rather than diminished, after an interval of so many years. We examined it thoroughly, and heard the anthem. I have not seen Westminster Abbey since the last improvements in the interior; but, at present, the grandeur of York predominates in my imagination. On Wednesday evening we got to Malton, missing Castle Howard, Lord Carlisle's seat, which should be taken by the way. But we were eager to get to the sea, and there we arrived on Thursday, a journey of a hundred and ten miles with one horse, in four days, and that very leisurely executed, by means of early and late travelling, and resting in the middle of the day. Scarborough entirely failed, after an accurate search for lodgings. Those on the Cliff, which are the only possible ones, if you wish a view and a feel of the sea, require the strength of a Hercules to carry you Antæus-like up the hill from the beach; for as to walking it two or three times a day, it is impossible for an invalid, with any advantage to health, or indeed continuance to life. As we wished therefore to live, as much as possible, on the sea-shore, and inhale sea-breezes all day long, we started again on Friday, and drove down the coast, twenty miles, to Burlington. Here we took lodgings close to the pier, and had as much sea-air as we could wish, with a very fine view of the vessels coming close under our window into harbour. We stayed a fortnight at this place, and should have stayed still longer, but the incessant noise of the loading and unloading of vessels actually drove us away, with all the stoppages of all the sailors of Ulysses in our ears. There was literally not another house in the place, *with a view of the sea*, the *sine quâ non* of a salt-water bathing-place, that was not equally noisy; and having before explored Hornsea, the only tolerable place between Burlington and Hull, but too far from the water, we directed our mare northward, up the coast, and, passing by Filey Bay, where there is a noble beach, illuminated with dead fish, we returned to Scarborough, only as a stage on our journey farther north. Here we examined the ruins of the castle, which we had not done before. They are more finely situated (on a rock, perpendicular and 300 feet high, jutting into the sea,) than any I have seen; and, being at one end of the bay, form a striking object in an evening view from the beach. The name of Oliver's Mount is improperly given to a hill on the opposite side of the bay; as if the cannon could have done execution at such a distance! They did not do so, the wall being entire in that direction. We went on, over a wild mountain road, but still in view of the sea, to Whitby, twenty miles farther. The north wolds of Yorkshire are very like parts of the Peak of Derbyshire; but are bolder, and have the great addition of the ocean. The approach to the ruins of Whitby Abbey, standing on an eminence above the sea, is very beautiful. The town is closely and singularly built, but the pier the finest I have seen after Ramsgate.

Here are large vessels engaged in the Greenland fishery, as large as 600 tons burden. The road is still over the wolds to within two or three miles of Guisborough. We yet had the sea with us, and indeed were skirting the north-east coast of Yorkshire very regularly. As you descend from the wolds into the valley of Guisborough (which Camden compared to the country about Puteoli) the contrast is most beautiful indeed: lovely wooded hills, and considerable mountains beyond, with a pointed and varied outline. The ruin of the remaining east window at Guisborough is very large and fine. From this place and its fallen priory we went on to Redcar; the object of our pursuit, in this little 'coasting tour, in search of a sea-bathing place.' Meanwhile, we were daily gaining health and strength, the constant succession of new objects greatly refreshing us both. At Redcar our first entrance was most ill-omened. The best inn was full, and the second-best ———, the 'Black Swan,' I do sincerely hope, is 'rara avis in terris.' But, to prolong our horrors much of the same misery which beset the 'Swan,' beset also all the lodging-houses at Redcar, and after the struggle of a week (not to appear fastidious), we were forced to give up in despair; and, after some delightful excursions on the unrivalled sands of this place, we turned our horse's head York-ward again, by a most enchanting route.

A barrister cousin, Richard Whitcombe, was an occasional correspondent about this time.

> There is nothing new (he writes) in the literary world. Is this so, or have I lost my relish for modern productions? Somewhat of both, perhaps; though I certainly do find that 'ille ego qui quondam' would have hunted with pleasure after a new book, and with avidity after a new poem, have a senile coldness to all the meretricious race and an abhorrence of the latter class. For whilst I can idle with undiminished delight over the masters of my boyhood—over Theocritus or Tibullus, Homer or Lucretius, Milton or Shakespeare—I had infinitely rather turn to the white volumes of legal crotchets and wire-drawing, than be doomed to the best fare announced in the *cartes* of those exquisite intellectual Deipnosophists, Mr. John Murray or Mr Joseph Mawman. *A propos* of this Mr. Joseph Mawman (who, *experto crede*, is a Deipnosophist, in the original sense of the word, of no mean talent), do you know the singularly appropriate compliment which he paid to Lord Byron? At a venture, you shall have it. The Bibliopole and the Peer met at a feast. 'My Lord,' said the man of foolscap, who had prepared himself for something worthy of

a meeting between Horace and the Sosii; 'My Lord, I have been reading your poem (the "Giaour," peradventure, or the "Siege of Corinth"), and your Lordship must allow me to say that in *my* opinion you are a perfect master of the English language.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

LETTERS FROM MRS. LEIGH — BYRON'S DEATH, FUNERAL, AND MEMOIRS—SKETCH OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY—MEETING WITH MOORE—HIS LETTERS.

THE publication of 'Don Juan' caused great distress to Mrs. Leigh, who thus alludes to it:—

> I have nothing good to say of foreign news. I assure you I am very low about him. This new poem, if persisted in, will be the ruin of him, from what I can learn. Indeed if his friends (those whom he terms such) allow it, one may believe it. But if you write say nothing, for it would not do good, I believe, *unless you were on the spot*, and I was charged not to write of it, as the more opposition and disapprobation manifested, the more obstinate he will be. God bless you and yours, etc.

These touching sisterly anxieties culminated a few months later in the bitter sorrows of bereavement, which found expression in several letters to that warm-hearted friend from whose sympathy she appeared to derive genuine comfort.

St. James's Palace : May 15, 1824.

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—The newspapers will have announced to you the melancholy event which has taken place; but I cannot allow *such* a friend as you were to hear it only from that public source, and I know your kind anxiety for me will make a few lines from my own pen acceptable at such a moment. I need not say that I am overwhelmed with the severity and suddenness of the blow, but I try to be resigned to God's will, and to exert myself for the sake of all those who are kind enough to feel for me. I am *sure* of your kind sympathy, and I know your affectionate attachment for our dear B. will make you feel this fatal event most severely. I can tell you little more at present than the papers contain. His complaint originated in a neglected cold, which became a rheumatic fever; and delirium at last, at intervals, I am grieved to say, prevented his servant Fletcher from being able to understand something he appeared very anxious to express. This is dreadful!

I hope the *dear Remains* will be brought to England; it seems the wish of all. I have seen Mr. Hobhouse, who is, as you will believe, dreadfully cast down by this unexpected and severe blow. You shall hear from me again. George Byron was to my comfort in London, and went down to poor Lady Byron, who is in great affliction. My children have all been ill, the two elder very seriously so, but thank God they are recovering.

With my best remembrances to Mrs. H.,

Believe me ever,

Yours most truly,

AUGUSTA LEIGH.

St. James's Palace: May 31, 1824.

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—I hope that you have not thought my silence unkind. I assure you that your very kind letter was quite a *balm* to my heart, but I have been so much harassed by different perplexities that I have not had time or courage to write again, but I will not delay it another post. In the first place, your kind inquiries. I am as well as anyone can be in my circumstances, and I hope I am anxious and willing to admit and receive every source of consolation in this deeply afflicting event. The first of all is, that He who has directed it knows what is best for us, and I try to think that my poor dear B. is now snatched from us to spare him future trials and temptations. Did I tell you I had received a long letter full of melancholy details relative to the last nine days, from his servant, Fletcher, whom you must remember? You shall read it some day, or I will copy it for you. I cannot bear to part with it at present. It appears to me that he had never entirely recovered the effects of two *fits* in February, and Fletcher remarks that they had made a deep impression, and produced great attention, not only to diet, but the more serious duties of a Christian. Now, dear Mr. H., *this* is my greatest hope and comfort. I think it impossible that Fletcher, who had lived with him twenty-three years, and must have known his habits so intimately, could have been struck with such an idea without there had been grounds for it. Mr. Hobhouse, on reading that portion of F.'s letter, desired me *not to show it*, as many people might imagine that *terror* had made him *Methodistical.* But I tell it to you because I feel confident you will derive from it the hope and comfort that *I* do. Would to Heaven I could have been with him! There was not any Englishman, only a Count Gamba, an Italian follower of his, and two Italian physicians, alas! too young and inexperienced, I fear, to know or do their duty. He had always a great horror of being bled, and it appears to me that *early* measures of that sort might have saved him. God knows! The last twelve hours were perfect tranquillity and apparent insensibility. Before that, and being quite aware of his situation, he appeared most anxious to give orders and express something to Fletcher; but, alas! intervals of delirium prevented his being understood further than that he desired him to go to his 'child,' to his 'wife,' and to his 'poor dear sister,' and *tell them that* . . . . This is indeed distressing to reflect upon. I hope and believe the dear Remains will be brought to England. I wish it was all settled and over, for it is a heavy weight on one's heart. The will was at Genoa, and a legal copy was immediately sent for. I imagine that cannot be here till next week. Of course it must be seen whether there are directions in it respecting the last sad ceremony. You have probably seen in the newspapers long histories of *the Memoirs, and my name* mixed up with them, and I am anxious to tell you the *fact.* The first day, and the *very* day I received the fatal intelligence, that I saw Mr. Hobhouse, he said, 'Now the first thing that we have to think of is to protect Lord B.'s fame; there are those "Memoirs,"' and proceeded to tell me who had them now—*Mr. Moore*, and of a long squabble between Moore and Murray about them, which is of no consequence. The next day he came with a written agreement in his hand, to state to me that Mr. Moore would pay Murray back the 2,000 guineas he had received from him for them, and give them up to me and me only; and, Mr. H. observed, 'I should recommend you, Mrs. L., to destroy them,' which he need not have done, for I was too well convinced that it was the only thing to do, from the little I had heard of them. The day after Mr. H. arrived to tell me it was settled that at twelve next day he, Mr. Moore, and Murray, Col. Doyle, or Mr. Wilmot Horton, on Lady B.'s part, with perhaps some friend of Moore, *would be here* to give them up to me, and I was to burn them. You may guess that I acquiesced from a sense of duty, and as I would go into a court of justice if required. I thought I should have sunk at the bare idea of it, *but it was to be done.* About a quarter of an hour after this was settled and Mr. H. gone, came a note from Mr. Wilmot Horton with quite a different story, Moore and Murray having both been with him. I sent for Mr. Wilmot (who is, you know, our cousin), and begged for an explanation of what was quite incomprehensible to me; and after some time I plainly saw that *Moore* was ——, and protesting against the destruction of the 'Memoirs,' wanting them to be sealed up and deposited with Mr. Wilmot, etc., etc.; and I told Mr. Wilmot that if I was to have a voice in the business (which I by no means wished), that it was my opinion and unalterable determination that they should be destroyed, and immediately; that I thought delay would only bring change of feeling and opinion; and that as for publishing the *unexceptionable* parts, as Mr. Moore wished and proposed, I thought if the whole was to be canvassed and cavilled over, to determine what was and what was not unexceptionable, upon which there might be a difference of opinion, that the whole might as well be published at once. So the parties, Messrs. Moore, Murray, Hobhouse, Col. Doyle for Lady B., and Mr. Wilmot for me, and Mr. Luttrell, a friend of Mr. Moore's, met at Mr. Murray's; and after a long dispute and nearly quarrelling, upon Mr. Wilmot's stating what was my wish and opinion, the MS. was burnt, and Moore paid Murray the 2,000 guineas. Immediately almost *after* this was done, the legal agreement between Moore and Murray (which had been mislaid) was found, and, strange to say, it appeared from it (what both had forgotten) that the property of the MS. was Murray's *bonâ fide.* Consequently *he* had right to dispose of it as he pleased, and as *he* had behaved most handsomely upon the occasion, ... it was desired by our family that Moore should receive the 2,000 guineas back. Of course, whoever succeeds to my brother's property would consider it incumbent on them to remunerate the *loser*, and one would prefer doing so by *Murray.* I am afraid this has not yet been accomplished, though Mr. Wilmot declares it *shall* be. Only imagine that with the bond there was a written declaration of Moore, stating it his own and Lord B.'s opinions that the MS. never ought to be published, and in 1822 Mr. Hobhouse heard from poor B. himself that *he* never wished it should. This is, dear Mr. Hodgson, the whole case exactly, and I hope you will not disapprove of the part I had in it, which was not of my own seeking, but as I was drawn into it I felt it my duty to act as I think *he*, poor dear soul! would now (divested of earthly feelings) approve. I must now say a word of the kind wish expressed to me in your letter. Believe me, that it would gratify me more than I can say, and that I am very sure nobody would execute[1] it with more feeling and ability than you. But I'm sure you will understand that I am very delicately situated, first in taking upon myself what may appear to others to belong to them to pronounce upon; and then I cannot help anticipating that there are still others who will wish me to give my sanction to *them*, and whose feelings I would not wound by *giving* a preference, whatever I may *feel* on the subject. After all, do not let what I say deter you, and rely on any and every assistance I can give. I see no harm in more than one attempt to do the thing. Do not mistake me, dear Mr. H.; believe me, it is impossible to do more justice than I do to your attachment, as well as every other *requisite*. I am only afraid of interfering where it might be thought I had no right. I am most grateful for your kind sympathy in *my* grief, which not everyone can fully enter into, and, with best remembrances to Mrs. H.,

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[1] Hodgson had proposed to write his friend's life.

Believe me,
Ever most truly yours,
Pray write when you can. A. L.

St. James's Palace: June 25, 1824.

I feel quite provoked with myself, dear Mr. Hodgson, for my unpardonable silence towards you; but you are always so indulgent towards me that I think you will only attribute it to the real cause. I cannot describe the numerous worries I have had, and I have constantly delayed writing, thinking I might have certainties to communicate instead of uncertainties, upon subjects which I am sure, as connected with the particular one, cannot but be interesting to you. It is high time to answer your letter, however, particularly upon *two* points. That of your wishes, which I can truly say are *mine*—on the first, regarding his dear memory, you have only to suggest to me what you think would be best—we can consult together: and for the second, which concerns me and mine so immediately, believe me, dear Mr. H., most grateful, and the more gratified from the source of such a wish on your part.[1] The time will come, I hope, when it may be fulfilled. You have probably heard a rumour that my poor dear B. has provided for me and my family. In the first instance it was supposed (though I cannot exactly discover upon what grounds) that there was a will at Genoa, and immediate steps were taken by Mr. Kinnaird to have a legal copy sent home. But after the most careful and repeated search, none can be found. It remains, therefore, to be seen whether any will be forthcoming among the papers coming from Greece, and which with the dear Remains may be expected the beginning of July. Everybody, except myself, is persuaded there is no will but that here, which is in my favour and that of my children, and of which I was told, at the time it was made, by Lady Byron; and it is satisfactory to me to have her letter by me, in which she kindly expressed her gladness at it, and that she thought it a very just measure. It is a very painful subject for me to touch upon, but total silence to such a friend as you would be impossible. You shall hear from me when the last mournful arrival takes place—and how I dread it! Mr. Hobhouse told me yesterday he had received further accounts of the last days from a Mr. Trelawney, of whom I had never heard, but it appears that he had been in habits of intimacy for some years. He arrived at Missolonghi a day too late to see our dearest B. alive. I have not yet seen the letter, but am promised it, and will let you see all that will be interesting. It is a comfort to know that he expressed a wish to be brought to England, as we had decided upon it. He appears to have been lost for want of proper advice; but, on the other hand, it was ascertained that had life been spared *now*, it could not have been of long continuance, for the liver was so small it was only wonderful he had existed so long. If one could but hope the mind was prepared for the awful change! I trust in the mercy of Heaven that such was the case. Poor dear B.! It appears to me a dream that he is indeed lost to me for ever in this world.

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[1] Hodgson was anxious to take one of Mrs. Leigh's sons as a pupil —a desire which was subsequently fulfilled.

Saturday.

I have seen Mr. Hobhouse this morning, and he read to me parts of Mr. Trelawney's letter. It appears, as from Fletcher, that poor dear B. was aware of his situation on the 17th or 18th (he expired on the 19th), and was most anxious to give Fletcher directions which, though his lips moved, his tongue could not articulate. I hope his sufferings were not very acute. Mr. Trelawney observes that before he had left Italy he had become restless and unhappy, dissatisfied with everything, and ailing and sickly to a great degree. It has long been impossible to know what to wish for him in this world, and for my own part I have lived in a state of incessant anxiety about him. If I could but think he was *now* happy! But I hope and trust in the wisdom and mercy of the Almighty.

When you have a moment write to me, dear Mr. H., and believe me ever affectionately and gratefully yours,

A. L.

I believe the Remains will be deposited in Westminster Abbey; at least it seems the wish of his friends. Lady B. will not express any, and under these circumstances I don't wish to mention mine, which was for our own family vault. I believe there has been nothing found by way of poetry of his composition except some lines[1] written upon his last birthday, which are said to be very beautiful.

St. James's Palace: July 5, 1824.

Dear Mr. H.,—A few lines, as I know you are anxious. The papers have probably announced to you the arrival of that melancholy ship with the dear Remains. Of this I heard on Thursday and was, I believe, the only person who expected it so soon, but for days before I could not divest myself of the sensation, or presentiment, that it was near me. You will think me very foolish, but so it was. It is to be this day in the Docks, and the Remains moved to a house taken for the purpose in George Street, Westminster. The intention is to deposit them either in Westminster Abbey, or our own family vault near *our own* dear Abbey. I've not yet seen Mr. Hobhouse to-day, so I do not know the Dean's pleasure, which has been sounded, not asked. I am expecting Fletcher every moment! You may guess with what feelings. If I cannot write *after* having seen him, you shall hear again to-morrow. If this melancholy ceremony takes place in Westminster Abbey, it will be this week, I suppose, and is to be as private and quiet as possible. I almost now wish it may be there, although it was my own original wish that it should be in the other place. But I think it would disappoint and inconvenience some friends who wish to attend. The papers will also give you the account of the will: no other being found, and every reason to suppose no later one has been made, it was to be proved to-day. I cannot express how deeply grateful I am for the very unexpected provision for me and mine. More to-morrow.

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[1] ''Tis time this heart should be unmoved,' &c.

Yours ever,

A. L.

St. James's Palace: July 8, 1824.

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—I am sure that it will be most gratifying to everybody concerned that you should attend,[1] and more particularly so to me; and I hope that Hucknall Torkard being the place will render it not very inconvenient to you. I can only tell you that it is two or three miles from Newstead and fourteen from Nottingham. The funeral sets out on Monday, and Thursday or Friday will be the day. If I can ascertain beforehand which of the two, I will write to you. Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. Kinnaird, Col. Leigh, and, I conclude, Mr. Hanson, will attend. I shall probably see Mr. Hobhouse to-day and will mention your wish.

I have not yet been able to see Fletcher, as he has been detained on board the ship to attend to the effects till the Custom House should release them; but I believe I did not tell you that I could not resist seeing the Remains. He was embalmed, so it was still possible; and the melancholy comfort that it bestowed on me *never* can be expressed. There are few who can understand it, I believe; for my own part, I only envy those who could remain with and watch over him till the last. Such are my feelings, but I know there are many who could not bear it. It was awful to behold what I parted with convulsed, absolutely convulsed with grief, now cold and inanimate, and so altered that

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[1] The funeral.

I could scarcely persuade myself it was him—not a vestige of what he was. But God's will be done! I hope I shall resign to it. I hear that Fletcher says that for the last year his mind and feelings appeared to be changed much for the better. He expressed concern at having written 'Don Juan' and other objectionable things. He talked latterly with great affection of his child, and in kind terms of Lady B. This is all comfort, dear Mr. H.; and I tell it you, for I know how truly you loved him and his best interests. I long to see Fletcher to judge for myself. He has been cautioned, from the first, to restrain his communications; there will, of course, be so much curiosity.

I have seen Lady B., which was a great trial. She was much agitated. I believe I told you how handsomely she has behaved to my cousin the present Lord B. I am glad indeed to hear you approved of what I had done about the Memoirs. . . . God bless you, dear Mr. H.

The funeral, which took place on July 16,[1] 1824, was attended by Hodgson, who wrote an account of it to Mrs. Leigh.

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[1] Moore remarks, that on the very same day of the same month in the preceding year, Byron had said despondingly to Count Gamba, 'Where shall we be in another year?'

St. James's Palace: Thursday, July 29, 1824

Dear Mr. Hodgson,—There certainly is a spell upon my correspondence with you. I have been so harassed and worried with business matters that I have not had a peaceful moment to say a few words to you. I felt your kindness so deeply in writing me those sad, mournful, yet grateful, details! I can imagine all you felt that day, and only wish I could have been there too. . . .

My head and heart are in such a distracted state with the various inevitable consequences of this sad event, that I think I must go away somewhere soon, for I want repose. I regret, too, very much that you did not question Fletcher; but I flatter myself you may have future opportunities, and I should encourage him to communicate with *you* freely on that most interesting subject. You see, dear Mr. Hodgson, that Mr. Hobhouse and a certain set imagine that it might be said by his enemies, and those who have no religion at all, that he had turned *Methodist*, if it was affirmed that he paid (latterly) more attention to his religious duties than formerly. But let them say what they will, it must be the first of consolations to us that he did so. I am convinced of it from

Fletcher's assertions, and a letter from a Dr. Kennedy, in Cephalonia, to Fletcher since the death. I shall ever bless that man for his endeavours to work upon his mind. In some moments one regrets there was not *more time* for them, in others one recollects what threatened if a longer time had been granted, and one ends by a conviction that all must have been for the best.

Tell me how I can send you a mourning ring,[1] which I have thought a little of the hair would make more acceptable. Best compliments to Mrs. H.

Ever yours most truly,

A. L.

A Bible presented to him by that better angel of his life, his beloved sister, was among the books which Byron always kept near him. His lines on the 'Bible' are not published with his works, nor so well known as they deserve to be :—

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Oh! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace

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[1] This mourning ring, with the name and date of death and a lock of hair, is now in my possession.—J. T. H.

To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

To these the following fragment may be added:—

Oh that to me the wings were given
  Which bear the turtle to her nest;
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
  And flee away and be at rest!

That Christian doctrine had taken a stronger hold upon Byron's convictions than his horror of cant ever allowed him to admit, is proved by many instances in which the conduct of his life was at variance with his professed infidelity. His heroic self-sacrifice in the cause of freedom in Greece, and his intense sympathy with the distressed operatives of his own country—as shown by his magnificent speech in the House of Lords on the Frame-breaking Bill—seem to point to the unacknowledged influence of Christianity upon his character; and no life ever afforded more ample evidence of the possession of that most excellent gift of charity to which the Divine promise is given that it shall cover a multitude of sins.

Fifty-two years after the funeral, the writer of this

Memoir paid a visit to Hucknall Torkard Church, and saw the plain white tablet erected by Mrs. Leigh to her brother's memory on the south wall of the chancel. Attached to the tablet there is a small laurel wreath, much withered, which was sent by some American ladies from San Francisco. Below the wreath there is a rather tawdry silk banner, on which a peer's coronet is woven and the motto, 'Crede Byron.' The interment took place at the south-west corner of the altar, within the rails, where there is a family vault, in which the remains of his mother and daughter also repose side by side with his own. The monument to Lady Lovelace, who died at the same age as her father (36), is in precisely the same simple style.

In the parish register in the vestry, Byron's burial is entered between those of two villagers, who were also of about the same age as himself. The church is singularly devoid of ornament, and the churchyard has a somewhat desolate appearance. Close to its entrance there is a miserable dilapidated sort of inn called 'Byron's Rest.' As I passed through the village I heard a military band playing a very spirited tune, which somehow suggested the last days of noble self-devotion in Greece, when the poet's life was sacrificed in the endeavour to rally a degenerate people in the sacred cause of liberty.

Taking the train from Hucknall—a wretched, dreary, weird-looking village—I reached Newstead Station in about ten minutes. Close to the Station are Newstead Collieries, from which there is an approach to the Abbey, about a mile and a half in length, which was formerly an avenue. The fields on either side were apparently once part of the old park, and the road leads to a lodge and gate, where, by an abrupt descent, it discloses a small lake on the right, with laurel plantations in the foreground. Passing through this little valley, the road continues by a rather steep ascent with banks of evergreens on either side, until, on approaching level ground, the Abbey becomes visible on the right, the near part modern and repaired, the farther end consisting of most beautiful and picturesque ruins. Behind these is Boatswain's grave, in the vault adjoining which Byron himself once wished to be buried. On reaching the plateau at the top of the hill, I was surprised, almost startled, by seeing immediately on the left, where I had expected park scenery, a sheet of water, apparently at least a mile in extent, with a sailing boat anchored near to the shore.

By the kindness of the present owners of Newstead, I was allowed to see every part of the house and grounds. The present entrance-hall is of modern date, and immediately below the former one, which was approached by a flight of steps into a small ante-chamber, where there is now a staircase, at the end of a beautiful banqueting-hall, which was used by the poet as a shooting-gallery. Charles Skinner Matthews gives an amusing description of this entrance, guarded by a wolf and a bear on either side, and within pistol-shot of the 'merry monks of Newstead.' Passing through a series of galleries which exhibit few traces of their former monastic inhabitants, I was shown through a number of bed-rooms, richly ornamented with carving, tapestry, and velvet hangings, and occupied at different times by various royal and noble personages, to the drawing-room, upwards of 150 feet long, which in the poet's time was used for lumber, and from the windows of which is seen the famous oak tree which he planted. The passages are full of relics, perhaps the most interesting of which is the table on which 'English Bards' was written in the autumn of 1809. The study, which is also a gallery in shape, is full of high-backed chairs richly carved and considerably older than the present century. In the old dining-room, with its handsome chimney-piece and panelled ceiling, the furniture is kept exactly as it used to be when Byron and his friends passed such pleasant evenings together. From the adjoining gallery there is a narrow winding staircase to the bed-room and dressing-room occupied by Byron, in which there are pictures of his old servant Murray, of some colleges at Oxford, where he would have matriculated had there been a vacancy at Christ Church, and of Trinity and King's Colleges, Cambridge. This bed-room overlooks the lake so dear to its former owner. In the garden beside Boatswain's grave there is the mirror pond, paved evidently for bathing purposes, and strange yew-planted walks, full of grotesque statues, which were erected by the poet's eccentric predecessor. On a tree in these wild pathways, kept now as formerly, Byron inscribed his own and his sister's name, on the occasion of his last visit to his beautiful home.

The lovely woods and waters which surround this picturesque and venerable Abbey seem to blend their voices in pathetic harmony, and to breathe a peaceful requiem which fancy wafts onward to the church, where in quiet and obscurity lie the mortal remains of him whose youth and beauty and genius and goodness, whose crimes and follies and misfortunes, alike await the final judgment of that omnipotent Creator whose essential attribute is love.

Having abandoned his original idea of himself writing a memoir of Lord Byron's life, Hodgson readily acceded to Moore's request for assistance in a similar work. The correspondence on this subject, although it did not take place until some years later, will appropriately conclude the present chapter.

On Oct. 16, 1827, Moore writes in his journal, 'Talked much of Hodgson, of whom Mrs. R. A. thinks most highly; says he is "*a blessing*" in the neighbourhood.'

Sloperton Cottage: November 8, 1827.

My dear Sir,—Our friend Mrs. Arkwright had already told me how kindly you were disposed towards me, but I am rejoiced to have it also under your own hand. You may be assured I shall have great pleasure in coming to you, when I next visit Derbyshire.

I cannot help thinking that you take rather too fastidious a view of Byron's letters. Offensive personalities are, of course, inadmissible; but the names of friends, kindly mentioned, and allusions to some of the events in which he and those friends were engaged, could not fail to interest, and to interest *harmlessly*. If you view his correspondence with you in this light, I am sure you will find much of it that a biographer could turn to account. At all events, it is of importance to me to see as much of his as I can, as the more I know of all the bearings of his life, thoughts, and feelings the deeper, of course, I shall be imbued with my subject, and the more chance there is of my being able to do justice to it. In this way you can be of material service to me, particularly with respect to the earlier part of his life, and the time of his *first* travels, which is the period I am most imperfectly supplied with information on. You need not put yourself to the least inconvenience in your kind task for me, as after Christmas will be abundantly soon for my purpose. It will double the pleasure of my visit to you if I am lucky enough to be able to accept Mrs. Arkwright's invitation to Mrs. Moore, and thus avail myself of the opportunity of introducing her to Mrs. Hodgson, to whom I beg my best remembrances. As our common friend was not formal, I don't see why we should be so, and shall therefore say, my dear Hodgson,

I am yours very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

In the following January (1828) Moore met

Hodgson at Stoke, and alludes to his visit in his journal for that month :—

24th.—Set off at half-past six in the coach for Stoke. . . . Found Mrs. Arkwright, Mrs. J. Cooper, and Hodgson waiting for me at the mill, and walked up with them to the house.

25th.—Mrs. Arkwright, who has been full of anxiety as to my finding Hodgson in a mood to give me the assistance I want from him, put us, after breakfast, in a little room together ; where he with the utmost readiness and kindness placed a number of Byron's letters in my hand, as well as extracts from others of a more confidential nature ; and left me alone to look over them and select such as might suit my purpose. . . .

26th.—After breakfast closeted with Hodgson for two or three hours on the subject of Byron ; found none of the reserve in him that Mrs. A. apprehended, but the fullest cordiality and confidence. Walked with him afterwards to Middleton Dale: fine rock scenery; the Delf very grand. Hodgson very agreeable at dinner: Mrs. A. said she had never seen him so happy. He had determined upon going home before dinner (thinking it right that a clergyman should pass his Saturday evening at home), but was prevailed to stay till night. Some amusing stories of Scrope Davies. . . . After singing and singing over and over again, we saw Hodgson and his wife off in their carriage to Bakewell. My song, 'And doth not a meeting like this?' brought tears from both singer and hearers.

27th.—After breakfast set off to church (Bakewell) with Mrs. Arkwright. . . . Hodgson's sermon very good. We again conquered his resolution, which was decidedly *not* to dine from home; but he yielded. Mrs. A., indeed, said that he seemed quite another person since I came. The dinner again very agreeable.

28th.—Hodgson went down with me to the place where I was to meet the coach (his wife having put into my hands before I came away a paper, which she said I might read at my leisure); and after a most cordial parting, I started about 12 o'clock on my way to Newstead. Found that the paper Mrs. Hodgson gave me contained some kind and flattering verses Hodgson had written on my visit and departure.

19 Bury Street, St. James's: February 21, 1828.

My dear Hodgson,—I despatch you this note lest you should be wondering at my silence, though the mere fact of my prolonged stay in town (which you may have learned from Arkwright) will already perhaps have sufficiently accounted for it. You have already, I doubt not, heard from our friends at Stoke of the renewal of my agreement with Murray, and the very prosperous terms on which I am now to bring out the work. There are two or three points of detail to be settled between us yet, but I have no doubt of the coalition (unlike those of political personages) turning out satisfactorily to all parties.

I wrote to Hobhouse soon after I left you, acquainting him with the success of my researches, both at Southwell and with you, and had an answer from him full of kindness, and mentioning you in terms of cordial import. I have seen him only once since I came to town; but Murray tells me he is highly pleased with the new arrangement we have made. In order that you might have your letters back as soon as possible, I was about to entrust them to a friend of mine here to copy them for me, but I will keep them now till I get home and transmit them to you from thence, having transcribed them myself.

I mean to write to Mrs. Arkwright as soon as I arrive at Sloperton, but in the meantime pray tell her that her book has remained sacredly closed ever since I left Stoke, much to the astonishment, I dare say, of its contents, which are but little accustomed to have such 'a chain of silence' over them.

Yours, my dear Hodgson, very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

March 19, 1828.

My dear Hodgson,—I have been rather afraid, since I received your last, to trust Croker's channel again, as, from some other irregularities in packets which he used to transmit very punctually to me, I rather fear the Sublime Porte is beginning to occupy him too much for us minor sublimities to have any chance of attention. I shall therefore send you your letters at intervals, under my friend Bennett's covers. You cannot think how it worried me to find you had been put to such expence by your kindness to me.

I have sent Mrs. Blencoe the promised cheques, and pray, tell Mrs. Arkwright that I have hit two birds at once by it, as, besides shining out in the miscellany myself, I have immortalised *her*, having put into verse that dream she knows of, in which a certain face came to me one fine morning and sung 'False hearted young man' (*not* meaning *me*, though) from beginning to end.

Ever yours,
T. MOORE.

I have heard from Mrs. A., who says she is 'raised, refined' by Pasta, neither of which processes was she in want of. Nothing can be happier than the tone in which she writes.

Sloperton Cottage: April 25, 1828.

My dear Hodgson,—I ought to have answered your letter long before this, but the truth is, I have such shoals of epistolary stuff to get through every morning (my chief literary labours, I think, being for the postman), that I am tempted sometimes to presume upon the good nature of kind friends such as you are, and 'keep never minding you' (as we say in Ireland) longer than I should do. . . . My plan hitherto has been to extract from his journals, or memorandum-books, such passages as related to the part of his life I was detailing, and then omit them afterwards when I come to give the journal itself. . . .

While in London, I had really not a moment for anything beyond the immediate vortex I was whirling in. One day I was lucky enough to be able to dedicate to our friends at Harrow, and you and Mrs. Hodgson were not forgotten among our *ἀξιομνημόνευτα*. . . . While in town I saw your old acquaintance Harness, who has given me some very interesting letters of B.'s.

Most truly yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton Cottage: August 1, 1828.

My dear Hodgson,—Having the enclosed letters of Byron's to send you I waited for a frank, and have unluckily got one at a moment when there is hardly time to accompany it with more than a word or two. The receipt of your last letter gave me the sincerest pleasure. . . .

I have all along advised Power not to hesitate on price with Mrs. Arkwright, and, from what I last heard from him, it appears he has left it to her to name her own terms, which will, I trust, get over all difficulty.

I proceed very slowly with Byron, from various distractions; but as soon as I come to his correspondence with me and Murray, the scissors and paste will come into play, and I shall cover space most rapidly.

Ever yours, my dear Hodgson, most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton: November 13, 1828.

My dear Hodgson,—Your letter has been too long unanswered, but the only point in it which demanded an immediate reply I knew you could be easily satisfied upon by others, namely, as to the place of payment for the subscription to Byron's monument. In consequence of my not residing in town, I am not one of the sub-committee; but as well as I can recollect, Ransom's is the bank where the subscriptions are to be paid. This intelligence, however, will, I fear, come rather late.

I don't know whether I told you that I passed some days at Methuen's with John Cam[1] this year, and that his conversation about you was everything you could most wish it to be. As to the refusal of Westminster Abbey,[2] I know not what to think. One would be inclined to say to the intolerant refuser—

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[1] Hobhouse.

[2] The refusal to receive the statue of Lord Byron, by Thorwaldsen, now in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, in Westminster Abbey.

I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel may this poet be
When thou liest howling.

But the statement has been, I am told, confidently contradicted.

I have been very much retarded and distracted in my operations this summer by excessive anxiety about our little girl, and by the necessity of going backwards and forwards between this and Southampton, where I had her and the rest of my family for several weeks, to try the benefit of the hot salt-water bathing. She is now, I am happy to say, improving, though still but slowly. Notwithstanding all these interruptions, I have managed to get on a little with my work, and still hope to go to press about the beginning of the year. I wish you would tell me whether the details in the letters from Spain, which you withheld from me, related to those ladies in whose house he stayed at Seville, or to the admiral's daughter, with whom he had some flirtation at Cadiz.

The Editor of the 'Keepsake' (my negotiations with whom I made you acquainted with at Stoke) has played me a most notable trick. Having this year offered me six hundred pounds for 120 pages, chiefly (as he confessed) to have the advantage of my name in his list of contributors, he, on my refusing this offer, thought he might as well have the name at all events; and, as he could not buy it, take possession of it *gratis*. Accordingly, on the strength of some ten-years-old doggrel of mine he picked up, my name has been (as I daresay you have seen) posted as one of his contributors, and the doggrel —— (as he ought to be) into the bargain. Isn't this too provoking?

Remember me most cordially to your fair neighbour[1] and Mrs. Hodgson, believing me ever, my dear Hodgson,

Most truly yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

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[1] Mrs. Robert Arkwright.

CHAPTER XIX.

LITERARY OCCUPATIONS—LETTERS FROM ROGERS, MONTGOMERY, ALARIC WATTS, BUTLER, SCROPE DAVIES, DRURY, LONSDALE, DENMAN.

1827–1830.

IN 1827 a poetical pot-pourri, entitled the 'Casket,' was originated by Hodgson, and received contributions from several eminent men of letters, among whom were Rogers, Moore, Campbell, Wordsworth, James and Horace Smith, the authors of 'Rejected Addresses,' Merivale, Praed, and Montgomery. Rogers and Montgomery wrote the following replies to Hodgson's first appeal for assistance:—

My dear Sir,—Inclosed are the verses, such as they are. They belong to the second part of a poem called 'Italy,' and it is but fair to tell you that I think of publishing them in the Spring, as soon as the beginning of May, if not sooner. The first part I published some years ago.

With great esteem,
I remain yours most truly,
SAML. ROGERS.

St. James's Place, London: Dec. 17, 1827.

Reverend and dear Sir,—You will forgive my apparent neglect of your letter dated nearly a month ago, when I tell you that I have only just arrived at home, after an absence of more than five weeks, during which I travelled about from place to place, so frequently, that letters could not be forwarded to me, and I find an appalling heap on my table, several of them containing requests similar to that in yours. Whatever answer I may return to the rest—for I say '*no*' as often as I can—I will endeavour to say '*yes*' to your application, if you will allow me time. You do not say when you wish for the contribution; if you will inform me of the last moment when it will be acceptable, I will promise to do my best to come up with it, and bring my gift, whatever that may be, in my hand; for I, alas! do everything at the last moment, or rather delay everything till then, and do nothing right or in time. I am, however, so implicated in tasks and duties, through which I cannot break, that unless you will allow me breathing-space, I dare not undertake even so small a commission as yours is. I write in great haste, and shall consider silence consent to my proposal; though asking time is an ominous phrase, in these commercial days, when a payment is to be made of a debt acknowledged, and I hereby acknowledge mine as aforesaid.

Meanwhile, I am truly your friend and servant,

J. MONTGOMERY.

Sheffield: Dec. 1827.

About the same time Hodgson's aid was solicited in furtherance of an object similar to his own by Alaric Watts, whose publication, the 'Literary Souvenir,' is described in the ensuing letters, and was continued as an annual until the year 1836. Its editor was subsequently connected with several newspapers, and also edited the 'United Service Gazette,' from 1833–43. His poems, entitled 'Lyrics of the Heart,' obtained for him a Government pension of £100 per annum.

8, North Bank, Regent's Park.

Sir,—The very great pleasure I have derived from your poetical writings, and the desire I have to be allowed to include some little poem from your pen in the next volume of the work of which I have herewith the honour to beg your acceptance, have led me to presume so far upon your kindness as to prefer my request to you without waiting for the favour of a personal introduction. The object of the 'Literary Souvenir' is to present, in one volume, specimens of the style of a large proportion of the most distinguished writers of the day; as well as to afford some idea of the state of the Fine Arts, by engravings, by the most eminent engravers, of the well-known productions of British Artists.[1] Among those writers who have either afforded or promised contributions for its pages are Sir Walter Scott, Mr. T. Campbell, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Milman, Mrs. Hemans, Mr. Southey, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lockhart, L. E. L., Hogg, Miss Mitford, Miss Porter, Mrs. Opie, Mr. Bowles, Delta, Mr. Dale, and various other well-known authors. In the volume of the work now preparing, I am desirous, if possible, to secure some little poem from every distinguished living poet; and as my plan will be quite incomplete unless I shall succeed in obtaining something from your pen, I am inclined to hope you will not refuse my request. Should you not be disposed to concede me the favour I ask, I hope you will at least pardon me for the liberty I have taken.

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[1] Among those who contributed to the illustrations of the *Literary Souvenir* were Turner, Leslie, and Roberts; the engravings being executed by Heaton and other of the best engravers of the day.

I am, dear sir, with great esteem,
Your obedient servant,
ALARIC A. WATTS.

Between 10,000 and 11,000 of the last 'Literary Souvenir' were printed, and as the ensuing volume will be every way more interesting, I have reason to expect that it will be even more popular.

Hodgson's ready response to this appeal was thus acknowledged:—

You will perceive that I have printed one of your poems, which has been much admired and often quoted. I need not say how much I shall feel obliged by some similar communication for my next volume. You will be glad to hear that the success of the 'L. S.' has exceeded even that of the former volume, 9,000 having been circulated already. With renewed acknowledgments, etc.

Various letters from friends, written about this date, are not without interest. The first was written, during a tour in Yorkshire, by Dr. Samuel Butler, Head-master of Shrewsbury, and afterwards successively Archdeacon and Bishop of Lichfield.

Kirkby Lonsdale: July 1, 1826.

My dear friend,—I went from your house to Norton, where I stayed a day, then to Mr. Walker's of Eastwood, near Rotherham, and thence to Col. Fullarton's of Thryburgh. At half-past ten at night, I visited the keep of Conisborough Castle, without having an interview with Cedric's or Athelstane's ghosts; but their accompanying spirits, the owls, sang a fine chorus. I spent a day at Barmborough, and proceeded from Doncaster (without having seen the race-course) to Skipton in Craven, where I saw Skipton Castle, and thence proceeded to the magnificent scenery of Bolton Abbey, and three miles up the Wharf, through romantic woods, to the celebrated Strid, where the river contracts itself to a width of only four feet, but of enormous depth, and about which and some white doe of Rylstone, I am told, Wordsworth has prosed *with his usual*[1] . . . Hence I returned to Skipton, and proceeded to Helafield Peel (which, being translated into English, means the fortress in the field of Hela), where the father of one of my pupils, and his ancestors have resided, I believe, almost ever since the worship of Hela was known in Scandinavia. Yesterday I rode a black horse (one of Hela's progeny) about twenty-four miles, to see some of the wonders of Craven, such as Gordale, Malham Cave, and Malham Tara—all curious in their way, but nothing so curious as my riding such a distance (more than I have ridden in the last six years collectively) and not being much fatigued. This morning I set off with the intention of reaching Ambleside, but have only proceeded two stages to this place, where I am spell-bound, neither horse nor chaise being to be had, on account of that detestable Lawyer Brougham (*quem Dii deæque perdant*), with his perfectly useless opposition to the Lowthers of Appleby. I am truly out of humour. I hate Wordsworth, for daring to write about such a place as Bolton Abbey. . . . I hate Brougham, for interrupting the posting of His Majesty's subjects on their lawful business, etc. . . .

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[1] The expressions here used are not sufficiently complimentary to justify repetition.

Yours truly,

S. B.

Of nearly the same date is another letter from the same hand, written during a tour among the English Lakes :—

My dear friend,—I am all the better for my residence here, where I shall stay a week longer. You may think how much better I am than when we parted, when I tell you that I climbed a mountain 1,500 feet high yesterday, and, with the assistance of my friend Mr. Mathew, built an ancient fort on the top of it, and came down to dinner without feeling fatigued. I attribute this renovation to great amusement in the fishing department, and the peculiarly nourishing and well-flavoured properties of the Westmoreland mutton. Your historical annotations amused me much, but do not alter my opinion. As to the independence of Westmoreland, it is all a farce. The 1,300 voters for Brougham are as much the slaves of Lord Thanet and his friends, as the 1,760 for the Lowthers are the slaves of Lord Lonsdale. There are a few independent voters on both sides, and the rest sell their sweet voices or give them as they are bid; and what does it matter to you, or me, or them, whether the man's name whom they vote for begins with a B or an L?

I think Archdeacon Wrangham is very appropriately fixed at Humanby, and therefore I cannot consent to let him exchange livings with you. We carry on the war here against the tyrants of the lake very successfully, and meditate a battle royal to-morrow and the next day on a celebrated lake—Wyborne Water—at the foot of Helvellyn, in the Vale of St. John, where are the fairy rocks and castle sung of in the 'Bridal of Triermain.' The scenery here is indeed magnificent, particularly about Wyborne Water, and the rock called the Raven's Crag, almost twice the height of Matlock High Tor, perpendicularly over the head of the lake. Coniston, too, with its gigantic old ruin, and its bare and rugged rocks, full of copper-mines, is very grand; while Windermere, with its wide valley and undulating hills and promontories, is full of milder beauties. But the most sublime of all is Ulleswater, in its two last reaches of Lyulph's town and Paterdale, in rowing through which I had the satisfaction (and it was a satisfaction of the highest order) to be drenched with a thunderstorm. But the spirits of the clouds and the Fells spoke in angry and fearful tones.

My best regards to Mrs. H.

Farewell.

S. B.

Of nearly the same date is a letter from Hodgson to Drury, in which a recent visit to Eton at election-tide is described :—

> We dined on a haunch, and went in the evening to a boat on the river, to see the boats come down, fire-works, etc., etc. ; all very gay. Lonsdale was with his family in the next boat. He and I were very cordial throughout; and I certainly never heard a better sermon than he preached on Sunday morning in Eton Chapel. I called on all the Fellows and on the Provost, and was civilly received by all, kindly by some. George Thackeray, as ever friendly, and Charles Yonge, the heartiest of human beings. On the Sunday I dined with Hawtrey, met a large party of Coleridges, Pattesons, etc., etc. ; pleasant enough, and a most luxurious and even *recherché* entertainment. Coleridge, the poet's daughter, a beautiful girl ; Nelson Coleridge, a fine rattling fellow, a faint shadow of poor Bland in early life. Monday, walked in Long Chamber after speeches, and dined in Hall. Walked up Windsor on Sunday, and saw the beautiful but utterly destructive alterations in the Castle. It is all window and no wall. An absolutely modernised, brand-new, Gothic mansion. The ancient Castle is

gone, and Edward III.'s side broken into oriel windows, and let down into the Little Park by a succession of French parterres.

On Denman's receiving his Patent of Precedence, so long and unjustly withheld by the vindictive animosity of George IV., Hodgson wrote a letter of cordial congratulation, which was as cordially acknowledged.[1]

Bakewell: Dec. 8, 1828.

My dear Denman,—It is with feelings of the most unfeigned delight that I have just read in the papers the announcement of the performance of a long-delayed act of justice. If what is said of a high personage be true, his conduct on this occasion enhances the value of the act, and makes it approach to an *amende honorable.* For your friends, although they must indeed feel on this occasion that '*Worth makes the man etc.,*'[2] yet as Prunella has its value too, they cannot but rejoice at its falling on such worthy shoulders. God bless you, my dear Denman, and your wife and children.

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[1] Quoted by Sir Joseph Arnould in his *Life of Lord Denman.*

[2] 'Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and Prunella.'
Pope's *Essay on Man.*

Mrs. Hodgson joins cordially in the above, and

I am

Yours affectionately,

F. HODGSON.

December 14, 1828.

My dear Hodgson,—Your friendly remembrance has been more highly prized than any other of the numerous congratulations we have received. . . . It is really a very gratifying event, and has been done in such a manner as to confer honour on all the parties concerned.[1] To me it is an augury of good feeling and justice and liberality towards that numerous class who are punished for no crime, and whose punishment does but recoil to plague the inventors.

We all unite in every good wish to Mrs. Hodgson and yourself, and I need not say how truly and affectionately

I am always yours,

THOS. DENMAN.

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[1] It was through the intervention of the Duke of Wellington that the king at last consented to waive his objection to Denman's promotion—an objection which had no sounder foundation than that of personal pique.

In February of this year, Hobhouse writes with reference to the forthcoming 'Memoirs' of Lord Byron:—

Dear Hodgson,—I am glad you have seen so much of Mr. Moore. He is a most jovial person, indeed, and would amalgamate completely with you. I am also very glad that you like what you have seen of his book. . . . I have been exceedingly embarrassed in determining what to do respecting it. My wish is to help Moore, and yet I so totally disapprove biography of the modern fashion, that I am unwilling to lend myself to any such performance.

I did not want your assurance to be convinced you would not give up letters tending to hurt the feelings of the living, or the fame of the dead. I think I know you too well; and as Moore must write this life, I am not at all sorry he has had your assistance. When, or if ever, I come to Bakewell, I shall not forget your kind invitation.

Yours very truly,

J. C. HOBHOUSE.[1]

A month later Scrope Davies writes from Ostend, where he was then residing, in a style which gives some idea of the charm of his companionship, to which Byron bears testimony in more than one passage of his letters and journal.

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[1] Afterwards Lord Broughton de Giffard.

My dear Hodgson,—Your letter, having been directed to me *poste restante*, did not reach me till the 16th day after its arrival at Ostend. As for Moore's letter, Heaven only knows how long it has been slumbering. We have no dead letters here. . . .

Sir James Wedderburn (Webster), whom you must have met at Newstead, has passed a few days here, on his road to Paris. Did you ever see Lady Frances? She is the only person I ever beheld in whom was everything that the eye looks for in woman. She, and she alone of all whom I have ever seen, had the 'vultus nimium lubricus aspici,' 'that beauty over which the eye glides with giddy delight, incapable of fixing upon any particular charm.' Goldsmith makes no acknowledgment to Horace, though he is indebted to him to the above amount.

Sir James has survived Waterloo, but he has not survived his love of writing. He makes 'born' rhyme to 'storm,' and 'suspect' rhyme to 'respect.' About the latter, in vain do I assert that in English

Poetry a rhyme, to be just, should not be an 'idem,' but a 'simile.' He goes on rhyming and reasoning, and both with the same success. I recollect to have heard B. Craven say that he once found some lines on the breakfast table at Belvoir where 'women' was made to rhyme to 'chimney' (sic): and a Mr. Elton at Brussels, when I declared that not one word rhymed to chimney, exclaimed: 'What do you say to nimbly?' The latter is, I have no doubt, perfectly orthodox at Bristol, as the former was at Belvoir. So that a rhyme is what Voltaire said of religion, a matter of geography.

Your letter has recalled to my mind scenes the recollection of which now constitutes my only delight. Bacon somewhere in his letters observes, 'Aristotle saith young men may be happy by hope, so why should not old men and sequestered men by remembrance?' The past and the future are the sole object of man's contemplation. There is no present, or if there is, it is a point on which we cannot stand. While I am now writing the future becomes the past. Happiness then is a pursuit, not an attainment. In one of those runs with the Duke of Rutland's hounds, when the fox is killed the sport is over, or to be enjoyed again only in recollection after dinner.

Will the present ministry stand? Sir R. Wilson says they cannot settle into permanent power. So Eldon is extinct. I cannot bear to hear his adulators talking about his giving a decision without turning to the right or to the left, whereas he looked to the right and to the left[1] without giving a decision. But what have I to do with politics? W. Drury[2] is doing well at Brussels. He has upwards of seventy pupils. In the summer of last year, I encountered Polehampton at Antwerp, and with him Lewis, the fishing and shooting conduct of Eton. It was amusing to observe how they viewed everything through a bad pair of English spectacles.

Adieu! and when you have nothing else to do, write to one who is out of the world.

Yours truly,

SCROPE DAVIES.

I have just escaped a duel for having written a couplet on an amateur actor.

Not to be hiss'd delights the dunce,
But who can groan and hiss at once?

10 Place d'Armes, Ostende.

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[1] And the Chancellor said, 'I doubt.'

[2] Died 1878, universally beloved and lamented.

It was in this year, 1828–9, that Harry Drury was a candidate for the Head-mastership of Harrow, in which candidature he was most unexpectedly defeated by a young man, who had only quite recently taken his degree, C. J. Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. On this subject Drury himself writes in January, 1829:—

> A thousand hands could not write all the letters I have to indite. Many thanks for your very judicious and kind testimonials. I have added sundry Bishops and Heads to my heap; what invaluable men to me are Butler of Shrewsbury, Maltby, and our own dear Bayley,[1] Sutton, and Frere! All goes on very well. What an infinity of old friends does this bring out! I find I have 532 friends. Now how like Hawtrey was that sentence! I am still in very confident hopes of the result, and I *am sure* that Batten has *no* chance.
>
> Yours ever,
>
> H. Drury.

On the same subject, Charles Yonge, Lower Master at Eton, writes:—

> I am very sorry to hear that there is understood to be a probability of Henry Drury not succeeding at

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[1] Archdeacon Bayley.

Harrow. This is certainly a most liberal age, but I do think it will be a most disgraceful transaction if they really determine to set aside the claims of a man who has now been thirty years in the service, and introduce (as we hear) a young man just come from college. I shall not, however, believe that he can lose it, until the matter is decided. Nevertheless, in the present day, we ought not to wonder at any absurdity, any wickedness, or any treason. Do you know they have been forced to send for a tutor for King's from (*O portentorum nefas!*) St. John's, who now lectures in your Chair?

Harrow: December 29, 1828.

My dear Hodgson,—I am just off for Eton on a visit to Keate; and am so heartily tired of writing letters that I must be brief. If 'the schoolmaster is abroad,' so are the saints; they are making prodigious efforts, and so am I. Two Governors I consider secure; from one of them I have an actual promise. Peel has written privately to me most encouragingly. I have had a private conference with the Lord Chancellor, who has most zealously assisted me by writing and canvassing in all directions; and I heard yesterday from good authority (and if so, I am indebted for it to Lonsdale) that the Archbishop of Canterbury has written to Lord Aberdeen, requesting his vote for me. In short, everybody tells me I am certain of success. I have no opponent as yet but Mills!!! who has not the chance of a fraction of a vote. Batten will only stand if the saints think the case dubious.

Now for you. I have been staying a week at Eton, and this is what I learn. Carter has a prescriptive right, as Goodall deems it, as master (not assistant) to a fellowship whenever he stands.[1] And why? Because, in the examination before the House of Commons, the Provost declared that the Masters *were* provided for by fellowships; Jesuitically saying afterwards, that he meant by *Masters* only the Head and Lower Masters. My friends are very numerous and very zealous, and perhaps a little too confident.

Ever most sincerely yours,

H. DRURY.

I have heard from Tom Moore this morning.

Soon after the election Lonsdale writes:—

Henry Drury bears his disappointment admirably. His account of the new state of things at Harrow is most satisfactory, and the feelings which he expresses on the subject most honourable to him.

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[1] Hodgson was at this time a candidate for an Eton fellowship.

Drury himself writes:—

Derbyshire has become formidable in distance to one who has scaled the Alps, and looked down on the sun rising over the Adriatic. I certainly get less and less locomotive, and 'I rue it,' as Goodall did something else; but I long very much to be with you for a few days. I walk much, very much, less than I did, not so much from advancing age as from the want of a companion. I cannot bear to carry off the boys from their amusements, and my girls and wife are sorry amblers.

Butler has written to press *us all*, in the most warm letter, to come to him at Shrewsbury for a fortnight or more. My brother Charles is on the Rhine. But prudence says 'no' to a scheme which would otherwise be delightful; and which would bring us in certain contact with you. At present, I have promised Longley (who is also invited) to go with him: but it may not be. Well!! To-day is Montem. How different now from when we attended it as corporals or polemen! Do you remember Corporal Cheesement? Sir W. Milman and Polehampton dine with me to-morrow. Thirty-two years ago the former would not have sat down to table with the latter. There has been no re-action here whatever since Longley's enthronement. I am rather in low spirits.

Ever your sincere old friend,

H. DRURY.

On the seal of this letter is a musical stave with the words 'Good night, all's well,' a harmonious termination to so bitter a disappointment as Drury must have experienced in his defeat.

Lonsdale, now the incumbent of a large London parish, corresponded occasionally about this time with Hodgson, chiefly on religious subjects. In a letter on the vexed question of regeneration he writes:—

I have attentively looked over your report, the regulations stated in which appear to me very carefully and judiciously drawn up. . . . I saw the attack upon Bishop Monk (and other Bishops, etc.) in the 'Record,' which is quite the organ of a certain party in the Church, and is very well supported by them, as they make it a point of conscience to take it in. Nothing can be more uncandid than the general tone of the criticism; and the dislike of the writer to our friend, and such as him, is cordial enough. But I must say, *entre nous*, that the sermon does neither him nor the cause much credit, as a composition; though I quite agree with you in thinking that it affords no ground for a charge of heterodoxy.

The regeneration question is indeed a vexatious and a hopeless one; though I do not see that it need be so, if truth and charity, and not faction, were the leading principles with the disputers. I cannot, however, allow that blame attaches to both sides in equal proportions. The Bishop of Chester, I think, somewhere suggests recourse in this case to the method so strongly recommended by your old friend Locke, viz.: a definition of 'regeneration' by the contending parties before dispute. It would thus be found that they who contend for *baptismal* regeneration, do not attach those ideas to the term, which they are accused of doing by their opponents.

I will not talk about the Reform Bill with you —I doubt with you we should not agree—not even upon the principle. Hallam, whose authority on such a question must have great weight, is decidedly against those with whom all his notions and habits would lead him to agree—the Whigs—on the present occasion. Have you seen the weekly newspaper, set up and edited by Arnold, the master of Rugby—the 'Englishman's Register?' Four numbers are out; it is worth looking at. He is a decided reformer. The first article, entitled 'Our Object,' will put you at once in possession of his views. Fancy Keate being the conductor of a newspaper, in addition to his labours as teacher, legislator, executioner, etc.'

The occupations of a Head-master some fifty years ago were not so strictly limited, as in the present day, to school work and discipline. Dr. Keate held a canonry at Windsor, as well as a living; the multifarious avocations of Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury are touchingly described in the following letter:—

My dear friend,—Nothing has occasioned my silence but incessant, wearing, and exhaustive occupation. My papers now lie in heaps two feet high on two tables. I am in the midst of drawing petitions to both houses of Parliament respecting our school lawsuit, the perusal of papers for which is enough for a moderate man's life; the assistance I am giving to the memoirs of Parr; the dreadful labour of

> doing what no man ever yet has done—ascertaining the quantities (by reference) of proper names for an index to my maps, besides my usual labours with a fifth and sixth form of 120 boys, and the care and superintendence of all the rest, and of my archdeaconry, the latter a far more troublesome office than you may imagine; add to this some thirty or forty workmen who require some little superintendence (and even a little adds to what is much) and who have been now near five months at work, building me a house in the school-lane, the whole of which I have purchased, pulled down, and am rebuilding, and you may well imagine I am not able to reply by return of post.
>
> I have fresh plagues at Kenilworth,[1] which in the course of the last eight months will have cost me near four years of the clear income it produces. I heartily wish I had resigned it ten years ago. But a truce to torments which irritate me of late by their apparently endless multiplication.

The successes of his favourite pupil, now Greek professor at Cambridge, must have been some consolation to the over-worked Head-master, who thus curtly announces them:—

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[1] His living.

Greek ode: B. H. Kennedy; Latin ode: B. H. Kennedy; Porson Prize: B. H. Kennedy. O rare Ben! so my dream has not gone by contraries.

About this time Denman writes on various subjects, ecclesiastical and political, in a somewhat desultory style, of which the following fragment is a fair specimen:—

Do you know Townshend, the anti-Catholic champion? I was thrown into acquaintance and conversation with him for some hours (before a committee of the H. of C.), and rather interested by his conversation. Though he writes all on one side, he reads and buys all on all, and brought with him two of the best pro-Catholic pamphlets, which I had not read before. One of them, Lord Holland's letter to Dr. Shuttleworth, is really on one point, the recent conversions and their effect on the great question, most admirable. I wonder whether Dr. S. will answer in print. Brougham writes that it will be hard indeed for C.[1] to be obliged to make Philpott and Copleston bishops, and Copley Chancellor, for deserting and abusing him and his principles.

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[1] Canning.

Drury continued to bear his failure cheerfully, and soon wrote again in the genial style which characterised him :—

> Three Governors have assured me that the prize was mine unanimously, had not Longley accepted ; and that no word of disrespect to me was ever breathed ; that all my competitors were deemed totally incompetent ; but that the abstract idea of a 'young Cam stranger' was from the first sure to weigh over any claims, testimonials, or private friendship. And the matter of the election having now past . . . I cannot but congratulate Harrow on the acquisition it is likely to make, in a man at the same time so popular and so able as Mr. Longley, who, in a visit he has been paying me of a week, appears to me to have no other fault, but a predominant love of music. He and I are determined to act together in a most friendly and energetic manner. We are already sworn brothers. I feel no jealousy of him ; am convinced, however ill I have been used, all is for the best ; and look forward to bright and brilliant days once more for old Harrow.
>
> Longley will introduce all I intended, I believe, and I trust (which I would and declared I should

have done) will gradually get rid of flogging, at least above the fourth form. I have recommended him to do private modern literature twice a week, of nights, with his upper boys. He will alter nothing of the basis of the system.. He is to take no private pupils. Under these circumstances I should have lost half my income by my success. He gives up £2,000 per annum and only finds seven boys in Butler's house.

I suppose the fellowship at Eton was decided yesterday.[1] Keate and the masters have been finely hoaxed about the great eight oar. The boys drest up cads to represent them, as Keate threatened expulsion to going on the water before Easter. The boys declared they would go. Accordingly all the masters, on horse and foot, assembled at the Brocas. The boys lined all the hedges and hooted them. The great eight appeared, rowed to Surley Hall, the masters all following, and back again, masters crying out, 'Lord So and So, I know you.' 'Watson, you had better come to shore,' etc. All Windsor and Eton out. The joke was so well kept up that they returned to the Brocas, the masters still on the bank, and disembarked before they were discovered, or an idea formed but that they were Etonians. Keate then declared that there should be no Easter holidays, unless victims were given up. Some twenty of those who lined the hedges were then immolated; but, though most of the masters enjoy the joke, Keate sits in sullen retirement and eats his own soul.

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[1] This letter is quoted in part by Mr. Maxwell Lyte in his *History of Eton College*.

I am going to spend the day at Hounslow, to see the glorious Protestant procession to Windsor. I suppose the Duke of Wellington, who is decidedly aiming at the sovereignty, will lie in ambush at Colnbrook, and make another Bridge of Lodi at Longford.

The beautiful old church at Bakewell was in urgent need of restoration—a work to which Hodgson applied himself with his usual energy, and to which he thus alludes in a letter to Drury:—

The tower of our old church is taken down, and without loss of life or limb to the workmen. But a part of the building is so decayed that, in propping it the other day (*nam sic labentibus obstat villicus*—i.e. the churchwarden), it gave such symptoms of nodding to a fall that the labourers desisted in alarm. A pleasant prospect!

Lonsdale's next letter refers to the Divine Government of mankind.

I cannot but say to you that I cordially agree in your *general* view of the high matters upon which you have written. Your instances of *predisposition* appear to me very happily chosen; nor do I see that any conclusion but that to which you have come, can possibly be drawn from them. Still it will hardly be contended that very many individuals, equally well predisposed with those mentioned by you, have not existed, to whom the same degree of favour has not been shown. And with regard to nations, the Jews are continually spoken of in Scripture as having enjoyed their peculiar privileges, 'because God had a favour unto them,' with respect at least to their own qualities; though undoubtedly with express reference to the *good qualities* of their father Abraham. No less clear is it, that very different portions have been assigned to different nations throughout the world, in the dispensations both of nature and of grace. I think you misunderstood me when you thought me 'disposed to allow too little to the God of nature.' I perfectly agree with you as to the plain meaning of those passages in which God is spoken of as not having 'left Himself without witness,' and as having given 'a law in the hearts' of men; and which Ellis, in his 'Knowledge of Divine Things,' appears to me to have in vain endeavoured to explain away, if I remember him right. As perfectly do I concur with you (God forbid that I should not) in a conviction that, whatever may be the import of 'certain texts,' all things will in the end appear to have worked together for good, as far as the freedom allowed to men (for purposes even *by us* discernible as wise) would permit.

The result, however, of efforts which we cannot hope to surpass, forces upon us the conclusion, that the clouds and darkness round about 'God's dealings with man,' must ever remain, in a very great degree, impenetrable, while we continue what we are. Still, there is light in the Gospel amply sufficient for guidance and consolation to the humble and sober mind. The 'quiet day,' to which you look forward, will be fully as gratifying to me, as to yourself. In the meantime believe me,

Dear Hodgson,

Always sincerely yours,

JOHN LONSDALE.

A letter from Denman to his second daughter, afterwards Mrs. Hodgson, contains an allusion illustrative of Denman's ardent admiration of Fox.

Holkham:[1] 1829–30.

It is just midnight. The old year is in the act of leaving us, and the new year is darting into his place, when I address you, my dear Bess, from my solitary, but superb and tapestried, chamber, with all possible good wishes that the flight of time may be constantly marked with new blessings to you. We are taking holiday with Mr. Coke, who is all kindness and hospitality; Lady Anne unaffected, good-humoured, and very sensible and entertaining; the four boys perfect models of health, playfulness, and hardihood. . . . I wish you could see Sir Joshua's original picture of Fox, painted for Lord Crewe, and left by his lordship to Coke;—the finest picture Reynolds ever painted, and one of the finest faces the Almighty ever formed. There is something inexpressibly attractive in the old gossip relating to him with which this place abounds.

We have been riding on the sea-sands among the wild geese to-day, and are to visit Hoghton, Lord Orford's seat, to-morrow.

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[1] The seat of Mr. Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester.

CHAPTER XX.

LETTERS FROM MRS. LEIGH—TO MOORE—FROM BUTLER, THE BISHOPS OF GLOUCESTER AND LINCOLN, THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, MERIVALE, ROGERS—DEATH OF HIS FIRST WIFE—APPOINTMENT TO THE ARCHDEACONRY OF DERBY.

1830–36.

IN several of her letters written about the time of the publication of Moore's 'Life and Letters,' Mrs. Leigh expresses great concern at the manifold misrepresentations of her brother's character to which that work gave rise, and declares her unfeigned disgust at the various attacks which were made from different quarters upon one who was no longer able to defend himself. More especially was she displeased with the treachery and cupidity which noted all his idle words.

Some years after his death, all communication between Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh came to an end, in consequence of some inexplicable caprice of the former, who would not even answer the letters of her husband's sister. Mrs. Leigh was at first most anxious to maintain a sisterly friendship; but when Lady Byron's statement in answer to Moore's account of the separation appeared, this anxiety was considerably lessened, and eventually disappeared altogether.

Hodgson was always particularly desirous that a reconciliation should be effected, if only for the purpose of bringing his friend's child into closer communion with that sweet sister who had been the better angel of his hapless lifetime; and on one occasion had been informed by Mrs. Robert Arkwright of some kind words uttered by Lady Byron with reference to her husband's family. On hearing these, Mrs. Leigh, in one of her letters to Hodgson, expresses her gratitude for the feeling which dictated them, and adds a remark once made by Lord Byron, when writing of his wife:—

> She had need be kind to *some* of us, and I am glad she has had the heart or the discernment to be kind to you.

Mrs. Leigh goes on to entreat Hodgson 'never to let an opportunity go by of seeing Ada,' and more especially from any feeling for her.

I would not for worlds (she continues) stand in the way of that dear child seeing one so devotedly attached to her father. The very atmosphere she breathed would be the better and purer for *your* presence. It seems hard that I never see her or hear of her but by chance, but like all other hardships must be borne.

At the exclusion of her beloved brother's monument from Westminster Abbey, a most natural indignation prompted some very pathetic observations.

After all, dear Mr. H., look at the works of those who have monuments there!—and I do think there is *bien de quoi* of sublime and beautiful in *his* works on religious subjects to *redeem*, what is objectionable; but I am a partial judge. Still I do feel that the more one loves a person, the more alive one is to their failings. I long to hear from you on this subject, as well as many others.

On the appearance of the second volume of Moore's work, similar thoughts arise.

Surely, dear Mr. H., the bright brilliancy breaks through, and, at last, dashes away the darkness which at times enveloped his better feelings. Poor fellow! I only wish those who read it would be a quarter as lenient as those who knew and loved him must be. I long to hear what you think of this book. I have been dreadfully annoyed at certain passages, and the worst is to come, I suppose. What will Lady B. do or say? What can she? And yet if she is quiet she must *writhe* under the torture! But she may thank herself either for her own sufferings, or the contumely which will rest on his memory! A few *gentle* words, instead of that despicable tirade on the last volume, would have secured her the esteem and pity of all the world, and prevented what *has* and may follow. It is worse than useless to reason on the probable conduct of such a person, so I will not lose my time in the attempt. I know nothing of her or dear Ada, except *second hand.* I hear the latter is still on crutches, and the health of the former seems as usual fluctuating. I must, however, tell you a little anecdote.

On the 10th Dec. (Ada's birthday) I could not resist sending her some little token of my remembrance. I selected a Prayer-book (the Book of Common Prayer, in two volumes, with the Lessons bound up with it). I had them nicely bound, and *Ada*, in Old English characters, engraved on the back, and wrote her name and the date inside, put

> them up directed 'To the Hon. Miss Byron, with every kind and affectionate wish,' and wrote over this, 'With Lady Byron's permission.' In another outside envelope directed them to Lady B; sent them booked by coach; . . . and . . . have never heard one word since.

Again on Lady B.'s statement, with reference to the separation, an outburst of sisterly feeling finds utterance in another letter:—

> I am always afraid of the impetuosity of my feelings on such occasions (of which I am fully aware) making me uncharitable. God forgive *her* if she has made me what I never was before, or believed I could be; but I will not dwell on my own feelings; you can guess them. If it was not my own dear brother whom it concerned, I do think I should still feel disgusted at such unfeeling conduct. I agree in every word you write on the subject. I have always thought that there was nothing in the whole world but the welfare of one's children which could induce one, or justify one, in abandoning one's husband! She may have considered this point, but she ought to have behaved differently. At any rate, *now* that he is defenceless in the tomb. . . . What has she to gain now that he is powerless

to injure or oppress her in any way? I do think nothing, were it ever so bad, could possibly justify any one in defaming the dead.

> Peace be with their ashes, for by them,
> If merited, the penalty is paid.
> It is not ours to judge, far less condemn;
> The hour must come when such things shall be made
> Known unto all, or hope or dread allay'd
> By slumber in one pillow, in the dust,
> Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decay'd,
> And, when it shall revive, as is our trust,
> 'T will be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

On this subject Drury writes:—

What a mess has Tom Moore by his inadvertency stirred up about Lord Byron! One would have thought he had more tact, but in fact his conduct to you, and even to me, was enough to prove his want of it. The character of Byron will be condemned for ever among his haters, and among his lovers strange suspicions must hover about, unless Lady B. or Lushington break silence.

To this Hodgson answers:—

I have indeed too fully seen the late wretched matters about poor dear Byron and his ruined memory! My God! how cruel, how utterly revengeful, is the letter of his *widow*! Do you for a moment give her credit for being actuated by regard to her parent's memory? If so, that would have been the prominent part of the letter, and dwelt upon most, but it occupies a most inadequate space; and the rest shows the real reason for her breaking silence: *pique* at being described as so ill-suited a wife for Byron. Doubtless this was provoking enough; and one could hardly have wondered at her resenting it on the spur of the moment. But when this is so evidently the real cause of her speaking out, her laying it on filial feelings is as shallow as it is hypocritical. But, alas! I fear the evil has only commenced.

Before the appearance of Moore's second volume, Hodgson sent several suggestions, by way of amendment, for Moore's consideration.

The Vicarage, Bakewell: February 20, 1830.

My dear Moore,—I have much to say, and my preface must be short; only let it be satisfactory, and induce you to receive the following remarks in the same spirit in which they are offered. I am far from presuming that they are all of importance, but I earnestly wish that if any may be so, they may assist you in preventing or removing any future regrets on your own part, or in precluding any mischief that might arise from unfounded or unexplained opinions, sent into the world with the double authority of Byron and his biographer. I will refer you rather to subjects thrown together, than to pages in regular order. At the risque of repetition I will suggest again that what is recorded of Captain Byron,[1] while unattended at least with any mitigating circumstances, could never have been, to say the least of it, welcome to our friend. To amend this, I refer you to the letter in the 'Representative,' of which I only spoke from hearsay; and also to the report I have heard[2] of Captain B.'s proper and affectionate attentions to his first wife in her last illness. Thus much for our friend's father. As to his unhappy mother, if an additional word could be thrown in, to show his struggle to be more attached to her than she would generally let him be (testified by his repeatedly saying in his lifetime, as I have heard, 'my poor mother!' and other expressions of the same kind), it might help to soften the unfilial way of mentioning her, which appears in some of the letters.

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[1] The poet's father.

[2] Probably from Mrs. Leigh.

With regard to his attainments, it is utterly impossible that B., with the life he led, should, at the age of nineteen, have read Livy and Tacitus through in the Latin, and Thucydides, Xenophon, and Plutarch in the Greek. As to Thucydides, I feel convinced that while I knew him he never could have thoroughly understood the speeches in the original without the greatest difficulty, and more pains than he was likely to take. He must mean that he read these authors in translations. He talks, indeed, of different languages, but the statement should have been more distinct; otherwise it is calculated to convey a false impression, and lend a weight to his reputation for scholarship, which may be very injuriously transferred to his opinions on the most important subjects.

With reference to Byron's desire of fame as an orator, Hodgson writes:—

There is no doubt of this. This desire was warmly cherished, and for a considerable time maintained. Previously to his first speech, he repeatedly mentioned to me at Newstead his decided resolution of distinguishing himself, if possible, in Parliament, and was taking some pains for that purpose! Would to God that he had persevered in so noble a determination, but he was shipwrecked on the shore of the Island of Pleasure. As to his ill-fated attachment, it did not *follow* but *preceded* his going to Cambridge; and if you will attentively re-examine your interpretation of those lines,

> For by the death-blow of my hope
> My memory immortal grew;

(which, by the bye, haunt my mind as if they were a plagiarism) I think you will find reason to agree with your unknown correspondent, that (ingenious as your own interpretation is) they have reference to love alone.

> Forgiveness to the injured doth belong.

Is not this Dryden's enlarged from Tacitus?

I come now to very different points. In page 129, you speak from B. himself of 'desponding, not sneering scepticism,' being the character of some lines in 'Childe Harold,' and very properly point out the important distinction between these two evils. But, alas! it was not only in after life that he lost sight of that distinction.

What you say about self-libelling, though very clever and well founded, will not counteract that love for *bad belief* which too many in the world rejoice to indulge on any, the slightest, grounds, and is, indeed, calculated to give colour, however faint, to those dark surmises and imputations which people are but too ready to found upon some (purposely, I believe, but most unnecessarily) mysterious parts of Byron's story.

Early in the following year Hodgson had the deep sorrow of losing his only sister, to whom he was devotedly attached. She was married to her first cousin, the Rev. Geo. Coke, and was possessed of considerable talents and a remarkable sweetness of disposition, to which her sister-in-law, Miss Coke, thus refers: 'We often talk of her music for hours, for with her it was not an acquirement, it was as a part of herself, who was all harmony and joy.'

The next letter, from Dr. Butler, affords an illustration of the fact that rapid travelling was not altogether unknown even before the days of locomotion by steam, and proves the former influence of the Crown over public school destinies.

Shrewsbury: May 10, 1831.

My dear friend,— . . . I am sorry to hear of your serious family affliction. . . . By dint of having bespoken post-horses, I left Shrewsbury at five in the morning on Wednesday, and reached Cambridge by ten that night, having accomplished 154 miles in 17 hours. Voted the next day—I will not say to no purpose, because I am glad to have my vote recorded, as exempting me from the disgrace that has fallen on the University—and returned hither (having gone to town from Cambridge, and stayed there a whole day) on Saturday night. Last week I received His Majesty's commands for a week's holidays to be prefixed to the summer vacation, accompanied with a letter, written to the boys by the Lord Chancellor[1] in very good Latin, and admonishing them not to let this indulgence make them idle. Lord Bacon could have done as much, but was too cold-hearted. Sir Thomas More might have done it, but we were not founded till near twenty years after his death. Who else on the woolsack would?

Yours truly,

S. BUTLER.

Of nearly the same date is an anecdote, by Drury, of another Head-master, of still greater official celebrity:—

I suppose you heard of the King insisting to take up Keate in his carriage to the boats (on the 4th of

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[1] Brougham.

June), and the Don declining, *as he did not know there was such a thing.*

Butler made the most of his royally extended holiday, and sends a joyous and picturesque description of his surroundings at Beaumaris.

> I got home on Saturday night, and set off for this place, where I found all well on Monday. To-day brings an account of the festivities at Shrewsbury, in the shape of bell-ringing, cannon-firing, and public dinnering, in honour of Tom's wedding, and a short note from himself at Bristol, saying, '*at last* I am really married.' Now, his engagement having been about seven months standing, the *at last* rather amused us. . . .
>
> We are now in the finest spot under the blessed heaven. The house is one of ten now building, of actual marble, of a very good colour, a kind of dove colour, but with a slight reddish tint, which looks extremely well in its unpolished state, and polishes into a very handsome marble for interior uses. Within a stone's throw is the sea, just at the opening of the Menai Straits, and expanding on the left into the open Irish Channel. It is here about 2½ miles or 3 miles wide, just opposite our

windows, and is bounded on the other side by the whole range of Snowdonia and the highest Welsh mountains. It is always gay with fishing or pleasure-boats, varied occasionally by larger vessels passing down the Straits to Bangor or Carnarvon, or up from thence. The Menai Bridge hangs like a thread on air at about 4 miles distant. Exactly in front of our windows, across the water, is the pretty village of Aber, with its white church and houses peeping through a thick foliage of oaks, a little to the left Pen maen maur and the tremendous cliffs of the Ormeshead; and from the back of the house we see Beaumaris Castle, about 100 yards from us, and the magnificent woods of Baron Hill. In front, between our windows and the sea, is, not a heap of sand-hills, but a lawn of turf, as green and as smooth as the best bowling-green, to the water's edge. The house we are in is large and commodious, fit for any family; and in order to receive these advantages I have been guilty of an infidelity to Barmouth, and have just bought one of these marble palaces, considerably larger than that which we inhabit, but which will not be quite ready for our reception till next year. I bought so large a house that we might all be at the sea and enjoy ourselves together. Whenever you and Mrs.

Hodgson can come to us, we shall rejoice to see you.

In December of this year, 1831, Hodgson published a little book entitled 'Sacred Lyrics,' in acknowledging which the Bishop of Gloucester expressed himself much pleased with this 'contribution to the cause of sound learning and religious education,' adding :—

As indeed I have been with everything which proceeded from your pen. A long time ago you told me that you meant to revise and republish what I have always considered the most poetical and most powerful translation of 'Juvenal.'

The Bishop of Lincoln[1] writes :—

I am much gratified by this proof of your recollection of me. Many years have elapsed since we met. If I am not mistaken, our last meeting was at Scrope Davies's room ; Lord Byron and Dr. Clarke were present ; and in the evening, Spencer Perceval came to be introduced to Lord Byron. I particularly remember that you argued with Lord Byron the question, determined by Locke in the negative, whether there is an innate notion of the Deity. Of the party two are gone to their account; Davies is an exile; you are engaged, as *you* ought not to be engaged, in teaching pupils; Spencer Perceval in a harder task than any imposed on Hercules, that of endeavouring to bring the House of Commons to a sense of Religion; and I am placed in a situation, which, though at other times greatly coveted, is not at present either enviable or safe. But what situation is safe?

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[1] Kaye.

In the summer of the next year (1832), June 19, Harry Drury writes in his usual easy style:—

You seem to have exhausted all the stores of literature in reading with your pupil. . . . Lord Darnley and I talked you over very cheerfully the other day. I have been entertaining the Bishop of Exeter, and Lockhart; otherwise all has been most monotonous, except a dinner last Saturday at the sweetest villa in England, at Highwood Hill, with Knight, M.P., the Chancery barrister, to meet all the celebrated antiquaries. . . .

When do you return? I cannot make and break another promise, but when do you return?—emphatically or promiscuously, as Ben Sheppard would say. I have not seen Eton since I dined there with Keate at Easter. Butler, of Shrewsbury, dines with me, *tête-à-tête*, at six this evening, *on his way* from Shrewsbury to Beaumaris. Harry,[1] who is with us, wants me to take him to Rome by the steam-boat. I should not hesitate, but I dread the expense of posting once more to the south of France. The steamer sails every other day from Toulon, touches at Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, and enters, *plenis subit Ostia velis*, anchoring at the Ponte Milvio and Pons Sublicius. The whole, from Harrow, might be easily done in nine days, without hurrying; but it must not be, at least this summer. Besides, the absurd abbreviation of travelling now takes away from the prestige. Byron[2] is in Achaia, and, literally (I am not joking), made standard-bearer in the Peloponnesus, where he is going through a campaign by land with 150 troops against 800 Romeliots and Souliots.

The club triumphant! and Denman Lord Chief Justice. I am happier at the event than can be described. He is a man who has never truckled to any party, but, in singleness of soul, kept the even tenor of his way. *Recepto dulce mihi furere est*

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[1] Afterwards Archdeacon Drury.

[2] His son, now Admiral Byron Drury.

amico! All the Merivales are staying with us, and Denman is the toast from morning till night.

On the same day Butler writes:—

I had an invitation to dine with Drury at Harrow to-day. Next Tuesday I hope we shall meet; and the next day, as soon as ever I have shown my face at the *levée*, I shall be off for Beaumaris, where all my family are, and where I long to be catching mermaids and bobbing for whale.

It is thought that the country at large will be disappointed in the effect of the Reform Bill. They who have no right to expect anything always expect the most, and must always be disappointed.

All the world concur in abhorrence of the attack on the Duke of Wellington yesterday.[1] I was in Holborn and Lincoln's Inn Fields about half-an-hour after, but saw nothing of it. His windows are barricaded with iron, musket proof. What a horrible sign of the times in England!

The Church, I think, is more than in danger. Some more sanguine than myself are not so desponding. But I see no hope. For when any rational plan of reform is brought forward, Lord

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[1] June 18, the anniversary of Waterloo.

King and Dan O'Connell will start up in their respective Houses and knock it on the head. It is their interest to stop all rational and moderate plans, in order to effect a total overthrow. Therefore happy they who, like me, have been pluralists without ever receiving a clear £150 a year from the Church, in any year save one, when a lucky fine nearly doubled the average clear income.

December 4, 1832.

I think I sent you a paper with an account of the royal visit. It was all *couleur de rose*, as was that of the Duke of Sussex six weeks before, but His Royal Highness has been long a kind and gracious friend to me. I am getting up a local committee for Abbotsford, which brings me to talk of books. Have you read the 'String of Pearls?' pray do. The 'Highland Smugglers,'—also worthy of perusal, and 'Zohrab, the Hostage'—very. Next to books, elections. We shall send probably eleven, very possibly twelve, ultra Tories from this county, which sends in all twelve members. At Cambridge I am in hopes we shall turn out one ultra, and I hope we shall not try for more, for if we do we shall lose both. As to *mater ecclesia—quæstio vexatissima*, brother

Francisce, Lord Henley is clearly the tool of the saints to which party he belongs, and they, having purchased up almost all the small livings that can be sold, would be very glad to have them enlarged out of the spoils of cathedrals.

In the autumn of 1833, Hodgson had the great affliction of losing his wife, who died after a short illness at the house of her husband's relatives, the Cokes, in Herefordshire. This bereavement induced him to seek an exchange for the living of Bakewell, where the associations and memories would henceforth be of so depressing a nature. The Duke of Rutland, on hearing of his determination, wrote a most kind and sympathetic letter.

Stanton Woodhouse: December 23, 1833.

My dear sir,—I am exceedingly sorry that I was absent from home when you were so kind as to call here, and that my departure this morning will prevent me from the pleasure of seeing you during my stay in this county. I hope you do not believe that because I did not write to you some time since, I did not most sincerely sympathise with and feel for you. I made inquiries concerning you from our mutual friend Coke, and he gave me intelligence of you from time to time. He showed me your letter to him a few days since, and I beg you to be assured that the only feeling I have on the subject of your Incumbency at Bakewell, is that of pride, at having been instrumental in placing so distinguished an ornament of the clerical profession there. I am very certain that your cession of that living, whenever it takes place, will occasion but one sensation of regret and concern.

Believe me, dear sir,
Your very faithful servant,
RUTLAND.

A letter from Merivale, in January of the next year (1834), on religious subjects, contains some interesting remarks on human notions of the Deity.

Tell me in your next (he writes) if my opinions be consistent with sound orthodoxy. In a long discourse, and in many respects a very admirable one, which I have just been reading, by Sedgwick, on the course of study at Cambridge, after combating the system of utility, which 'brings down virtue from a heavenly throne, and places her on an earthly tribunal, where her decisions, no longer supported by any holy sanction, are distorted by judicial ignorance, and tainted by base passion' (a sentiment in which I fully concur), he goes, as it seems to me, a little too far in representing our utter incapacity of forming any just notion of the attributes of the Deity, as if, in speaking of the Benevolence, or the Mercy, or the Justice of God, we were using terms the meaning of which we are wholly unable to comprehend, when applied to a Being the very mode of whose existence is to us an inexplicable mystery. Now this is a sort of doctrine to which I cannot possibly yield my assent. On the contrary, when we assume, as capable of strict proof, those Divine attributes, it seems to me that we *must* know what it is that we consider the fit subject of demonstration, and that, however incapable we may be of exalting our conceptions to the *degree* of perfection, or of reconciling by our reason the co-existence of such as are seemingly at variance with each other in the scheme of God's moral government, still, in speaking of God's Justice and Benevolence and Mercy, we are speaking of the very same qualities, however different in degree, as those of which we are practically sensible in our intercourse with mankind, and therefore that it is sound logic, as well as good orthodoxy, to say that such and such result cannot be true because it is irreconcilable with the Divine Perfection to suppose the contrary. But where I merely intended to furnish you with a text I must not myself begin by preaching you a sermon. . . .

A month later Merivale writes:—

How earnestly do I wish, my very dear friend, and yet how little can I expect, to hear of you as restored to all your usual habits of mental employment and activity! Time only can work so great a blessing, and to Time we must confidently look for it, Reason and Religion having so well prepared their parts. Walford told me of your late correspondence, and I wish most sincerely that the exchange he had in view would have suited you, much as I still wish that your dream of solitude and retirement were dissipated, and your mind disposed to look, rather with desire, towards the more cheerful and active duties of life: I do not mean the cares of such a parish as Bakewell, which may, on many accounts, be oppressive to you. Those, on the contrary, of a London incumbency—especially in the City, where there are comparatively few residents—I cannot believe you would find either so onerous or irksome as you at present fancy them; and they would leave you ample leisure for the society of those friends who know best how to value you.

A few characteristic lines from Rogers were re-received by Hodgson, just after a visit to London, in June of this year:—

My dear sir,—Many, many thanks! I can assure you that kindness such as yours is not thrown away upon me, and is some consolation for the loss I experienced, while you were in London, and I was out of it—a loss I felt severely, for I like nothing half so much as to talk over old matters with an old friend.

Moore has not appeared among us this Spring—his first omission for many years. I suppose he is very anxious to proceed with his 'History of Ireland.'

You are now in your beautiful country, and must always be very unwilling to leave it; but when you come this way again, I shall hope to be more fortunate, if I am still in this world.

Yours ever,

SAML. ROGERS.

Rogers lived twenty-one years after the date of this letter, although he was then more than seventy years of age.

To understand the political allusions in the next letter from Merivale, written on November 18, 1834, it is necessary to recall the facts that in the previous week Lord Spencer had died, the Melbourne Ministry had been dissolved, and the Keys of Office had been entrusted to the Duke of Wellington, pending Sir Robert Peel's return from Italy.

> And was I not a prophet when I whispered through the hole in the rock to our good friend,[1] 'Beware of Brougham'? He has, to be sure, and I thank Heaven for it, escaped the wreck; but what a goodly and gallant vessel has foundered under the guidance of this its most splendidly gifted, but incautious and (may I not add) reckless and unprincipled steersman! I hope I shall not be accused—certainly not by you—of cant. But really, in the full confidence of friendship, I cannot but say that I see, in all that is now passing around us, the fullest confirmation of the persuasion of the utter insufficiency of man's corrupt and degraded nature, unaided by the Divine grace, and by a deep inward conviction of its own weakness. A very

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[1] Denman.

strong moral principle, founded on a broad philosophical basis, may to a certain, but a very imperfect, extent, supply this grand deficiency,—but even this was wanting in the quarter to which I allude—and the fall, as it is (I am persuaded), irrevocable, so it will prove most momentous, in the shape of example, to such as are in a condition to profit by it. You, I am sure, will bear with remarks such as these, in all their sober seriousness. Very few are there, besides yourself, to whom I would breathe them.

As for the event itself, whatever may be the immediate causes—in whatever manner brought about—I have been too long impressed with the daily increasing conviction of the absolute necessity of making a firm and determined stand against popular encroachments, *now* to hesitate about the duty of every honest citizen, unfettered by party engagements, to rally round the throne and its chosen ministers, so long at least as they possess the essential principles of Reform in Church and State which I presume no minister at the present day can do otherwise than adopt for the colours of his administration. The only solid ground of difference between the outgoing and incoming occupiers, that I can discover, is the inviolability of

Church property; and upon this ground I am inclined to believe, though not without occasional misgivings, that the moderate Tories may, at the present period, securely take their stand. So far as the state of public feeling through the country at large may be judged of by that of the metropolis, they are in no danger whatever. Not the smallest excitement in the populace, the failure of every attempt (so far, at least) to get up the semblance of a strong public meeting, the non-depression of the Funds, the general satisfaction upon 'Change, the unequivocal ebullitions of loyalty at the City dinner, and even such lesser indications as are afforded by the hissing of Brougham and cheering of Lyndhurst (! ! !) as they respectively left the audience chamber, besides other similar demonstrations—all these are, I think, amply sufficient to warrant the belief that a great and extensive *reaction* has taken place, and that the mountebank tricks and grimaces which have so long been exhibited in high quarters have produced the effect of irretrievably disgusting even the lowest of that mob which so recently threw up their caps in applause of the actor.

O but man—proud man—
Drest in a little brief authority,

Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before High Heaven
As make the angels weep.

Among divers anecdotes, more or less *vrais* or *vraisemblables*, the following, which I have just heard, will amuse you—that the greeting of Majesty to Lord Melbourne, when he stated the difficulties of their position, was conveyed in the following nautical terms:—'My Lord, you need say nothing. Lord Spencer is gone to Heaven; and my mind has long been made up that, whenever that event happened, it would be high time to send you all to the ——.' By way of appendix I must state that *one* of the romances of the day is that it is all a device to get rid of Brougham, and that the new Lord Spencer is to return as Premier.

In his next remaining letter, dated May 1836, Merivale writes:—

To-day I dine with Hallam, much renowned for Greek, for the purpose of meeting Wordsworth the poet (not the master), and Benson of the Temple. I wish you were a fifth. To-morrow I ordain (as we say in the West) to go and see *Ion*,[1] though I cannot by any possibility fancy Macready as the youthful devotee and enthusiast. Surely none but a woman can both act and look the character. Madame Malibran should have it.

As to public affairs, it requires no great share of political sapience to pronounce that something is rotten in the state of Denmark. *The* action is, it seems, proceeding and expected to proceed, and even Lord John thinks discretion the better part of valour, and refuses to march through Coventry with the Irish beggars in their way to rebellion. Degraded indeed we are if *such* a domination as we have lived under (at least nominally) for the last twelvemonth can endure for another similar period.

The *bon-mot* ascribed to Lord M. in last Sunday's 'John Bull' strikes me as irresistibly funny—that, being asked how he liked his present Chancellor, as compared with Brougham, he answered, 'Much like a man who has discarded a capricious mistress, to marry his housekeeper.'

I had a batch of my neighbour Barnwell's music last evening, and longed for you to enjoy it with me.

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[1] By Serjeant Talfourd.

In July of this year Dr. Butler, who for thirty-eight years had been head-master of Shrewsbury, was promoted to the see of Lichfield, a promotion which caused a vacancy in the archdeaconry of Derby, which had been held by Dr. Butler, conjointly with the head-mastership, for several years. The vacant archdeaconry was immediately offered to the Vicar of Bakewell by the Premier, Lord Melbourne, who expressed his concern that in point of emolument it was not better worth the Vicar's acceptance. At the same time Dr. Butler wrote to assure his old friend of his sense of the benefit which the appointment would confer upon the clergy of the archdeaconry.

> You have too much good sense (he adds) to attack, or provoke hostility from, a party with whom neither you nor I agree. You have learning and character, and, whatever may be your own diffidence on the subject, are qualified for the office in every way. We shall have frequent communication, and shall proceed most harmoniously and cordially together for the good of the archdeaconry; so write your thanks to Lord Melbourne, without more ado.
>
> My first act this year will be to *inhibit* you from visiting.

This friendly inhibition was soon either withdrawn or disregarded, for a very short interval elapsed before Hodgson entered with accustomed energy into the duties of his new office, and there was hardly a church or parish in the district entrusted to his supervision which did not experience some advantage from the combined zeal and tact of his ministrations. Indefatigable in his visitations, forcible but temperate in his charges, he conferred a lasting benefit upon all the ecclesiastical institutions of the neighbourhood with which his name had so long been associated. There are those, even in the present day, who speak with warm interest and fond regret of the beneficial influence exercised throughout this portion of the Diocese of Lichfield by the kindly sympathies and judicious earnestness of Archdeacon Hodgson.

CHAPTER XXI.

LETTERS OF MERIVALE ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS—FROM BUTLER AND FROM MRS. LEIGH—MARRIAGE WITH MISS DENMAN—HONEYMOON AT HARDWICKE—RECTORY OF EDENSOR—LETTERS FROM THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, LORD DENMAN, THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, AND MERIVALE—APPOINTMENT TO THE PROVOSTSHIP OF ETON—LETTER FROM LORD WELLESLEY.

1837–40.

DURING the later years of his incumbency at Bakewell, Hodgson's solitary leisure hours were constantly cheered and enlivened by cordial correspondence with his old and faithful friends, of whom Merivale, in particular, continued to write very frequently upon religious and political subjects. On the deeply interesting question of the 'Intermediate state of departed spirits,' he writes;—

I *have* Burnet, and *will* read him, in order that we may compare notes; but I think it is since I wrote to you that I read (or finished reading) Caleb Fleming, as also a MS. essay of my grandfather's on the same subject, and a sermon of Balguy's to which he refers; and the result of my meditations has been strongly to aid my inclinations in favour of the affirmative, though not altogether to remove my difficulties—the chief of which relates to the condition of 'the wicked.' Are *they* to be subject to a *double* sentence, without the intermediate means of obtaining remission? Or are we to infer Purgatory? If the latter be admitted, then does it not follow, as at least extremely probable, that the term *αἰώνιον*, referred to punishment, means *the age* intervening between death and final judgment, and does not exclude final repentance and restoration?—a high and mysterious question, but one on which I think it quite allowable to *speculate*, provided it be done with humility and caution, as it is certainly not among those *revealed* doctrines which are so plain as to *forbid* dispute. Clarke does not at all satisfy me when he says (slurring over mine and my grandfather's difficulty), 'In that state (the intermediate) the righteous cannot but be very happy, through the certain expectation of the crown of righteousness which they know the Lord, the

Righteous Judge, shall give them at the last day; and the wicked, on the contrary, cannot but be made very miserable by a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, though the irreversible sentence shall not be actually executed upon them before the great day.' This, I say, exceeds my comprehension, unless it be accompanied by the admission of a continued state of probation and the possibility of a future mitigation or reversal of the sentence which it supposes to have been pronounced. To sum up my present impressions on this point, they are these—many passages of Scripture seem to me wholly inconsistent with the sleep of the soul, especially the parable of Dives and Lazarus, the promise to the Penitent Thief, and the article of Christ's three days' sojourn in the region *of Departed Spirits.* But then comes the difficulty, already adverted to, of suffering a double sentence—the last, simply confirmatory of the first; and which (as it seems to me) can only be got over by the hypothesis of a *locus penitentiæ* being still reserved for the wicked, between death and the resurrection—in other words, a state of purgatory—which may be admitted without implying the corollary, viz. the danger of a falling off for the good, who may be believed to exist (intermediately) in the *certain* expectation of ultimate blessedness, implying an exalted, although not perfect, state of present felicity; and this would seem a way of reconciling the expressions of 'many called and few chosen,' &c., without recourse either to a Calvinistic interpretation, or to any attempts at evading it—the few being merely comparative, and applying to those only whose ultimate blessedness is fixed and determined from the hour of their death. Again, without some such qualification, what you say of the happiness or misery of the departed being liable to be largely affected by the *hope* or *dread* of their respective increase is hard to be understood—since, if their doom is fixed and irrevocable, there can be no room for either *hope* or *dread* remaining.

I add the following passage from that odd book, the 'Doctor,' which (I believe) nobody now doubts to be Southey's, as connected (at least in *my* mind) with the same most interesting subject. 'It may safely be affirmed that generous minds, when they have once known each other, can never be alienated, so long as both retain the characteristics which brought them into union. No distance of place, or lapse of time, can lessen the friendship of those who are thus thoroughly persuaded of each other's worth. There are even some broken attachments in friendship, as well as in love, which nothing can destroy; and it sometimes happens that we are not conscious of their strength till after the disruption.' And again, 'Who can bestow a thought upon the pantomime of politics, when his mind is fixed upon the tragedy of human life?' I need hardly say to what objects[1] my own mind is turned by reflecting on these passages, which are to me consolatory in the extreme.

I shall be most happy to receive your primary 'charge,' and depend on your promise of sending it me as soon as I reach London. I want also to know somewhat more particularly what you mean by your projected work on Prophecy, of which you have given me sundry obscure intimations. I cannot tell you how much it would rejoice me to possess a treatise on such a subject from one whom I consider, not only so fully competent but, so exactly adapted to the task as yourself. Do you coincide with Coleridge when he says that the old dragon who, with his tail, drew down the third part of the stars of heaven and cast them to the earth, is merely typical of the Neronian persecutions, and the apostacy through fear occasioned by them in a large number of converts? This is to strip it of the prophetic character altogether and make it a mere piece of enigmatical writing. From whom does he borrow this mode of explaining it? And query if it is much more apposite to O'Connell and the Whig-Radical ministry? Coleridge, by the bye, is no believer in the personality of Satan. To disprove it he refers to Amos iii. 6, and Isaiah xlv. 7, that God is Himself the sole creator of evil. And adds, 'This is the deep mystery of the abyss of God.' And again, as to possessions, he says, 'Who shall dare determine what spiritual influences may not arise out of the collective evil wills of wicked men? But this is altogether different from making spirits to be devils, and devils self-conscious individuals.'

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[1] Merivale had lost several children.

I am much pleased with another remark of Coleridge's, in a note on a passage in 'Robinson Crusoe,' who is made to say, 'I must confess my religious thankfulness to God's providence began to abate upon discovering that all this was nothing but common, though I ought to have been as thankful for so strange and unforeseen a Providence, as if it had been miraculous.' On which C. observes, 'To make men feel the truth of this is one characteristic object of the miracles worked by Moses. In them the Providence is miraculous, the miracles Providential.' A sufficient answer, I think, for Milman to have made to the cavillers at his 'Jewish History,' who pretended that it convicted him of scepticism by the attempt to attribute them to natural causes.

Towards the end of the week I am in hopes of having the great enjoyment of welcoming Denman at Barton Place,[1] where he once before visited me, thirty-four years ago. 'Quantum mutatus!' but in station only—not in mind, or heart, or even in fresh and youthful spirit—and, I think, in these respects, the same may in great measure be said of both of us. Oh, how I wish you could make a third at this our reunion!

In the following year Merivale recurs to his previously expressed desire that Bakewell should be exchanged for a London incumbency.

I wish on many accounts that you were turning your face London-ward, in which case you *must* make our house your headquarters, that we may jointly settle your plan of operations at our leisure. I should indeed rejoice, my dear old friend, and so would my wife, at your pronouncing this feasible. Do write and say that it *is* so.

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[1] Merivale's Devonshire home.

Such an exhibition of pictures as never has yet been produced to greet the opening of the National Gallery—at least so I am told by private viewers. Then a battle of spurs by a young Flemish artist—age twenty-three—worthy of the best age of the school of Antwerp. And then, also, a Westminster election, with that *preux chevalier*, Sir Francis Burdett, at the head of the Conservatives! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Little did I dream of such a revolution when, thirty-five years ago, I went about canvassing for him as the champion for Middlesex, and was taken for Tom Sheridan by an old Homerton Dissenter. What a mad world, my masters! I have no time now for a chapter on politics or any other subject, only that I cordially concur in your archdeaconry views of the Church-rate question, and regret the stupidity of those who cannot discern that it is merely in the light of an attack on the Church itself that it deserves a moment's consideration. But if persisted in, *avowedly* to satisfy the Dissenters, it is the *avowal*, and not the measure, that calls for opposition.

In a later letter, referring again to Sir F. Burdett's change of politics, Merivale writes:—

I find myself scarce yet recovered from the dream, as it really seems to be, of so strange a metamorphosis; nevertheless, Sir F. B. of 1837 is not so inconsistent with Sir F. B. of 1810 as Sir F. B. of 1810 was inconsistent with himself. Ever one half Tory, the other half Radical—now Tory and nothing else. But, as a test of the turn of the tide, the victory is not to be appreciated; and, as *usual*, our poor old friends, the Whigs, have only to thank themselves for whatever of mortification or embarrassment the event has caused them. What profligate madness to harness themselves to the coachmaker's chariot!

The next letter, from the Bishop of Lichfield (Butler), gives a vivid and amusing description of the dangers which are occasionally involved in the due discharge of episcopal duties:—

Calwich Abbey: July 16, 1837.

My dear friend,—All well. Awful thunderstorm yesterday burst over us while laying the foundation-stone of Middleton church—flash and crash together—*ἅμ' ἔπος ἅμ' ἔργον*—wet to the præcordia in an instant—peppered with hail. Hundredth Psalm well sung; thunder playing bass most gloriously; prayer offered by the Bishop; then, trowel in hand, he began to spread the mortar, when all at once down came the scaffold with himself and friends, a height of about 12 feet, among lapides quadratos and cæmenta. Nobody hurt on the scaffold, two under it not materially so. Picked up, covered with mud and glory; got back; changed dress; arrived at Calwich to dinner none the worse for fall or wetting. Mr. Harward will send a plain account to the 'Derby Mercury,' lest somebody else should send an ornamental one. The scaffold was not struck with lightning. None of the party on it were killed, and brought to life again by swallowing a hundred boxes of Morison's pills. Of the spectators, not more than every third man had his bones broken, and they were set immediately by the new patent cement for china.

Truly yours,

S. L.

In her next letter Mrs. Leigh describes a party at the house of a lady whom Dickens subsequently immortalised in the character of Mrs. Leo Hunter.

On Saturday, I was persuaded to accompany a friend to dine ten miles out of town. Of course I became very unwell with a cold, and only the fear of disappointing my friend and upsetting her arrangements induced me to exert myself sufficiently to go. To crown all, it was to a Lion and Lioness Hunter's mansion—Shirley Park; great friends of Miss Jane Porter (the authoress); and *our* object was to see *her*. Imagine an immense long room *full* when we arrived: the American Minister and his wife; and somebody else and *his* wife, *attaché* of this embassy; Mr. Wilkinson, a renowned traveller in Egypt and thereabouts, and a particular friend of Lord King; Mr. and Mrs. Haynes Bayley; a Pole who has written several works in English, and is celebrated in his way. This was the cream of the party; and *I* was to be gazed at as the sister of Lord Byron! I wished so *you* could have heard all the tributes of every sort to *his* memory, at which it was impossible not to be gratified. Mr. Wilkinson is a very agreeable and pleasing young man. Asked me if I had lately seen Lady King. I said, 'No, I am *very* sorry to say, not for a long time,' except at the Exhibition, where I went *twice* to look at her picture; and then we went on upon the picture, and I inquired after the health of the original, and if he had seen the baby; and he praised Lord K. very much; and I said it had pleased me very much to hear of her marriage with one so highly spoken of by

> everybody. We never approached the subject of the mother. This is the second running against of such intimates that I have lately had. I met the other evening at a very tiny party at Mde. de Montalembert's, Mrs. Somerville, the scientific Mrs. S., the intimate friend of Ada, to whom Mde. de M. presented me, and said, 'You know, Mrs. L., that your niece has called her son Byron?' 'Yes,' said Mr. S., 'Byron King;' and I exclaimed, 'I am very glad to hear that!' and asked after her health and the child, and again we steered clear of Milady B.

Mrs. Leigh's next letter, together with a touching allusion to the sudden death of her half-brother, the Duke of Leeds, contained matter of a more cheerful character.

> Thank God (she writes) for the assurance that you are happy! you, who so well deserve happiness. May it be as lasting and unmingled as this world can render it!

The wish so kindly uttered was fulfilled to the letter. The happiness which was greeted so warmly by the sister of his illustrious and unfortunate friend, was occasioned by the prospect of marriage with the second daughter of another friend, as highly valued, Lord Denman, now Chief Justice of England. The delicacy of Lady Denman's health, and the early marriage of her elder daughter, had brought Miss Elizabeth Denman into very close companionship with her father during some of the most interesting periods of his life—a companionship which no one could enjoy without advantage; while her absolute unselfishness, her tender devotion to her family, and the natural refinement of her disposition could not fail to excite the admiration and regard of all who had the privilege of her acquaintance.

The marriage, which took place on May 3, 1838, from Lord Denman's house in Portland Place, was solemnised by the Rev. Richard Vevers, at Trinity Church, Marylebone; and the honeymoon was spent at one of the most beautiful and retired of the Duke of Devonshire's houses, Hardwicke Hall, near Chesterfield, whither, ten days later, Merivale despatched the following cordial effusion:—

My dear Hodgson,—I should indeed be doing the greatest injustice to my feelings, both as they regard yourself and your fair bride, if I delayed a moment to acknowledge the very welcome epistle which I received too late for the post on Saturday, dated from Hardwicke Hall. I had before (though under strict injunctions of secrecy) heard that place named as your destination during the first days of your happiness, and, from the many descriptions I had heard or read of it, was picturing to myself the enjoyment which you could not fail both to derive from a *location* (O spirits of Harriet Martineau and James Jefferson Whitlee!) so full of picturesque, romantic, historical, and imaginative interest. . . . I only fear that in spite of the influence of local emotions, Queen *Bess* will have altogether supplanted Queen *Mary*,[1] as the object of your devotions; and I beg you to assure her first-named majesty that I am myself far too good an Englishman not to give in my adhesion to her superior claim upon our affections and homage, at least in the person of her present representative.

The confession you have made of your love for 'Whistlecraft'[2] transports me beyond all bounds of moderation, so completely justifying, as it does, my presentiment that you would 'be all the better for something' to laugh at on your journey. I told your friend, Poet Rogers, that same day, at the breakfast, of the present I had made you, and of the indignation you expressed at my supposing it possible that you might want, or even admit of, diversion on such an occasion, at the same time that you gravely pocketed the affront I offered. His dry, bachelor-like remark was, not only that I had done quite right, but that he hoped you had taken care, each of you, to provide a travelling library, as he did not see how you were otherwise to get through it. There's an epithalamium for you, worthy of 'Jaqueline' or the 'Pleasures of Memory.'

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[1] Hodgson, in his youth, had been engaged on a poem, of which the heroine was Mary Queen of Scots, an occupation to which Byron alludes in a letter of invitation to Newstead. *Vide supra*, vol. i. p. 107.

[2] By Hookham Frere.

When you have time to read any other books than 'Whistlecraft,' and such others as the Duke's judgment may have selected for your entertainment at Hardwicke, I think you will be much interested in the 'Life of Wilberforce.' I have felt great delight in observing, as I have gone on with it, in how many points, especially political and politico-religious, I in fact coincided with him, even while I fancied myself at the furthest distance from him. His was indeed a proud position when the leading men of both parties were beseeching his interference to extricate the country from the extreme embarrassment occasioned by the proceedings against the Queen; and his biographers well remark upon it as 'not a little curious' that the strongest of these supplications came from a man (Lord J. Russell) whose maxim it was that 'to abandon party is to forfeit all political importance.' Very much such a position as his was then, I hold to be my good friend Sir Thomas Acland's *now*; and I am accordingly *not a little curious* to know the result of his motion this evening for rescinding the Resolutions of the House of Commons on which the present Ministry came into office; not that I consider it as a party question, in which light I feel confident that Acland himself would not have entertained it, but that I am convinced of its having been the falsest and most pernicious move ever made by a party for the attainment of power, and the retractation of which is, in my apprehension, indispensable towards the settlement of the great Irish question on any reasonable basis. And now farewell for the present! I will write to you again when you are at Middleton.[1] My wife joins me in every feeling that is most warm and affectionate towards both yourself and your *sposa*, and

I am, my dear H., ever yours,

J. H. M.

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[1] Stoney Middleton, near Bakewell, the seat of Lord Denman.

Shortly before his marriage Hodgson had been presented by the Duke of Devonshire to the small donative living of Edensor, in Chatsworth Park, which, at the Duke's particular request, he held in conjunction with Bakewell, the distance between the two parishes being less than three miles. On hearing of his intended resignation of Bakewell, the Duke of Rutland wrote :—

> I thank you very truly for the able, eloquent, and interesting charge to the clergy in this archdeaconry, which you have had the kindness to send me, and I rejoice at the favourable statement you are able to give me of the proceedings for the past year, and of the present funds of the High Peak Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. It is most satisfactory evidence of the feelings of this district towards our orthodox church. I am much gratified by your observations on the subject of your removal from Bakewell. If I had any instrumentality in procuring for the inhabitants of Bakewell the benefits of your long incumbency, I consider that in such instrumentality I have been even more honoured than honouring.

In acknowledging the above-mentioned charge, Lord Denman writes :—

My dear Archdeacon,—Many thanks for your charge, which I read last night with great pleasure, and sincere admiration of its charitable and liberal principles; both epithets advisedly used, as being, in my opinion, peculiarly characteristic of Christianity itself.

My argument and Holt's judgments I hope to send in a day or two; meantime, if you feel an interest in the subject, there is a paper of Brougham's, discussing it in the last 'Edinburgh,' to which, for reasons obvious in the perusal, I ought not to call your attention.

On October 1st of this year (1838), the Duke of Devonshire writes from Geneva:—

My dear sir,—Excuse the splendour of my paper;[1] it is like the stall of a cathedral, of which I selfishly do not wish to see you in possession. I received your letter to-day, with several others, stating that Paxton would be the bearer of them, but he has not made his appearance, and if he does not make haste this town may be in a state of siege, and I on the other side of the Alps. I am so pleased at your having inhabited Calton Lees.[2] What a pretty village!—after all the beauties of Switzerland the same impression of it remains. I have been much more delighted with my tour than I expected; I had formed quite a different idea of the Swiss mountains, and did not suppose them to have so much wood and verdure and richness. The Lake of Thun is my favourite place. I had the drawback of not meeting the Burlingtons, who were delayed at Baden by the illness of their boy. He is now recovered, and we shall meet next week, on the Simplon or at Milan. I have made up my mind to pass the winter in Italy, with true regrets for Chatsworth; my time is passed in an idle, useless manner. My health will, I think, be improved by it, and I have got into very early habits, really getting up at daybreak. My acquaintances here are very few: Mr. Decandolle, the botanist, and M. Merle d'Aubigné, who has written a very clever history of the Reformation, are among them; the English and French travellers have hurried away, and troops are said to have left Lyons, all for a very foolish business about a very foolish fellow, the young Louis Buonaparte,[1] who must be perfectly happy at being made of so much importance. Pray give my best remembrances to Mrs. Arkwright, when you see her (I hope she is well), and believe me, messages to your wife being always included, ever most truly and faithfully yours,

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[1] The paper had a gilt edging in an ecclesiastical pattern.

[2] A hamlet in Chatsworth Park, in which Hodgson had taken refuge during the restoration of the rectory-house at Edensor.

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[1] Napoleon III.

DEVONSHIRE.

I am ashamed of sending so dull a letter. Pray write to me; tell me village news. I have been grieved by the death of Lady Elizabeth Harcourt, at Milan, —four days' illness from eating an ice after a ball. Another death, of the Duchess de Broglie, daughter of Mme. de Staël, has caused great affliction, and Lady Granville particularly laments her. She was a most pious, excellent woman. Both these ladies had daughters near their confinement, travelling in the south—Lady Norreys and Mme. d'Oponville. Just as my letter was going Mr. Paxton has arrived.

The Duke's next letter is dated from Malta, April 6, 1839:—

My dear sir,—Your letter of February 11 was here when I returned from the East; but in the middle of last month I got the news[1] which it announces. If you had *seen* me at Tophana under shelter of the projecting roof of a mosque—shelter from snow

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[1] The birth of a daughter.

—dictating to one of the regular letter-writers a congratulation, which he penned in Turkish! I thought he understood me very well, and that, though some Oriental flowers of language were introduced, he had truly expressed the pleasure I felt at Mrs. Hodgson's safety and your little girl's; but, on returning home, my dragoman condemned the letter, declared it an imposition, and more about a sister than a daughter; and I unwillingly suppressed it. How happy you must be, and how fortunate it is that both the objects of your care are so well!

Your account of Edensor is most satisfactory. I reproach myself with great selfishness in keeping Paxton[1] away so long, but he was so useful to me that I could not do without him. When returned to Italy I shall make him go home without me, for he must really be wanted. My plans will depend on the Carlisles and Burlingtons, both of whom I expect to find at Naples.

You cannot imagine the delight of Athens. The interior of the excavations is beyond everything; there were 200 houses and several churches on the Acropolis. The last war with the Turks entirely demolished these, and now, upon the removal of their remains, treasures of antiquity daily come out. An entire small temple was found in one of the clumsy Turkish bastions; it was one well known by description, but supposed to be quite demolished—the temple of Victory, without wings—but it has been cleared and put together, and is as fresh as in the days of Pericles. The magnificent Propylæa have also been released from the walls that concealed them, and form a building more striking than the Parthenon itself. The same Neapolitan artist who sketched for me in Sicily has been with me now, and I think him very much improved; and his collection will be most valuable to me as souvenirs of a happy time, and I should like to show them to you. Adieu.

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[1] Sir Joseph Paxton, originally chosen by the Duke from a row of village lads brought before him as candidates for a place in the gardens at Chatsworth; afterwards the architect of the great conservatories on the model of which the Crystal Palace was built.

Ever most faithfully yours,

DEVONSHIRE.

During the years 1838-9 Hodgson's leisure was principally devoted to the study of Hebrew and to theological researches and discussions, into the spirit of which his friend Merivale warmly entered, both in conversation and in several letters, in one of which no less a subject is considered than that universally interesting and absorbing question which has puzzled philosophers and theologians from the earliest ages to the present day: 'Unde malum?'

Reading the other day (writes Merivale) Brougham's essay on the 'Origin of Evil,' in his late volumes of illustrations of Paley, I was tempted to set down the following as a summary of my own views respecting it. Tell me if you think the reasoning tolerably perspicuous and substantially tenable.

The power of the Almighty Himself is necessarily limited, because God can do nothing which involves a positive contradiction. Thus God cannot create an uncreated being. He cannot create Himself, nor can He create a being possessing attributes which belong to none but an uncreated being. He cannot create a being having His own peculiar and incommunicable attributes, a being *perfectly wise*, *perfectly good*, *perfectly happy*; a being whose wisdom, goodness, and happiness are self-originated, and self-existent. He may indeed create a being *having a capacity* for perfect goodness, wisdom, and happiness, capable (*i.e.*) of attaining them through some certain process the conditions of which are beyond our knowledge or conceptions, though we are thus far informed by *experience* that the existence of evil forms an essential part of those conditions. Thus we know that human wisdom and goodness necessarily imply the existence of their contraries. In like manner human happiness is unattainable but through the intervention of evil, nor could it by any possibility have been otherwise. Yet all this is compatible with the belief of a future state in which evil shall no longer exist, but the divine attributes be enjoyed by man in the higher degree to which human nature is capable of them, through the means of that moral agent called evil, which was at first introduced for that especial purpose, though, when once the end is attained, it will have ceased to exist. The highest exertion of which human virtue is capable consists in the reduction of the total amount of human misery. What would it be if there were no misery? if evil had no existence—at least in this present state of trial and discipline? *Death* is an evil to the *sufferer* only so far as he is more or less qualified for a state of happiness. In all other respects, the evil, to him, consists in the apprehension only. To surviving friends it is an evil, doubtless, of the first magnitude; but, at the same time, it is an evil, of all others, best calculated to work our moral improvement. *In this sense* the sufferings and death of infants are evils of the same nature, and calculated to answer the same wise and benevolent purposes; and as to the unconscious sufferers themselves, we may well imagine that abundant compensation is provided, though probably not of the same nature as that which is awarded to moral agents—passive, not active, still less intellectual fruition. Again, in our total ignorance of superhuman or angelic nature I cannot admit the doctrine of the existence of such beings to contain any argument against the supposed *necessity* of evil as a means of the greatest attainable good. How can we take on ourselves to pronounce that the virtue and happiness of angelic natures (no less than of human) may not be made dependent on the conflict of evil? considered therefore, both as to them and ourselves, as the *instrument* of perfection?

Early in the following year (1840) a piece of ecclesiastical preferment fell to the lot of the Archdeacon of Derby, which he would perhaps have chosen before all others, and for which he was fitted in an eminent degree. For several years he had been a candidate for a Fellowship at Eton; but his claims, not having been of late brought prominently before the Eton world, had been passed over in favour of others more immediately connected with the school. That he was not forgotten at Eton, and that his character and attainments were duly appreciated there, is proved by the fact that, in 1838, the then Provost, Dr. Goodall, wrote him an elaborate apology for voting against him at a recent election, assigning as his only reason the desire of co-operating with his colleagues, the Fellows, who were unanimously predisposed towards one of the Assistant-masters. In the same year the failing health of Dr. Goodall gave rise to speculations as to his probable successor, and Hodgson's high qualifications for the office were duly recognised by the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne. But, having always entertained the opinion that the long service as Head-master of his old tutor, Keate, constituted a paramount claim to the office of Provost, Hodgson determined not to oppose him—a determination which he communicated to Lord Melbourne; and in a letter to Harry Drury, who had encouraged him to canvass the next vacancy, he writes, 'As to the great office at Eton, there is no human being who deserves it but Keate, and *Palmam qui meruit ferat.*' This generous expression of feeling quite won the heart of the great Head-master, whose desire for the Provostship decreased with increasing years; and when, in March 1840, Dr. Goodall died, Keate cordially approved of his old pupil's nomination by the Crown.

By the Statutes of Eton College it was essential that the Provost should have attained the degree of either Bachelor or Doctor of Divinity, and it was required that the election should take place without delay. Hodgson, at the time of his nomination, was only M. A., and the College proceeded to elect his old friend and former *protégé*, John Lonsdale. Owing to his absence at the funeral of a friend in the country, Lonsdale did not receive notice of his election until some days later, and, as soon as he heard the name of the Crown nominee, he instantly resolved to refuse the proffered honour. Having obtained the necessary degree by Royal mandate on April 10, Hodgson was duly elected by the College on May 5, 1840, and was installed at the ensuing election.

It was not without a feeling of deep regret that he contemplated the prospect of his departure from the scene of his long-continued labours—a feeling which was fully reciprocated by all classes in the neighbourhood. The Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland wrote as follows:—

House of Lords: April 6, 1840.

Very mixed feelings press upon me when I take up my pen to tell you that I have this moment learnt your appointment to be Provost of Eton. Lord

Melbourne's wish and intention to do this were told me as long ago as on that evening when you met him at Stafford House.

It would be selfish and wrong of me to think of anything but the honourable distinction and credit of this appointment to you personally, and of its advantages to your family. Grieved I shall be to lose you, and I know that you will also feel regret. Give my love to Mrs. Hodgson, and tell her that I never saw greater pleasure in a countenance than in Lord Denman's just now, when I told him of the event.

God bless you, my dear sir!
Ever most truly yours,
DEVONSHIRE.

A few months later the Duke wrote:—

It was necessary to get up all recollections of the prosperity and welfare that await you at Eton, not to feel very melancholy when I went to Edensor yesterday.

Belvoir Castle: April 26, 1840.

My dear sir,—No friend of yours can more rejoice in your well-deserved promotion to the Provostship of Eton than I do, and I cannot help giving this expression to my feelings. I am well aware of the general regret which will be experienced in the neighbourhood — where you have so long resided, and have been so much beloved—at your departure; but that regret must give way to a sensation of joy at one who is so eminently qualified for an important position, such as is the Provostship, being placed in it. I sincerely hope that Mrs. Hodgson and your daughter are well.

Believe me, my dear sir,
Yours very faithfully,
RUTLAND.

The Bishop of Lichfield (Bowstead), who had recently been appointed to the see on the demise of Hodgson's excellent and warm-hearted friend, Bishop Butler,[1] wrote his congratulations, and added :—

I cannot but take this opportunity of expressing my unfeigned thanks for the kind, ready, and frank manner in which you communicated with me on subjects connected with your archdeaconry, and also my regret at the loss which the diocese will sustain by your removal from us, especially at the present moment.

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[1] Bishop Bowstead lived only two and a half years after his appointment, and was succeeded by Bishop Lonsdale.

Old Etonians were not slow to perceive the advantages which were likely to accrue to Eton from Hodgson's appointment. Archdeacon Bayley writes on May 13, 1840:—

At the earliest moment I send to wish all possible health and happiness in your new character of Provost of Eton. It is an arduous thing to succeed such a man as Goodall in such a situation. Hallam calls him the Incarnation of Eton. But even in him there was a 'hoc defuit unum,' which you, I do believe and hope, may be as willing as you are able to supply. I mean the introduction of various improvements in the school, more especially in the discipline and comforts of the College boys. You will find a willing and able auxiliary, I think, in the Head-master.

Lord Wellesley wrote in still more complimentary terms:—

Kingston House: July 16, 1840.

Sir,—My highly respected and warmly beloved friend, your accomplished predecessor, conferred on me the distinguished honour of desiring to place my bust in the library of Eton College. This request might have been ascribed to an impulse of long (upwards of sixty years) private friendship, but it was confirmed by the vote of the College. Under these circumstances I should have deemed myself authorised to present my bust to the College without any previous proceeding; but I was anxious to pay every mark of respect and attention to you; and also, I confess, desirous that this high honour should have the additional sanction of your justly established reputation as an accomplished scholar, and as a bright example of virtue, learning, and religion. Accordingly, I sent my private secretary, Mr. Alfred Montgomery, to Eton to ascertain your sentiments, and he has brought me a report so encouraging, and in every way so grateful to all my feelings, that I have no hesitation now in sending the bust to be deposited in the place of its honourable destination. No honour is so valuable in my estimation, nor so deeply touches my heart, as a mark of the esteem and affection of the beloved seat of my early education; which I loved when a child, and in the prime of youth, and when under the discipline of preceptors, who, towards me, discharged all the duties of loving parents; and which I have ever since venerated as the source of all the honour by which my public life has been distinguished.

It is a great satisfaction to me to see the affairs of Eton College entrusted to hands so well qualified to administer them, with that benefit to the Empire which it has so long derived from this noble Institution; the Parent of so many illustrious Statesmen and Heroes. My earnest hope and prayer is that your labours in your high station may prove successful, and that, with the able assistance which surrounds you, you may be enabled to satisfy the public expectations formed upon the solid grounds of your long and firmly established character.

I have the honour to be, with the highest respect and esteem, sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

WELLESLEY.

I return you many thanks for your kindness in granting a holiday to the boys at my request.

W.

The expectations thus early formed were speedily realised. The newly-elected Provost, though now in his sixtieth year, was full of energy and spirit, and was delighted at the opportunity which his appointment offered of carrying into effect his long-cherished wish of seeing the collegers in a position more in accordance with the Founder's evident intentions. As the carriage, which conveyed him from Derbyshire, passed on the third evening of its journey through the Eton playing-fields into Weston's yard, and the college buildings came into sight, the Provost exclaimed, with characteristic earnestness, 'Please God I will do something for those poor boys!' As soon as the business and festivities of election were over a scheme was formed for the erection of new buildings on the site of the old stables of the Provost and Fellows, a committee was appointed, and subscriptions solicited from old Etonians towards a building fund. Various other improvements were set on foot, which are duly recorded by the latest and most explicit historian of Eton, Mr. Maxwell Lyte, and which will be mentioned in the ensuing pages, in the order of their occurrence.

Various must have been the emotions with which the Provost entered his new home. The recollections of boyhood must have mingled strangely with the later memories of early manhood and of middle age, and both must have given way to sensations of gratitude and of hope at the prospect of an old age not less useful than honourable.

CHAPTER XXII.

REFORMS AT ETON—VISIT TO BRIGHTON—DEATH OF DRURY—LETTER FROM MRS. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT AND HENRY HALLAM — VISIT OF ROGERS TO ETON — BYRON'S STATUE — HIS OPINIONS ON SCULPTURE — LETTER FROM MRS. LEIGH—MORE REFORMS AT ETON — RESTORATION OF THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH—ABOLITION OF 'MONTEM.'

1840–47.

THE high-minded and accomplished Head-master of Eton, Dr. Hawtrey, fully entered into the spirit of the Provost's plans for improvement, and responded to his appeal for assistance in the following cordial letter:—

My dear Provost,—I am delighted to find that in almost every point which your letter touches upon we entirely agree. In many I have already anticipated your views, in some I have been restrained as yet from doing so, only by the veto of superior authority. Whatever be done I know we have the same object, and I have no doubt of our discussing these interesting matters in a spirit which will lead to co-operative reform. Let me repeat that I am delighted to see you among us, and the more so, if possible, for the letter which I have just read.

The first result of this alliance was the introduction of the teaching of modern languages, and the acceptance of Prince Albert's offer of annual prizes for French, German, and Italian. The Provost secured the presence of Dr. Prætorius,[1] a distinguished German scholar, at the first examinations, and Professor Smythe wrote with a view to the institution of similar examinations and prizes at Cambridge.

The Marquis Wellesley's example in sending his bust to the college was followed, at the suggestion of the Provost, by the Duke of Wellington and several other eminent Etonians, whose interest in the school was increased by the impetus now given to enlightened education, as well as to more material progress. The Eton dinner this year (1840) commemorated the 400th anniversary of the foundation, and was very largely attended, the chair being cccupied by Lord Denman in place of the Marquis

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[1] Librarian at Windsor Castle.

Wellesley, who was prevented by illness from attending. The triennial festival of 'montem' was celebrated with the usual ceremonies, in which the Queen and Prince took part, and were entertained at the lodge by the Provost and Mrs. Hodgson.

Among the manifold avocations and distractions of the new office, literary tastes were not forgotten, nor was private correspondence neglected. In April 1841 appeared the 'Arundines Cami,' a collection of translations from English Poems into Greek and Latin verse, the grave and gay thrown lightly together, to which copious contributions were made by the Provost of Eton, who had also a large share in the selection and arrangement. Among the other contributors were Lord Lyttelton, Dr. Hawtrey, Dr. Kennedy, John Herman Merivale, Henry Hallam, and Dr. Donaldson, and the editor was the Rev. Henry (afterwards Archdeacon) Drury, eldest son of the 'Harry Drury' so often mentioned in this book, and whose death in March of this year was deeply lamented by his old friend and fellow-collegian, the Provost, and by many other friends to whom his hearty and kindly nature had long endeared him. Hodgson visited him at Harrow more than once during his last illness and administered the Sacrament to him just before his death in the presence of the Head-master, Dr. Wordsworth, now Bishop of Lincoln.

In the spring of this year the Duke of Devonshire placed at the Provost's disposal his house at Kemp Town, Brighton, of which he writtes :—

> I am in such good humour with my house at Kemp Town, because it suits you and Mrs. Hodgson, and does your health good.

The Duke adds with reference to Hodgson's propensity for collecting pebbles on the sea-shore :—

> You would go wild if you could see the pebbles polished which have coincidently arrived with your letter, picked up by me last summer near Havre. Now do call Wm. Baker.[1] William, pray show the Dr.[2] the polished pebble with a hole in it that is on one of the china trays in the library. That I picked up at Dieppe. The paintings are by Vigoreux, a Frenchman, and represent the presents made by the French King at the court of Japan. They are medallions of Japanese towns and princes. The presents were paintings mythological. I am intoxicated with the beauty of the country in spring, the

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[1] His servant.

[2] The Duke always called the Provost Dr. Hodgson, though, as has been seen, he was B.D.

woods enamelled with flowers. White and his wife so happy in a beautiful cottage, and under the same roof almost an old lady of ninety-two, quite happy and well and intelligent. To-day we are going to Buxton; even Buxton would smile on a May day without cold or wind. Morpeth never spoke so well or was so much cheered as the other night, so I don't care for the defeat; the poor Torie's remark was that the ministers bear beating without *resignation.* I have not seen the Cliffords since they have been at Hardwicke. How quiet and soothing, I think, that old place must be for them in this glorious weather!

You are by no means to leave Kemp Town, when you say; you must stay as long as it is agreeable to you to remain by the sea-side. If I should take it into my head to want to go to Brighton I should like so much to find you there, and I should have my bedroom and library as usual, and you would not be in the least disturbed. But such a plan of pleasure is not likely to be my lot. I am very glad for you all and for Lord Denman for Captain Denman's[1] success. I wish you would send me a whiff of pure sea air in a letter. . . . On Monday I go to Woburn for the royal visit there. The Queen *boasted* to me in London of having seen you, and told of your reception of her. Morpeth has got immense credit by his speech. I hope he will be firm in declining to come in to Parliament at present.'

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[1] Mrs. Hodgson's brother, the Hon. Joseph Denman, R.N., distinguished for his eminent services in the suppression of the slave trade, for many years captain of the Queen's yacht, and, as admiral, commander-in-chief of the Pacific Station.

Mrs. Robert Arkwright describes a tour on the Continent in a letter of which the Duke writes that it is the perfection of nature and truth. Mrs. A.'s, letter is dated Sutton, September 9.

My dear Mr. Hodgson,—Our tour was most charming, so charming that I can give you no idea of it. Much and often did I wish for you, who would have been so worthy of all that nature and art poured out to overflowing. I was more pleased with France than I expected. It is certainly a fine country, though its natural beauties are not interesting; but there are some things in the South well worth seeing. The Pont du Gard is most magnificent, and Nismes, with its beautiful amphitheatre and many other interesting remains. Arles, too, and Avignon, which has a peculiar charm of its own, though there is not much to see in the town; but the situation is beautiful. We went from

Châlons to Lyons by the Saône (the scenery is extremely pretty), then from Lyons to Avignon by the Rhône. I cannot say how beautiful the Rhône is; it far, far surpasses the Rhine, which is greatly over-rated. On leaving France we went from Nice to Genoa by the Cornice—*lovely*; imagine going close to the Mediterranean for 200 miles, on a ledge so overhanging it that you might drop a stone into it, and never leaving it but to wend for a short distance among rocks of variegated marble, and through groves of olives, palms, oleanders, oranges, giving out their sweetness to the sea-breeze: then the Mediterranean—there is nothing on this earth so lovely. Our sea is a fine, bluff fellow, and I love him dearly. But, my dear Mr. Hodgson, you can have no idea of the exquisite beauty and variety of colours of the Mediterranean. How I wished for you at Genoa, and Florence, and Venice, and in all the intermediate travelling. Venice is enchantment! and you must go *directly*, for they have almost finished a railroad through the sea from the main-land. In another year it will be done, and Venice no longer Venice. From Venice we went through great part of the Tyrol, with which I was delighted. The country and the people are most loveable, most attaching. Then we went to Milan, and over the Simplon into Switzerland, with which I was disappointed. We came home by the Rhine to Brussels. This is a slight sketch of our tour, and here is *how* I love it. First of all Italy, really the garden of the world, its lakes, its mountains, its plains, all exquisite. Its works of art, palaces, pictures, statues, churches, all miracles of splendour. I had no conception of the treasures they contain; but alas! that so much treasure should have been expended to perpetuate error. I was disappointed in the Venus! She is beautiful in form, but her head is insignificant, and altogether she did not interest me. Of all the statues at Florence I most admired the Knife-grinder; that is wonderfully fine: and a figure of architecture which makes part of a group on the monument of Michael Angelo in the Church of Santa Croce.

To pictures, with shame I confess it, I am quite insensible, except in three or four instances. The finest picture in the world is at Venice, and that I saw without the least emotion. The gallery at Bologna, too, I cared nothing about; in short, I have not that sense.

Italy, beautiful, beautiful Italy, I place first of all; then the Tyrol; then Switzerland, beautiful but stern and hard—we should have seen it before we went to Italy and the Tyrol—then Germany; then France. Of the mountain-passes I place first the Stelvio, for wonder; the Ampezzo for beauty, oh, how beautiful! then the Fintermünz—all in the Tyrol; then the Simplon. Lakes—first, MAGGIORE, then Como, then Geneva. I saw no other Swiss lake; but we saw Chamouni, very fine.

I almost forgot to tell you that the book I send you is from the Island of San Lazaro at Venice, and was printed at the monastery there, which was a favourite spot of Lord Byron's, and where he was instructed in the Armenian language by Father Paschal Ancher. I was sorry not to see him, but he was away for his health. Another brother showed us all over the convent and gardens, full of oleanders, large trees. The printing-offices are very large, and they appear to be very busy; the type, as you will see, is remarkably good. I know you will accept this poor offering as a sort of memento of Lord Byron, and as rather a curious book.

Have you read Horace Twiss's 'Life of Lord Eldon?' I think you would like it. It appears to me well written, interesting, and very amusing; and he has given private anecdotes and letters of

Lord Eldon, without compromising his dignity in the least. We are going to Chatsworth on the 20th for a few days, to meet Lady Granville. I shall call at Stoney, from there, of course. With kind love to Mrs. Hodgson and the children,

I am ever,
Most affectionately yours,
F. C. A.

Lord Wellesley's affectionate interest in Eton was manifested in many different ways. In February, 1842, he writes:—

I am anxious that my willow-grove should be planted this season, and called Wellesley's willows. I would plant not less than a dozen. In that neighbourhood most of my verses were composed.

Ne quis sit lucus quo plus se jactet Apollo.

I will endeavour to obtain cuttings of Pope's old willow, which Lady —— was barbarous enough to cut down. Let me know when you are ready to plant, and I will send the plants. With your permission I will erect a seat or pyramid, or both, under the shade of my willows, and will give a premium for the best verses on the subject. I am most eager for all your improvements.

A few months later Lord Wellesley was buried in the college chapel.

Of nearly the same date is a letter from Henry Hallam, respecting the portrait of his son, Arthur, the subject of Mr. Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' which may be found interesting by those who value, as it deserves, that imperishable name.

> My dear sir,—I have in my possession a picture of my late son, painted for Dr. Keate by Sir Martin Shee. It was returned to me by Dr. K. after the loss that I sustained, partly for the purpose of enabling Sir Francis Chantrey to execute a bust, which he did with great skill and success. The picture was not restored to Dr. Keate, he having expressed a wish that it should continue with me. As I cannot help thinking that the ultimate destination of such pictures, when they are persons worthy of the place, is the Provost's lodge, already so rich in monuments of art, and so abundant in testimonies of Eton merit, I should be far more pleased that this picture of my son—who, if his life had been prolonged, might have displayed the mature fruits of talents which bore a very beautiful blossom, and excited the admiration, as well as conciliated the friendship, of some now among the most distinguished youth of England—should be

placed where it may be seen by those who remember him, and by others who are no strangers to his name. If therefore you will permit me to send it to the Lodge[1], and can find a space for its reception, I shall be happy to send it down.

Ever, my dear sir,
Very faithfully yours,
HENRY HALLAM.

The poet Rogers paid a visit to the Lodge in December 1842. On his departure the Provost wrote to him with reference to a recent conversation:—

It is with something like fear and trembling that one even approaches such an argument as that which you suggested last night. But I could not prevent my thoughts from recurring to the defect in Milton's answer to the supposed difficulty of creation without the choice of the created; and I would venture to ask whether a less unsatisfactory answer *may* not be found in some such reflections as the following. First, that the blessing was conferred upon such easy conditions as we cannot imagine any being endowed with reason to have refused, could they have been previously proposed to him; and, secondly, when the blessing was forfeited, there was the further unutterable mercy of the Son of God Himself coming into the world to remedy the evil, and to say to us again, 'Take My yoke upon you, for My yoke is easy and My burden is light,'—thus proposing a choice which the necessity of the case precluded before; and, at the same time, promising us sufficient assistance to do whatever He enjoins. In a word, the whole must be viewed together to enable us to solve any part of the very first difficulty; nor is this surprising when we consider *whose* purposes they are which we are endeavouring to penetrate.

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[1] This picture is now in the Lodge at Eton.

I am aware of the imperfect development of all this, but thought it less unbecoming than entire silence; and if I am mistaken in that opinion, still I am convinced you will not regard it as presumptuous. . . . . . By the words 'imperfect development,' I mean that the difficulty of the permission of evil is not touched upon, nor the usual solution of that difficulty, namely, that you cannot even conceive the probation of a moral and intellectual being without such a permission, and upon the notion of a trial or probation the whole history of man, as given in the Bible, is founded; a notion corroborated by every day's experience, and by the consciousness of every reasonable being.

On the occasion of this visit the poet left his walking-stick behind him, and thus acknowledged its restoration :—

> I am sorry to have encumbered you with any of my property. Dr. Franklin left his cane to Washington. 'If it were a sceptre,' says he, 'he would have merited it, and would become it.' I would not leave you mine, for it would be unworthy of your acceptance ; and, were it a sceptre, I know you would not accept it. . . . . What can I say in answer to such a letter as yours ? I can only thank you from my heart, and say God bless you and yours now and for ever.

Such visits as these must have added materially to the pleasure of residence at the Lodge, itself a beautiful and most interesting old house, its walls covered with pictures of distinguished Etonians. His 'Hours of Idleness' there, which were not really more frequent than Byron's, are thus described by the Provost himself :—

> There would he walk, not lonely tho' alone,
> Call back the shadows of his pleasures flown,
> While oft their portraits to his pensive eye
> Reviv'd the memory of his friends gone by.

In the study was a bust of Byron by Thorwaldsen, the gift of a former pupil, which subsequently found its way to the sculpture-gallery at Chatsworth, where, among other friends of the late Duke of Devonshire, there was also a picture[1] of the Provost, by Sir Francis Grant, taken at the particular request of the Duke, who thus alludes to it:—

> Do you remember a picture you disapproved of in an ante-room downstairs here? It is gone; but why I mention it is that the frame, a beautiful one, was preserved, and, being divided, surrounds no less dear a man than the Provost of Eton.

Hodgson's bust of Byron by Thorwaldsen, was taken at Rome at the same time as the celebrated statue, at present in Trinity College, Cambridge. This statue was now on view in London—a fact of which Mrs. Leigh apprised the Provost in the following letter:—

> Dear Mr. Hodgson,—I have reproached myself for not telling you, what perhaps by this time you have otherwise heard, that *the* statue, Thorwaldsen's, is now to be seen at 14, South Audley Street, at Sir R. Westmacott's, who is making a pedestal preparatory to its being placed in Trinity College,

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[1] This picture is now at Hardwicke.

Cambridge. As it is not to go into the Abbey, perhaps this is as good a place as could have been substituted, and will interest you, who were present at his reception in that college. I think perchance you and Mrs. H., or somebody you know, might like to see the statue, *en attendant*, as your railroad facilitates such flights. . . . . I hope you are all well, and with kindest regards to Mrs. H. and best wishes

I am yours ever affectionately and truly,

AUGUSTA LEIGH.

P.S. I forgot to say, I have seen the statue and have seen nothing so satisfactory as to resemblance since I saw the original. The fact is, one sees the head and face in every point of view. . . . . I do become very superannuating, and always think of poor B.'s horror of 'withering at top first,' not from the same superabundance of brains, but wear and tear of the few that I possess. . . . . But you do and always will sympathise in my troubles for the sake of *him*, who is gone.

AUGUSTA LEIGH.

The insertion here of some fragmentary remarks by Lord Byron on the subject of sculpture may not be considered inappropriate. 'Sculpture, the noblest of the arts, because the noblest imitation of man's own nature with a view to perfection, being a higher resemblance of man so approaching in its ideal to God, who distinctly made him in His own image, that the Jehovah of the Jews forbade the worship of images, because He was a "jealous God," that is, jealous of man's embodied conceptions of deity.'

But it is time to revert to the more official occupations of the Provost of Eton. Very soon after his accession to office, Provost Hodgson revived an old custom, which had long lapsed into disuse, of making periodical visitations or progresses, as they were termed in the Eton Statutes, for the purpose of inspecting the various properties of the college in different parts of the country, of duly estimating the increasing value of estates, of providing for the proper repair of churches, and the fitting administration of ecclesiastical functions in all Eton parishes. The advantages of recommencing such a salutary practice are too obvious to need comment.

At Eton itself no time was lost in bringing to a successful issue those plans of improvement and addition to the college buildings, to which allusion has already been made. Under the chairmanship of the late Lord Lyttelton, and through the indefatigable exertions of Mr. J. L. Dampier, as secretary, the Committee of Improvement were soon in a position to report progress, and on June 20th, 1844, the first stone of the new buildings was laid by H.R.H. Prince Albert, in presence of the whole college and school of Eton, after an appropriate and solemn prayer had been offered by the Provost.

A few weeks before this ceremony Eton had been honoured, on the occasion of Montem, by the Queen and the Prince Consort, who again visited Eton in October of this year, accompanied by Louis Philippe. The frequency of these Royal visits made it necessary to establish a regular scale by which the granting of holidays on such occasions should be determined, and it was arranged that foreigners of distinction should be entitled to ask for a day's holiday, except in the case of a sovereign, who might ask for a week.

Amidst these purely collegiate matters wider interests were not disregarded. In 1845 an immense benefit was conferred upon the whole community at Eton by the establishment of a thoroughly efficient system of drainage, at a cost of about £4,000. The engineer who was employed to report upon the efficiency of these works concludes his statement by a just tribute to the liberal and comprehensive spirit which had actuated the Provost in his design. 'Looking at the consequences in a more extended view,' says the engineer, 'it is certain that your example will have an immense moral effect, and you will be found to be among the leaders of that mighty current of public opinion, which is absolutely necessary to enable the Legislature to carry out those measures of relief, which the deplorable state of the drainage of most places in these kingdoms requires.'

About the same time a sanatorium was built for cases of infectious illness; and when the rival railways, the Great Western and the South Western, proposed to lay down lines to Windsor, great care was taken to prevent too close proximity to the sanatorium, or any other such encroachment upon college property as was likely to prove injurious.

The restoration of the collegiate church was another reform effected by Provost Hodgson at Eton. This was begun by the removal of the grotesque and unsightly wooden reredos, which defaced the east end. A proposal by an advanced churchman of the new Oxford school for the elaborate decoration of this wall was negatived by the Provost, who was of opinion that any such (at that time unprecedented) innovation would excite too much contentious controversy as to counteract any benefit which might indirectly arise from the contemplation of a gorgeous ornamentation. It is probable that he also disapproved of the proposed design from a purely æsthetic point of view. The great east window was filled with stained glass by a voluntary subscription among the boys, and the west window was similarly improved by the Rev. Edward Coleridge. The substitution of low oak seats for the old high pews provided accommodation for upwards of 300 additional boys. By the removal of the panelling from the walls of the choir, traces of mural paintings were revealed. They were left exposed to view for upwards of seven months for the benefit of artists and antiquarians, and several copies were taken. Finally the Provost allowed them to be covered by the series of stalls which formed part of the architect's design of restoration. Several of the canopies of these stalls were erected to the memory of eminent Etonians. The Provost's extreme reluctance to put out of sight paintings of considerable antiquarian interest was lessened by the fact that they all represented legendary miracles, attributed to the Virgin Mary, to whom the collegiate church is dedicated.

On the best method of warming the chapel the Provost profited by the experienced advice of Sir Joseph Paxton, the talented originator of the great conservatories at Chatsworth, on the model of which the Crystal Palace was constructed. A cemetery and chapel were established in the immediate neighbourhood of Eton, and the old Chapel of Ease in the town was superseded by the building of St. John's Church, of which the corner stone was laid by the Prince Consort at the Provost's request, and which is now the parish church.

The addition to the college buildings was completed in 1846, and proved of the greatest permanent benefit to the whole school.

Without dwelling in detail upon the previous discomforts and abuses which disgraced the foundation, it is sufficient to point out that in one year there were only forty boys in college where the founder had intended provision to be made for seventy; and that as soon as the nomination system had been abolished, the entrance, intermediate, and final examinations made realities, and the material improvements made known, there were sixty candidates for one vacancy.

The historian[1] of Eton, already mentioned, thus enumerates some of the advantages now obtained by the college, but which, before Provost Hodgson's tenure of office, were conspicuous by their absence:—

A proper staff of servants was engaged to do all the menial work, under the eye of the matron; the building was warmed and supplied with water; and other conveniences such as studies, lavatories, and a sick-room were added. Breakfast and tea, like those of the Oppidans, were furnished to the Collegers, who from thenceforth ceased to hire rooms in the town and to pay the dames for the right of being received into their houses when ill. More important still was the decision that a master should sleep under the same roof as the Collegers, and maintain discipline among them. Nor was it the Collegers only who benefited by the erection of the new buildings, for a spacious library was built for the use of all boys in and above Middle Division. Dr. Thackeray, Provost of King's, gave some cases of stuffed birds, and other donors added artistic and interesting objects, making the room a kind of museum. The Boys' Library has been justly praised as 'the sanctuary of learning and the refuge of quiet to many a boy for whom a public school would else afford small opportunity of satisfying a desire for knowledge beyond the mere routine of school life.'

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[1] Mr. Maxwell Lyte.

Eton scholarship received a renewed impetus by the employment at this period of distinguished examiners, such, for instance, as Mr. Creasy and Mr.

Goldwin Smith, and the general system of education was further benefited by the introduction of Mathematics as an integral part of school work—a branch of learning hitherto entirely ignored. One other reform, which was of the utmost importance to the general discipline of the school, remains to be recorded—the abolition of Montem.

The origin of Eton Montem is lost in obscurity. It was probably a religious procession to some shrine of the Virgin or other saint in the vicinity of Eton. The character of the boy bishop, well known to those conversant with popular antiquities, formed at one period a part of the ceremony; and continued to a comparatively late era to be remembered in the mock representation of the parson and his clerk. This was very properly abolished at the special request of Queen Charlotte. But enough egregious folly was still inseparably connected with the festival to provoke the indignant condemnation of all sensible men. Besides the absurd procession of the school in grotesque costumes of the most motley description, besides the authorised begging of alms by some of the Collegers in the character of highwaymen, there was also to be deplored the extravagant expenditure of money thus rapidly accumulated, which was squandered in reckless dissipation. Habits of debt and self-indulgence were too often formed, and a fruitful harvest was provided for money-lenders and swindlers, whose numbers were now increased tenfold by the introduction of the railways. These more serious consequences were well described by the Provost, whose thoughts on this, as on most other subjects, found an easy expression in verse.

Then, Fancy, fill thy dream
With harpies hovering round the rich to seize
Whate'er Imprudence yields to hours like these:
While tradesmen, tavern-keepers, watchful wait,
And credit-giving knaves prepare their bait
With proffer'd luxuries, that a youthful life
May toil to pay for with laborious strife,
While thoughtless of the wrongs she works below,
Wild Folly claps her hands above the show;
Shouts, as her mimic soldiers pace their way,
And waves her flag on Punch's holiday.

Having long entertained an opinion that these evils were irremediable by any measures short of the total abolition of the custom, it was with great satisfaction that the Provost received in October, 1846, an appeal from the Head and Lower-master, supported by a majority of the assistants, in favour of its immediate discontinuance. For being assured that the popularity of Montem was so general and enthusiastic that any premature exercise of authority in the matter would only defeat its own object, and occasion widespread dissatisfaction among a large number of Etonians, and being also fully alive to the advantages of the triennial Eton meeting, the Provost determined to wait until he could confidently depend upon the moral support of the authorities of the school and college. By the statutes as they then existed, this was a matter which depended entirely upon his own decision after consultation with the Head-master. But Provost Hodgson had always been most anxious to act as far as possible in concurrence with the Fellows of Eton, even in matters which did not fall immediately within their jurisdiction; and although this was a question which directly concerned the discipline and management of the school, independently of the college, and did not therefore require for its decision a formal vote of the college, yet, in a matter of such general interest to Etonians, the Provost was unwilling to take any decisive step without the counsel and advice of those who, from their position as Fellows, were so closely connected with Eton, and who would naturally take a warm interest in the discussion of such a thoroughly Etonian subject. The Provost accordingly consulted the Fellows, clearly explaining to them that he was only asking for their opinions and not for their votes.

Three agreed with him, four differed from him. But the Visitor, the Provost of King's, the Head and Lower-master, and a majority of the Assistants were with him, and the Provost, upon consideration, decided that the majority at Eton was for the abolition, and at once resolved to carry his decision into effect.

But for many years Montem had been honoured by the presence of Royalty, and, as a matter of courtesy, the Provost thought it right to intimate to Her Majesty that, finding the evils attendant upon Montem to be irremediable, he had decided to abolish it, and was anxious to hear that such a step would not meet with the disapproval of the Queen and the Prince Consort. This communication was made through Mr. Anson, the Prince's secretary, who, on November 12th, wrote that he had laid before the Queen all the reasons which the Provost had adduced for the abolition of Montem, that there existed in the Queen's mind a very strong reluctance to giving her assent to it, but that she should like to see its abuses removed without its entire suppression.

The Provost answered as follows:—

With every grateful and loyal feeling, and more especially with a deep sense of the interest shown in the welfare of Eton, I am so thoroughly convinced by

> my own observation, and from the statements of those who are best able to judge from experience, that there is much evil inseparably connected with Montem, that I cannot help, I hope without impropriety, making one other effort to obtain the Royal Sanction for the abolition of that custom.

He then proceeded to explain the strongly expressed views of the Head and Lower-master on the subject, and concluded by saying :—

> I have anxiously weighed all the difficulties of the case, and am far from insensible to the reasons which have been so graciously adduced with reference to old Eton associations, for the preservation of the custom. But the conviction that many of its abuses are incurable, overpowers the strongest motive that I could have for ceasing to advocate its abolition.

The answer to this was that although the Royal feeling in favour of this ancient custom remained the same, yet that the Queen would not interfere with those best able to judge of the influence of Montem upon the school in that which they considered to be the conscientious discharge of their duty. The

Provost immediately made known to Etonians that Montem was abolished.

Beyond the walls of Eton various opinions were expressed; many, whose names commanded respect, wrote to thank the Provost personally for his decision; of others, who did not speak or write, it was aptly remarked, 'quum tacent clamant.' The Press, also, made its remarks, and many were very erroneous from the impossibility of any one, except those who were in authority at Eton, knowing the exact circumstances of the case. In March, 1847, the year in which, in the ordinary course, Montem would have been celebrated, a meeting of its supporters was held in London, and an attempt was made to overthrow the decision, and to interfere with the authority of the Provost. Many assertions were made at this meeting which untruly represented the real state of the case, and it was altogether of a character more calculated to damage than promote any cause whatever. A proposal was made to address the Crown, but this was not carried into effect; Montem was finally abolished on June 6, 1847, and an old Etonian wrote to the Provost, remarking that—

> The Titans of Cockspur Street might as well attempt to pull down Windsor Castle as to raise up another Montem.

Another writes:—

> I cannot but admire your manliness in resisting an external pressure to defeat your sensible decision, which, I am sure, has obtained the approbation of a large portion of Etonians.

A neighbouring magistrate bore testimony to the improvement likely to be effected by the abolition in the morality, peace, and good order of the neighbourhood. Bishop Wilberforce, the Diocesan, wrote:—

> The consciousness of high motive and, I doubt not, the issue of your Montem struggle, will far more, I am sure, than repay you for a little contumelious usage.

Lord Denman:—

> You must incur some unpopularity by every reform, but the abolition of Montem is a great and real one.

The improvements thus effected during the twelve years of Hodgson's Provostship received due recognition from the Public School Commissioners in 1864, and were not confined to the sphere of their more immediate operation. The example set by Eton could not fail to have a salutary influence upon other institutions of a similar character; and, having regard to the many obstacles which he overcame (into a full consideration of which it has, for obvious reasons, been impossible to enter), to the mingled firmness and courtesy with which he withstood prejudice and conciliated opposition, and to the magnitude of the results, directly and indirectly attained, it is not more than a just recognition of Provost Hodgson's services to say that no man, in so short a time, ever conferred more lasting benefits upon the cause of enlightened education in this country.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FRIENDSHIP AND CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. LE BAS AND THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE—LAST ILLNESS—DEATH—CHARACTER.

1840-1852.

ABOUT the year 1845 Hodgson received some consolation for the comparatively early loss of some of his most intimate friends by the acquisition of a new friendship, which continued unimpaired until the end of his life. On the occasion of a visit to Brighton he formed the acquaintance of the Rev. Charles Webb Le Bas,[1] whose social qualities were not less appreciated than his talents; a mathematician, a scholar, an historian, and a divine.

The congenial tastes and sympathies of this newly found friend rendered his companionship and correspondence equally agreeable to the evening of a life which had ever relied upon the intercourse and solace of friendship. Visits and letters were constantly interchanged, and literary, political, and ecclesiastical subjects were discussed with mutual satisfaction. In this, as in so many other cases, it has been found impossible to recover any of the Provost's letters; but those of Mr. Le Bas which remain have some interesting passages and fragmentary allusions which, with a few other letters, will bring this memoir to a close.

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[1] Mr. Le Bas graduated at Cambridge as fourth wrangler in the year 1800. He was Principal of the East India College at Haileybury for many years, and author of the 'Lives of Wiclif, Laud, Cranmer, and Jewel,' in the *Theological Library*.

The first in reference to the pretensions of the Papacy, a subject of especial interest at that period, gives some idea of the ecclesiastical tenets of the writer, which were in great measure shared by his correspondent.

June 25, 1845.

My dear Mr. Provost,—My remarks on Hildebrand were written purely from my somewhat imperfect recollections of his history, and without any reference to books. I have since, however, perused a very striking and instructive paper in the 'Edinburgh Review,' touching that same gigantic mind, which you, most probably, have likewise seen. If not, I would recommend you to lose no time in procuring it. It is, I believe, in the very last number, and, I have very little doubt, is the production of Stephen, of the Colonial Office. In some respects it confirms my own view of the character of Gregory VII., for it gives him full credit for an *unclouded* persuasion of the truth of his Theocratic System, and of the perfect legitimacy of his own pretensions. How any man, or any set of men, could form such a theory, with the Scriptures open before them, it is next to impossible for us at this day to imagine; and yet the 350 extant letters of Gregory seem to indicate that he had no more doubt about the matter than of the Divine origin of Christianity itself. The reviewer is further of opinion that, whatever mischiefs may have been inflicted on society by this stupendous system, the evil was not altogether unmixed; and that, in the absence of some such antagonist force, the reign of brute violence might have been perpetual, and the greater part of the European population might have remained in a state of serfdom, to this very hour. But, be all this as it may, the name of Hildebrand ought never to be mentioned by a teacher of history, without pointed condemnation of the *system*, whatever allowance may be made for the *man*. His atrocious and vindictive ill-usage of the emperor ought, more especially, to be visited with unsparing reprobation.

A letter from Sir John Herschel, of about the same date, bears testimony to the versatility of his talents, and the correctness of his taste.

Dear sir,—I return you, with many thanks for their perusal, Dr. Hawtrey's translations from Homer and Kallinos. Both are beautifully done, and read like the ancient metres, which, after all, is the point to be aimed at. But of the two I infinitely prefer the latter. There is, I fear, no denying it—the hexameter, unvaried by the pentameter, is too heavy for the English ear, which is attuned to such infinite (and I must say such delightful) variety of versification. And if I might venture to criticise on such a good critic, I should say that the one variety of which the hexameter *is* capable is in this specimen in some measure wanting; it is here and there too uniformly dactylic, *canters* too much. Nevertheless, I wish somebody competent to the task *would* give us in English a hexameter Homer, if only as a parallel to Voss.

But if I look with some degree of doubt as to the possibility of satisfying the English ear with a long hexameter poem—even with all the variety (no great amount) of which that metre is capable—I have none whatever about that of longs and shorts, which strike me as, if cultivated, likely to attain in English a much higher point of metrical power (if I may use such an expression) than they have ever done in the Latin (where they always to my ear carry something of feebleness and puerility), or even in German. Their alternate lengths have an analogy to some of our most pleasing and popular measures (eights and sixes), and seem even not repugnant to combination with rhyme. As for example (I do not mean it as a specimen of poetry, but only of metre):—

Throw thyself on thy God, nor mock Him with feeble desire;
  Sure of His love—and oh! sure of His mercy at last;
Bitter and deep tho' the draught, yet shun not the cup of thy trial,
  But in its healing effect smile at its bitterness past.
Pray for that holier cup, where sweet with bitter lies blending
  Tears in the cheerful eye, smiles on the sorrowing cheek;
Death expiring in life—when the long-drawn struggle is ending,
  Triumph and joy to the strong—strength to the weary and weak.

Repeating my thanks for the pleasure your attention has afforded me,

I remain, dear sir,
Your very faithful servant,
J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

The Duke of Devonshire writes from Hardwicke and Brighton:—

I had a very agreeable and amusing dinner at Lord Denman's with many law celebrities whom I was glad to have an opportunity of seeing. I love the railroads, and do not object to their coming within sight of Chatsworth, but the Duke of Rutland mourns over what he calls 'the desecration of the valley.'

The Queen knew your picture directly at Chatsworth, and called her husband to come back and look at it.

Again from Civita Vecchia the Duke writes:—

I received your most delightful letter as I was leaving Rome yesterday; we have had a very wet winter all over Italy. I have just recovered from a cold that lasted more than a fortnight, and that has not affected the improved state of health produced by those wonderful baths at Gusteim in the Salzburg Alps. Either the baths, or the mountain air, or the early habits may be the cause, but everybody who goes there seems to derive the same strengthening and reviving benefits. I hope to be in London about the middle of April. The great object of anxiety now is really too distressing to write about. I mean the state of Ireland. I am hurried, and must finish my letter without the rhapsody I meant to introduce about Pio Nono, the liberal enlightened sovereign who is hard at work to improve and renovate his country.

The following extracts from letters of Mr. Le Bas, written in 1847, are highly characteristic of the genial kindliness of his disposition and of the quaint originality which distinguished him.

My dear Mr. Provost,—Our *præcordia* are in joyous agitation at the prospect of your appearance among us once more.

There has been no *epidemic* here, save the plague N.E. wind, and that seems to have been epidemic in the widest sense of the word. There was no flying from it in any quarter through the length and breadth of the land. However, *that* plague appears to be subsiding now; so that the little bipeds will have nothing to fear. The Dean of Peterborough is here—literally tied by the *leg*—imprisoned by a damaged shin, which the menders of limbs find it difficult to repair. We have found just the house to suit you; only you must make haste, or it will, probably, make itself wings and flee away—from *your* grasp, at least. So, let there be no long tarrying; but, let us know your pleasure, incontinently.

Yes, I can very easily imagine the vehemence of the strife touching the locality of your organ. For I remember well a similar controversy, which raged more than twenty years ago, respecting the position of the organ in Winchester Cathedral. Moreover there was a conflict of the same description at Lincoln, in the time of our friend, Archdeacon Bayley. The issue, if I recollect right, was different in these two cases. I believe the Winchester organ is placed at the side; while, at Lincoln, it bisects the Cathedral. Fortunately, your organ can hardly bisect the chapel, the antechapel forming so small a portion of the building; though, to be sure, if placed at or near the western extremity, it will conceal the view of the whole interior from those who enter the building. You must even turn Papists, for the nonce, and invoke the aid of St. Cecilia! . . . . You told me John of Lincoln's[1] advice; but, until your last, I did not know the decision of your College of Cardinals. I ardently pray for the peace of your Jerusalem. 'They shall prosper that love her.' Floreat

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[1] Dr. John Kaye, Bishop of Lincoln.

Etona! I can't for the life of me help being very impatient to know the result of the conclave at your Vatican.

I have been looking into Carus's biography of ὁ *σμουγερός*. There is, of course, much in it that is truly admirable. But, still, the compound is too *treacly* for my palate. There is vastly too much *sweetness* about it; sweet seasons, sweet counsels, sweet meditations, sweet men and sweet women, sweet employments, congregations sweetly harmonious, etc., etc., etc. The venison is, really, a great deal of it, very good, but in parts it is so terribly overdone with loads of currant jelly! Sometimes it is quite syrupy; e.g. 'I have got such a *lovely* man to be your curate!' which is only to be paralleled by an expression which I recollect in some part of the writings of old John Newton, viz. 'Eliza Cunningham is a very *desirable* girl;' meaning that the lass was very amiable, and much to be liked and *desired* for her simplicity and piety. I should recommend an unsparing dilution of the *oxymel* in the next edition. After all, however, Simeon was a wonderful creature, and bravely conquered for himself a noble position in the religious world.

I have at *last* relented in favour of Goulburn, in consideration of very long service and exemplary personal work; and so—for my sins—I must race away to Cambridge this day! You cannot think how glorious and beautiful old Oceanus has been looking of late! . . . .

The Jenny Lind epidemic has reached Brighton. The nightingale of Scandinavia has been warbling here this very morning at two guineas a ticket!! I could almost find in my heart to wish the nightingale with her sister as described by Virgil:—

> Populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ.

You may possibly recollect that I once mentioned to you a Rescript of Gregory XVI. to a French archbishop, on the subject of the prevalent diversity of liturgies in France, as a striking instance that uniformity of service is not maintained by the Popedom any more than by our episcopate. This document is printed in Gresley's 'Treatise on the English Church,' 1844. But as you may possibly not be in possession of that little volume, I have transcribed it for you. In fact, the liturgical irregularities in France were—and probably still are—beyond comparison greater than any which have ever occurred among ourselves; so great, indeed, that His Holiness is evidently shy of meddling with them! Gresley refers to the *Tablet*, a Romanist publication, which complains that each diocese in France has had a rule of its own, and has its breviaries and missals cut up according to the passing fancies of each succeeding bishop. So that, however deeply we must lament our own rubrical dissensions, we find that herein 'no strange thing hath happened to us.' If the Pope hesitates to command perfect uniformity, what is the Primate of All England to do?

. . . . O! how I envy you your optimism: 'This life a machine of so much happiness!!!' Would to Heaven I could think it so! I speak this, however, not in a spirit of discontent with my own lot, *μὴ γένοιτο*, but with reference to the general condition of the world, bursting as it is with sin and sorrow, 'groaning and travailing in pain together.' Were I, myself, in possession of all the imaginable resources of felicity, the wailings of the creation would, I verily believe, nearly destroy my peace.

Our Lares and Penates salute yours with all cordial and friendly greeting. Enclosed you have your MS. reference, &c., &c. I know not the author of the article you mention; but if it is very good, it is probably by Boone, who was then the editor. The volume is at your service for any length of time you may require it. I contend, lustily and incorrigibly, that the unwillingness to leave this scene does not necessarily imply the love of life. It is purely an *instinctive* feeling; quite an *unreasoning* instinct, implanted, doubtless, for the wisest purposes; for, without this instinct, there are multitudes so utterly wretched, that they would eagerly throw their lives away. Life can have no attractions for them; and yet there is *something* within them which shrinks from the loss of it. But that something cannot be the love of a 'state of being which offers them nothing but suffering.' Observe, I speak this apart from religious considerations. Religion, indeed, may reconcile us to any intensity of suffering. But religion, even in its higher power and influence, is sometimes very different indeed from love of life. And then, alas! how very limited is its operation, upon the human race collectively! However, yours beyond dispute is the more cheerful view, and, therefore, probably the wisest and most enviable. I do, most unaffectedly, wish I could adopt it. Perhaps I might if I were a Fellow of Eton College and you perpetual Provost. Yours ever, whether in weal or woe, most faithfully.

. . . . In a certain sense, optimism becomes all Christian men. For what is optimism, but another name for the celestial triad—faith, hope, and charity! Mere *philosophical* optimism, however, must have a hard time of it in this weary world! Mine often gasps for breath, in the midst of the present scene of pestilence, famine, and bankruptcy. The havoc in the city and elsewhere is frightful. . . . . Be assured there is no place like the ocean-beach for ventilating and refreshing your optimism. It is impossible to be there on a genial day, with the waters below, catching all the variety of tints from the skies above, without feeling that we live in 'the best of all possible worlds.' Come as early in the spring as possible, and exclaim with me—

Καλὸν μέν ἐστὶ φέγγος ἡλίου τόδε,
Καλόν τε πόντου κῦμ' ἰδεῖν εὐήνεμον
Γῆ τ' ἠρινὸν θάλλουσα, πλούσιον θ' ὕδωρ·

I am truly grieved to find that the assault of the Iron Demon is likely to be double barrelled after all. But—

Si figit adamantinos
Summis verticibus Dira necessitas
Clavos,

not even the majesty of Windsor or Etona can hope to resist; especially when iron and gold are in combination against them.

We have heard from Cork-begg, but our daughter takes no sort of notice of revolution or rebellion, of pikes, or rifles, or vitriol, or broken glass bottles! All these things she appears utterly to ignore. One would imagine, to judge by her letter, that the prayer for unity, peace, and concord was actually realised in Ireland; and yet we are told that Cork is *feta armis*, positively teeming with sedition, privy conspiracy, and treason. But the ladies—Heaven love their innocent hearts!—will seldom think evil, or see evil, unless it stares them broadly in the face.

If you have a mind to lay out a shilling or two advantageously, let me recommend you to procure a copy of Archdeacon Manning's recent charge to the clergy of the archdeaconry of Chichester. Manning, you know, has the reputation of high-churchmanship. You will find, however, in this address, no indications whatever of bigotry or acrimony. A part of it is occupied with a retrospect of the Hampden case, and his view of it appears to me to be eminently candid and temperate. It is true that with regard to the question of *Confirmation*, he entertains an opinion different from that of Lord Denman. But his dissent is expressed in most respectful language, and is accompanied by a truly gratifying testimony to his lordship's high integrity and worth, and to the genuine nobility of his character. I think you will find the whole charge worthy at least of an attentive consideration. . . . . Our excursion to Somersetshire was, in one respect, dreary enough. Jupiter Pluvius was relentless in the exercise of his prerogative, and Ceres was in tears. . . . . Your account of the castle and its Lares et Penates is exceedingly refreshing. It speaks of stability to the throne, and of peace to the nation. . . . .

The attention of the Cambridge authorities will immediately be called to the 'Charlemagne of the East.'[1] Another subject has been proposed by Mr. Wilson, Sanskrit professor at Oxford; viz.:—'Historical and Chronological determination of the extent, duration, and succession of the Several Principalities established in Bactria, and on the confines of India, by Greek Princes, after Alexander's invasion of India.' This subject has also been forwarded to Cambridge. The Professor was led to this choice by his conviction that the late discoveries made in Afghanistan, both antiquarian and numismatic, have not yet excited in this country the attention they deserve; although these discoveries have set the savants of France and

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[1] As a subject for the Le Bas Prize.

Germany eagerly to work, and although they are essentially a part of classical history. . . . .

The 'Working man' is admirable. Perhaps he has conceded a little too much, with regard to the right of demanding labour. I take the truth to be that the alleged right is not merely dangerous, but that it involves neither more nor less than a sheer impossibility. The anathematisers of Malthus may say what they please; but numbers always have increased, and always will increase, faster than any government on earth can find work to employ them or provender to feed them. It may be the duty of governments to legislate and to administer with a view to this end. But to demand work and provender of a government seems to me about as sane and reasonable as it would be to demand genial skies and fruitful seasons.

Brighton: January 5, 1849.

My dear Mr. Provost,—Here we all are by God's mercy safely launched upon the voyage of 1849. Let us venture to hope that the navigation may be rather less perilous than that of 1847 and 1848. It would appear from the recent job of President-making that the heart of *France* is not, after all, quite so thoroughly republicanised and deroyalised as we imagined in February last. The Republic is not in the *heart* of France, but in the frenzied brain of the red-capped and red-handed maniacs of Paris.

What is to be the issue of it all? Another Restoration, if we may believe a French Vicomte whom I met some time since, and who said that there must, he feared, be terrible havoc and bloodshed before Henri Cinq should recover the throne of his ancestors; not appearing to entertain the faintest doubt that the *recovery* will take place, sooner or later; that he seemed to consider as a *booked thing*.

All the world is mad after the two volumes of the mighty Tom Macaulay; as mad as the opera-going and concert-going world is after Jenny Lind. I have not yet seen the thumping twins. To say the truth, I am haunted by certain misgivings. Will the mighty Tom be able to 'clear his mind of cant'—the *cant* of Liberalism? Is there not something of mocking devil always at his elbow? Will the Church of England get anything like justice at his hand? His strength may be gigantic, but is he not likely to use it too much 'like a giant'? I am apt to distrust a man so destitute as he has shown himself of all *reverential* feeling. . . . . Hawtrey's visit to Brighton appears to have 'rapt him in measureless content.'

Your mention of Fleming reminds me of what I have heard recently, with great astonishment, that the *Duke*[1] has taken hotly to theology; that he holds post-prandial discussions on the Athanasian symbol, and turns out as a sturdy Defender of the Faith; nay, that he is actually mighty in the Prophecies. Now, only think of the Iron Man deep in Apocalyptics! Don Juan's *marble* man sitting down to supper with him is scarcely more wonderful. Melbourne, they say, was latterly a great reader of Divinity. But, old 'Up Guards and at 'em,' one can hardly imagine such a thing! Saul among the prophets was nothing to this!

Referring to a house with a partial view of the sea, Mr. Le Bas writes:—

Whether this will be sufficient to satisfy the Provost I dare not pronounce. For, such an ocean worshipper is he that I do verily believe he would like the house all the better if its very walls were washed by the waters of the Atlantic.

It is even as you say just now! 'Quâ terra patet fera regnat Erinnys!'—with one blessed exception *hitherto.* European society, as the phrase goes, is in a state of *transition*; but *transition whither*? Our children or grandchildren will have to answer that question. In the meantime it is ours to implore that God's gracious Providence may be pleased to preserve our Fatherland from the torch, and the snakes, and the venom of the Furies that are now abroad.

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[1] Wellington.

A fragment from Lord Brougham, of this date, gives proof of his filial affection, and of his tender regard for his old friend and colleague, Lord Denman:—

My dear Provost,—I wish to inform you that my brother William and I are desirous of erecting, jointly, a memorial to my father, an Eton man, and, therefore, request a stall. But I especially desire the great favour of your giving us a Latin inscription. He was a clever and accomplished man and a good scholar. We can send you a note of the dates and age.

I was truly vexed to find the C. Justice ill and in bed. . . . . I have asked Sir B. Brodie to come and tell me particulars. He was out to see him yesterday, and called a second time. I will keep my letter open to tell you. Sir B.'s man told me yesterday he (Sir B.) was not at all alarmed. 'Deo gratias super hoc!' Kind regards to Mrs. H.

Yours very truly,
H. BROUGHAM.

P.S.—I have just seen Sir B. B., and am very happy to say his account is good, and *on the whole* comfortable.

In a letter, of nearly the same date, to Mrs. Hodgson, Lord Brougham repudiates with characteristic indignation a rumour that his own health was declining.

> I returned last night, and have reason to be thankful that I am quite well, and that there is not the *least foundation* for the account in the papers that I read my judgment in so low a tone as not to be heard. I believe I *bellowed*; but it saved them trouble to say they did not hear.

Bishop Abraham, who for some years had been an Assistant-master at Eton, and had voluntarily undertaken the difficult duties of master in College, received, on his departure for New Zealand, a testimonial, in acknowledging which to the Provost he took occasion to observe:—

Allow me to thank you personally for your kind words on this and other occasions, and let me assure you that, if it please God to spare my life, the recollections of such kindness and such favours will help to cheer me on my way and work in distant climes.

Brighton: October 31, 1850.

My dear Mr. Provost,—There is now a vacancy at King's, and (albeit no Etonian myself) I cannot suppress my anxiety to know how it is to be filled. It has been understood, I believe, that Dr. Hawtrey is desirous of the appointment; and, if so, of course all his friends must fervently wish for his success. And yet, if he *does* succeed, where can another Hawtrey be found for Eton?

So it seems that the Church of England is to be overshadowed by a higher[1] episcopate than its own. In which of the new dioceses is Eton College to be placed? I wonder what certain members of your fraternity think of this specimen of the *Catholic antiquity*, of which they are so deeply enamoured? Are they prepared to accept the *Pax Vobiscum* of

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[1] In allusion to the Papal Bull given at Rome in September 1850, establishing a Roman Catholic Hierarchy in England.

Monsignore the Cardinal Archbishop Nicolas—*not* by Divine permission, but by the grace of the Holy Apostolic See—etc., etc., etc.? And what will Her Majesty's ministers do?—a question which I almost tremble to ask myself! And will *all* our Bishops protest as manfully and faithfully as the Bishop of London *has* protested? Are you entirely free from misgivings on this point? We men of Sussex, it appears, are to be in the diocese of Southwark! I should be thankful of good tidings of Lord Denman.

Accept the best wishes of Mrs. L., and of yours always right truly and faithfully,

C. W. LE BAS.

In allusion to the Lord Chief Justice's retirement from the Bench, Le Bas writes:—

Will Lord Denman permit me to take this opportunity of most respectfully expressing the unaffected gratification with which I have listened to the chorus of applause and admiration, which rung throughout the length and breadth of the land, in honour of his retirement from public life? It is scarcely possible to imagine a more enviable termination to a long career of useful and arduous service. . . . .

Your copious and welcome dispatch makes me quite ashamed of my poor, meagre, starveling missive! I have received *χρύσεα χαλκείων, ἑκατόμβοι' ἐννεαβοίων.* I hasten to acknowledge how much I remain your debtor. I can scarcely describe to you how much we were all annoyed and troubled by the complication of circumstances which have disabled your admirable Magister Informator from accepting the position, so frankly and honourably tendered to him. The large heart, the open hand, the princely taste for literary treasure—these have been his faults—if faults they can be deemed. I can regard them only as the excuses of a noble spirit. Only if there be such a bump in craniology as the bump of calculation, one can hardly help wishing that such bump had been somewhat more amply developed in his phrenology! The disappointment, I dare say, will not break his manly spirit. But, the continued anxiety and toil! How many years longer will the physical man be able to bear up against that incessant demand? Be all this as it may, I beseech you to offer him the expression of my most respectful and most cordial wishes and regards.

The great pending question has, of course, occupied much of my thoughts, as it has occupied and absorbed the thoughts of every one capable of thinking at all. And I am often out of the body with impatience at the brutish perverseness of some, who are eternally chattering about the sacred principles of *toleration*; as if Romish Dissent were *in all respects* similar to any other form of Dissent! It is a Dissent entirely *sui generis*. Ultramontane Romanism dissents from us, just as Czar Nicholas *dissents* from all factious and insurgent Poles! Whoever dreams of persecuting or molesting the Romanists merely because they adore the Virgin Mary, or believe in the Sacrifice of Mass, etc. etc. etc.? No; all we now specifically want is to muzzle the *Papacy*—even as our *Roman Catholic* forefathers did! The *Papacy* is a *politico-religious* monster. Whether it be the Apocalyptic *Beast* or not, a beast it is, which ought to have a bridle in its jaws and a hook in its nostrils. And, with the exception of ourselves, every State in Europe, Romish or Protestant, holds the bridle and the hook in its hands. I hope it is true that our glorious little Queen is full of indignation at this intolerable insult. I cordially sympathise with your just and generous feelings towards the Church of Ireland. But alas! our statesmanship (whether Whig or

Tory) is so terribly manacled by the tenor of our antecedent legislation and policy! It has all but ignored the Papacy. It might almost as wisely have ignored Napoleon.

Finally, you love golden words dearly, I know. Here are a very few, which I have lately met with, from the once world-famous Pico di Mirandola :—

Veritatem Philosophia quærit.
„ Theologia invenit.
„ Religio possidet.

The year 1851 bids fair to be an *Annus Mirabilis* indeed! To say nothing of Crystal Palaces, and monster toy-shops, and Œcumenical Councils of the human race, it seems likely to be eternally infamous for the triumph of triple crowns and red hats! The infatuation or the perfidy of our statesmen and Parliamentary counsellors almost surpasses belief. When, in short, was there ever such a labyrinth of follies and blunders? And what—humanly speaking—but a dissolution offers the smallest chance of extrication from it? A much longer continuance of such an *interregnum* of confusion must be almost enough to render Parliament contemptible in the eyes of the people.

I do not know whether you are aware of a very remarkable and original speech, delivered in the

Spanish Chamber of Deputies, on the 30th January, 1850, and since translated into English, and published at Liverpool; price (I believe) sixpence? If you have not seen it, let me recommend you to procure it. Its title is, 'General Condition of Europe; by Donoso Cortes, Marquess de Valdegamas.' It is full of the direst *vaticinations*. But the prophet appears to stand upon a most commanding Pisgah; from which position he takes a survey of the destinies of the civilised world. Some things there are in this terrible 'burden of the Lord,' which, I confess, are beyond me! Nevertheless, the words of the seer cause the ears to tingle, and the heart to melt like wax within us! One most striking utterance of the oracle is, that the only hope of Europe is in the Church and the Army. 'What would become of the world of civilisation,' he exclaims, 'were there neither priests nor soldiers?' But do look at the speech, and judge for yourself. One thing must be recollected, the man is evidently an Ultramontane Romanist, though a profoundly intelligent and sincere one. He seems to be the Montalembert of Spain; but I suspect of a still mightier calibre than the Frenchman. . . . .

Well,—and now for the year 1852! A happy new year! Dare we venture to hope it? Alas! all the good wishes immemorially appropriate to the season are well nigh *forced* to assume the negative form of *de*precation: e.g. may Heaven graciously preserve us from *such* Christmas pudding, pie, and snap-dragon, as that which now enters so copiously into the bill of fare of Parisian entertainment!

But the *Coup d'État!*—had you any conception that Napoleon III. was such an Olympian wielder of the *thunder-hammer?* Waiving all question as to the moral and political merits or demerits of this *tour de force*, it is impossible to deny the consummate mastery of its execution. Never did the bolts of Heaven fall more suddenly. On the 18th Brumaire, An. viii, Napoleon I. exclaimed, 'I am the God of thunder.' But, all things considered, what was his thunder compared with that of his nephew? And, then, comes the question,—What does the thunder portend to us, and to all Christendom? We scarcely dare to ask ourselves. It really seems as if the vast Political Pendulum were destined to swing tempestuously, backwards and forwards, between Despotism and Anarchy, to the very 'crack of doom,' without ever resting for a moment at the safe intermediate point of Constitutional Government. In the meantime, however, let us rejoice gratefully—albeit not wholly without trembling—in the peaceful blessings which, hitherto, are vouchsafed to ourselves, and strive to show that we are not wholly unworthy of their continuance.

Most devoutly is it to be wished that your version of the Dictator's ambition may be the right one. He *may*, doubtless, himself aspire to a higher glory than that of 'my uncle'—the glory of being immortalised as the *Napoleon of Peace*. But will the Army let him? Will they be content with the honours of a vast *Police*, with bayonets in their hands instead of constable's staves? Alas! *my* dreams are of Armageddon! A huge thunder-cloud seems to be hovering over Europe, and who can think of its bursting without terror?

A month later Mr. Le Bas writes again:—

My dreams and musings are of Armageddon. My uncle's nephew, you see, is mightily disposed to bully Switzerland and Belgium. And, if he touches Belgium, the Temple of Janus flies open instantly! for, have *we* not, together with other Powers, bound ourselves to guarantee the Belgian independence? And yet, all this while, with what a profusion of butter and honey is the adventurer labouring to pacify the growling Cerbereous watchfulness of John Bull!

Have you any conception how the new Premier[1] is to get on? If he abjures protection, or even appears to waver in his fidelity to it, how is he to keep his party together? and, on the other hand, how can he raise a finger against free-trade, without throwing the land—from Dan even to Beersheba—into a state of insurrection? The thing, of all others, which we want, is a strong government. But how is a strong government to be had in the present decomposition of all parties?

I forget whether in any of my recent letters I have called your attention to two small but *very remarkable* pamphlets, published under the name of *Pascal the younger*? If not, let me now urgently recommend you to procure them. They exhibit *such* an apocalypse of the mysteries of *Jesuitism*, with which Rome is at this present more closely and intimately identified than ever. It is next to certain that the author is a man named Conelly; an ex-Romish priest, formerly chaplain to Lord Shrewsbury. He was driven from the Romish communion mainly by his abhorrence of the execrable and most pestilential casuistry of the Society of *Jesus*, which whole system is stamped with the express and solemn sanction of the papacy by a decree of Pius VII.

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[1] Lord Derby.

In May 1862 Hawtrey thus announces the death of Scrope Davies:—

I am sure you will be sorry to hear that our old friend, Scrope Davies, was found dead in his bed at Paris a few days since. He was a most agreeable and kind-hearted person, and I shall not soon forget the pleasant hours I have passed with him. He seemed quite broken down when I had a glimpse of him a few months since at Eton. I hardly knew him again, and should not have done so had he not mentioned his name.

Brighton: June 22, 1852.

My dear Provost,—Behold us once more on the breezy Montpellier heights! but still haunted by blissful dreams of the Elysian planities of Etona, with her genial hospitalities, and her kingly towers, and her groves populous with illustrious memories. Truly our recent visit there must ever be one of the sunniest spots in our biography. And Hornsey too was not without its enchantments. On Friday last, more especially, we found ourselves the commensales[1] of a very worshipful company of celebrities, viz.: Bishop Lonsdale of Lichfield, Walter Hook[2] of Leeds, Saunders,[2] *ἀρχιδιδάσκαλος* of Charterhouse, Jackson,[2] Rector of St. James's (likely, it is thought, to grow into a bishop sooner or later), Sir Charles Trevelyan, Secretary to the Treasury, Thomas Bell, Secretary to the Royal Society, and the Reverend Dr. Scoresley, son to the old Harpooner of that name; himself, I believe, a harpooner in his earlier days, but now having long exchanged the whaling lance for the church's fishing-net. He still retains, however, something of the spirit of his original calling; is full of the arctic expeditions, respecting which he discourses earnestly and prophesies sanguinely; and is not without hope that Franklin and his mates, or some of them at least, will at length emerge from their long and dreary occultation. When once they are found or lost beyond all hope, I trust there will be no more voyages of discovery to those 'thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice.'

So you see, a very pretty quarrel has started up in the Higher House of Convocation, touching the right of the Primate to prorogue. Ominous signs of life these! If such sayings and doings should continue, there will be nothing for it, I presume, but for the crown to seize the extinguisher, and to put it all out. And yet, one cannot help wishing that there could be *some* sort of safe and effective synodical action. The Church seems almost halt and maimed without it. I have just been reading Christopher Wordsworth's sermons on the Irish Church. They appear to me, in all respects, admirable. If I were allowed to persecute a little, I would sentence the unctuous Cardinal, and his sour fanatical brother Paul Cullen, and the apostate father of the *Oratory* to get them by heart, on pain of a pilgrimage to the *diggings*.

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[1] At Canon Harvey's.

[2] Afterwards respectively Dean of Chichester, Dean of Peterborough, Bishop of London.

The next letter, which is also the last received from Le Bas by his friend, is strangely prophetic of the event which occurred just a fortnight after it was written.

Brighton: December 16, 1852.

My dear Provost,—The county press (which comprises Bucks), has upwards of one obituary column and a half in honour of Empson,[1] who expired at Haileybury, on Friday evening last. If the paper falls in your way, you will find this notice very interesting. It has not said one syllable too much of that truly admirable man. One passage I cannot refuse myself the gratification of transcribing. In his last illness Empson said, 'Send my love to Denman; and tell him that I do not forget how long I lived under the shadow of his noble nature.' This dying testimony cannot be otherwise than delightful, though mournfully so, to Mrs. Hodgson and yourself. His admiration of Lord Denman amounted almost to a passion,—a passion at which none can wonder who knew anything of the two men.

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[1] Editor of *The Edinburgh Review* and Principal of Haileybury.

We have heard a rumour of your possible appearance at Brighton. Has rumour spoken true?

Yours always very faithfully,

C. W. LE BAS.

This letter found the Provost in the midst of the anxieties of Eton Audit, immediately after which he was confined to his room by a violent attack of influenza, which turned to erysipelas, and terminated fatally two days before the end of the year.

For some days before his death he seemed greatly oppressed, and did not speak much, except to mention his old friend and father-in-law, Lord Denman with tender affection and admiration. But at the last, when all his children came to him he blessed them each singly, and after they were gone and his wife alone with him he repeated after her their usual prayers, and exhorted her not to give way to grief. Soon afterwards, sinking on his pillow, he uttered the word 'Charming,' and on being asked what it was that was so charming he answered 'God's mercy,' and so expired.

On January 4th, 1853, Le Bas wrote from Brighton to Mrs. Hodgson :—

> It is quite impossible for words to express the heaviness of heart with which I now intrude upon the sacredness of domestic sorrow with these few lines of sympathy, I scarcely dare to add, of *consolation*! The voice of consolation will doubtless, make itself heard in due time. But it can scarcely be listened to yet!
>
> I know not how to speak of this terrible bereavement. True, the deceased was full of years;[1] and yet, to this moment, I can hardly realise to myself his removal from among us. On the depth of your own grief I will not presume to dwell. There is only ONE to whom it can be adequately known, but

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[1] Hodgson was just seventy-one at the time of his death, having been born Nov. 16, 1781.

that ONE is known to us as the God of all comfort, the protector of the widow and the fatherless; and, to His gracious and 'fatherly goodness,' I, humbly and most fervently, commend both you and yours.

You will, I am confident, forgive me and those who belong to me, for venturing to claim no ordinary place among the mourners. Our desolation cannot be like yours; but *our* loss, too, has been a heavy and a trying loss! I more especially have lost a true-hearted and invaluable friend, and a bright example of benevolence and worth, to say nothing of those graceful qualities and accomplishments which made his society so high a privilege. I can honestly aver that the friendship and good opinion of the late Provost will ever be regarded by me as among the most precious of the mercies which have been vouchsafed to my own declining years.

A week later Colonel Phipps wrote from Windsor Castle:—

I feel sure that it is unnecessary that I should assure you of how fully I join in the universal sympathy that is felt for you in your heavy affliction. It is impossible for any person to have quitted this world more generally respected and beloved than the poor Provost.

These two letters are fair illustrations of the affectionate admiration which Hodgson's character never failed to excite in the minds and hearts of all those with whom he was brought into contact. His varied talents, agreeable and courteous manner, refined intellectual taste, genial benevolent disposition, and sweet temper formed together a winning combination which made him acceptable in every society, and by the highest and the lowest were equally appreciated.

At Chatsworth, where, during the latter part of his residence in its neighbourhood, he used to stay for two nights in every week, he was generally the centre of an admiring circle; and at Windsor, where, during the period of his Provostship, he was a frequent visitor, he was highly valued. He had a wonderful fund of genuine wit and humour, the easy flow of which in conversation rendered his companionship most delightful.

An accomplished scholar, of profound learning and deep research, was once compared with Hodgson in the hearing of a mutual friend, whose answer bore forcible testimony to the superior originality of Hodgson's talents: 'You may fill the cistern as full as you like, but you can never make it like the fountain.'

There are those among his surviving pupils and parishioners who, after the lapse in some cases of nearly half a century, cannot speak of him without enthusiastic expressions of respect for his goodness, and of tearful gratitude for his friendship. Upon the heart of his children, young as they were at the time of his death, an indelible impression was made by his tender solicitude for their welfare and progress; and his widow has ever cherished his memory with constant and devoted love.

The last years of his life were made very happy by the quiet pleasures of home life at Eton, and by numerous visits to friends and relations, especially to the Cokes in Herefordshire, to the Denmans in Derbyshire, and to the friend of his old age, Mr. Le Bas, at Brighton. All of these journeys were made in his own carriages with post-horses, in consequence of his great dislike for railway travelling, and were rendered most delightful to his family as well by his unfailing gentleness and good humour, as by his instructive and entertaining comments upon the various objects of historical or antiquarian interest on the way.

Byron's prediction 'you will rhyme to the end of the chapter,' was literally fulfilled; for his love of poetry was undiminished to the last, and hardly a day passed without the writing out of some poetical reverie in Latin or English.

A pane in one of the windows of the College Chapel commemorates his Provostship, and a monumental tablet was erected to his memory, with a Latin inscription written by Dr. Hawtrey. But the best memorial of his work at Eton is to be found in the numerous improvements which by his resolute energy, his conciliatory kindness and his consummate tact he successfully inaugurated, improvements which gave an impetus to similar efforts, and formed a fitting conclusion to a life devoted from the first to the best interests of religion and of literature.

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LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET